THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Collier's

MAY 21, 1949

15¢

Beginning.
The True Story Of

A CLERGYMAN TURNED CROOK

See page 13

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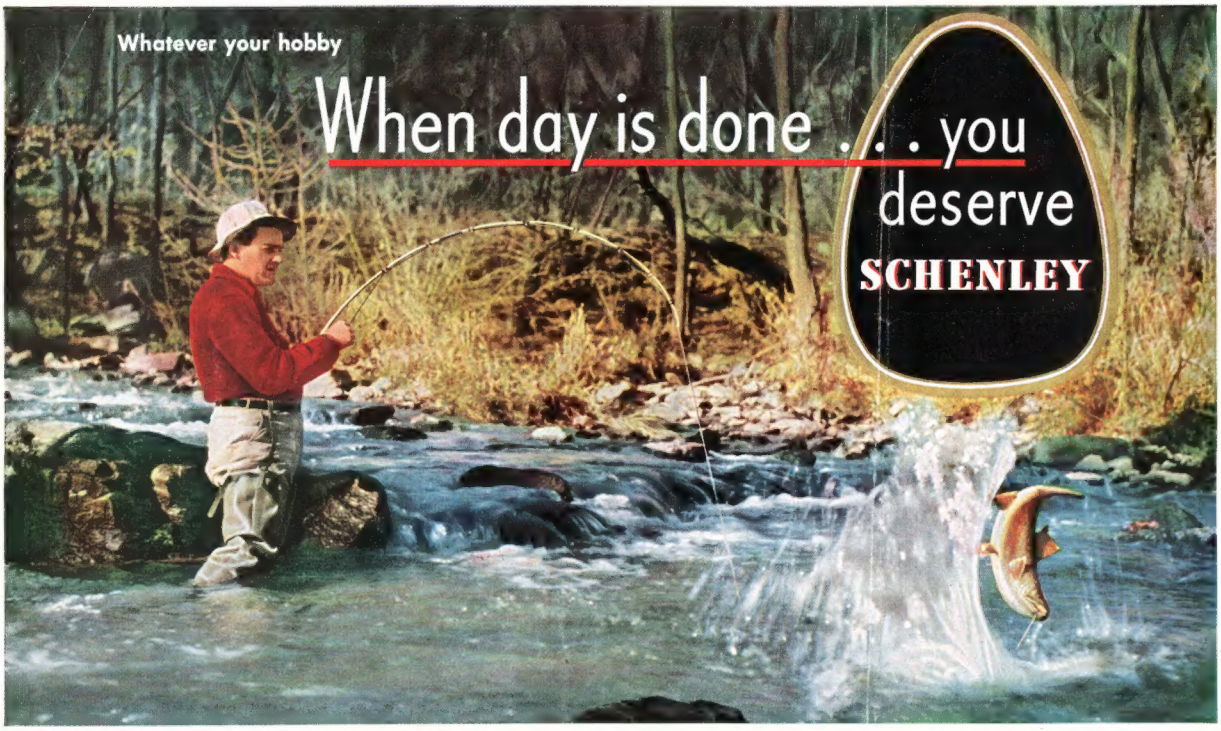
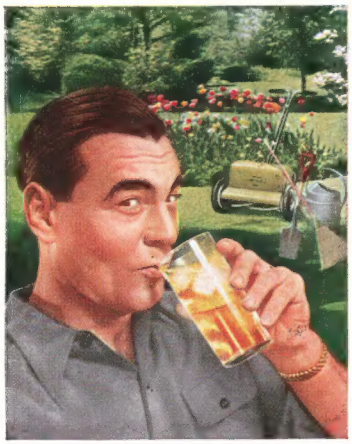


It's a Grand and Glorious Feeling when you land the biggest trout of the day. And it's a glorious feeling, too, when you enjoy mild, mellow Schenley in your favorite drink. Schenley tastes better and gives you better value, because it contains older, fully-matured whiskies, blended with pre-war quality grain neutral spirits. So, when day is done, treat yourself to the best. Enjoy Schenley, the whiskey of *unchanging* perfection.



After Gardening, it's time to relax! And that calls for a tall, cool one made with smoother Schenley. The back label proves its genuine pre-war quality!

Whatever Your Hobby... fishing, gardening, or "armchair" baseball... when day is done, *you* deserve mild, mellow Schenley—friendly to your taste.

A Schenley Mark of Merit Whiskey

*From Schenley the House of Aged Whiskies**

RARE PRE-WAR QUALITY BLENDED WHISKEY. Available in the familiar round bottle as well as the distinctive decanter. The straight whiskies in this product are 5 years or more old. 35% straight whiskey. *65% grain neutral spirits. 86 Proof. Copyright 1949, Schenley Distillers Corp., N. Y. C.

Bigger Value Every Day

It's a good thing we don't have to make your telephone instrument bigger every time we make it possible for you to call more people. You'd have to move out of the house to make room for the telephone.

THE big increase in the number of Bell telephones—10,500,000 have been added since the end of the war—is just one reason for the increased value of the telephone. There's been an increase in quality as well as quantity.

Service is more valuable because calls go through faster, more accurately. Often they go farther, too. Millions of calls a day now travel greater distances at the local rate.

There has never been a time when the telephone has been of greater value to you than right now.

And the cost is still low. Increases in telephone rates are much less than the increases in most other things you buy. They average only a penny or so per call.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

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Pencil Pointed Fountain Pen

IS UNLIKE ANY OTHER PEN . . .

Only Ink-O-Graph has click-valve control. That's why it gives you so many advantages found in no other pen.

The sturdy 14-kt gold point cannot spread or bend even under the heaviest writing hand, and yet—thanks to click-valve control—the lightest touch of the tip to paper produces an unbroken, smooth, and uniform flow of ink. Ink-O-Graph, held at any normal writing angle, writes with the smoothness of a soft lead pencil.

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May 21, 1949

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Week's Mail

A for Americanism

DEAR SIR: It is my desire to compliment you on the continually constructive nature of your editorials.

Each editorial is endeavoring in some manner to put forth some constructive suggestion designed to make our system work better and survive the rigors of the extremes of right and left of economic and political thought.

Allow me, therefore, as an ordinary (and very independent politically) citizen, to award you a very large A—for Americanism. EDWARD DOANE, Los Angeles, Cal.

Home Decoration

GENTLEMEN: I was surprised, delighted and wonderfully thrilled to encounter Fritz Henle's work of art, Spring in Wyoming (Mar. 26th). I am a comparative stranger to the Far West, but it only takes a part of two summers to fall in love with the mountains and landscape so completely expressed by the glorious vista Fritz Henle captures. I will be truly grateful if you will furnish a reproduction of that photograph suitable for framing.

PAUL HANCE, New Haven, Conn.

Fie on the Filibuster

HON. TOM CONNALLY (CARE COLLIER'S)
DEAR SENATOR: No other legislative body in the world has the right to "filibuster" or prevent the body from doing business. Not even the British House of Lords is without restrictions on debate.

A senator's right of speech and debate should have reasonable limitations as to time, content and relevancy. A United States senator in filibuster is just as bad as a gangster with a gun. Perhaps he is worse than a gangster, because he should know better.

WILLIAM ROSS, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Galley Slave Mutiny

DEAR CHARLOTTE ADAMS: I'm just a seagoing slinger who's been on tankers now 15 years off and on.

About these recipes you have been putting out. Some of these frustrated salesmen you have aboard nowadays have the nerve to come to me and ask me to try them out. The bums never ate sea pie, Indian pudding, beans and rice, etc., etc. No, it's fresh milk, shore bread, steak (sirloin), prime ribs, etc., etc., and still they beef.

Well, so long, maybe I am getting grouchy. I'm going on vacation next trip. I'm going to check in to a good hotel, buy a case of my favorite firewater and make life miserable for a few waiters for a change. Incidentally if you're under forty and reasonably good-looking, how about lunch some afternoon and we can discuss a few recipes? TOM FOLEY, New York, N. Y.

Salve of Spirit(s)

GENTLEMEN: I was very much entertained by Harold Wolff's Is the Witch Doctor Helping You? (Apr. 2d). Medical science need not go back centuries to darkest Africa to rediscover past cures. I have before me a book of remedies written in longhand by a staid doctor of Ohio, one hundred years ago. Calomel, bark of trees, red clover heads, roots of plants (juice of Indian paint-root mixed with equal parts alcohol cured stomach ailment). Bible quotations and witchcraft are stirred together and guaranteed to cure both man and beast. Queen of Sheba Liniment and Eagle of the West Salve were hot stuff. Here are two of his cures:

For liver complaint: one heaping teaspoon of liver of a hare dried and pulverized fine.

Corns: Use nitric acid. I did and by the time I got some spirits of ammonia on the

4 out of 5 State Farm Mutual policyholders benefit at next renewal . . . savings total more than $10,000,000 in 1949!

Other costs may still be rising. But not the cost of State Farm auto insurance! It's actually being reduced. Not just here and there, but the country over!

4 out of 5 policyholders will benefit at next renewal date. Some will save 10%. Others 20%. Some as high as 37%! Only a few will save nothing at all. Rate reductions vary in different areas because they are based on the driving record of State Farm policyholders in each community.

State Farm policyholders will benefit by a reduction of more than $10,000,000 in premiums this year!

New policyholders in State Farm will benefit in all localities where the new rates apply.

Three basic operating techniques have made it possible for State Farm to offer *more insurance protection for the money* during the last 25 years!

1. State Farm policies are written for a six-month period rather than the usual twelve-month period. It is therefore possible to adjust rates at more frequent intervals.
2. It is State Farm's aim to insure only careful drivers. This keeps down the number of accidents among State Farm policyholders—keeps our cost of operation down to the minimum.
3. State Farm is a *mutual* company. Savings are always immediately passed on to policyholders.

For your protection, State Farm provides twice as much public liability protection and five times as much property damage protection, as is required by any state financial responsibility law.

Your licensed State Farm agent will give you full details. He will be glad to advise you on *all* your insurance problems. Look under "State Farm Insurance Companies" in your telephone book.

This man helped cut costs

Meet Emrie Pinney of Oakland, California. He is one of State Farm's 7,500 licensed agents from coast to coast in the U. S. and Canada. Part of Pinney's responsibility is to make sure his company insures only careful drivers. Because State Farm drivers had fewer accidents last year, State Farm is able to announce greatly reduced auto insurance costs in most communities. It will pay you to meet the State Farm agent in your community and learn about these new rates.

Get details today. Look up "State Farm" in your telephone book.

STATE FARM INSURANCE COMPANIES

BLOOMINGTON, ILLINOIS
Home Office

Western Office: Berkeley, California
Canadian Office: Toronto, Ontario
North Central Office: St. Paul, Minnesota
West Central Office: Lincoln, Nebraska

Will he see you at your BEST tonight?

Don't "just miss" because of

TOBACCO MOUTH

[OFF-COLOR BREATH • OFF-COLOR TEETH]

SMOKE ALL YOU WANT! this new, pure-white tooth paste with Lusterfoam attacks tobacco yellow and off-color breath.

The yellow film of "tobacco mouth" is a *little* thing—but it can disfigure your smile like a missing tooth!

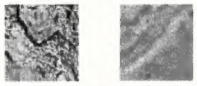
And the odor of "tobacco mouth" . . . oh—oh! Lady, it's just not like you. Why offend a friend? Why annoy a neighbor—even in all innocence? It's so easy to be completely sure of yourself if you use Listerine Tooth Paste. Here's why—

It contains *Lusterfoam*—a special ingredient that actually *foams* cleaning and polishing agents over your teeth . . . into the crevices—removes fresh stain before it gets a chance to "set" . . . whisks away that odor-making tobacco debris!

See for yourself how Listerine Tooth Paste with *Lusterfoam* freshens your mouth and your breath! Get a tube and make sure that wherever you go—you won't take "tobacco mouth" with you!

Electron-Microscope shows difference!

Tooth surfaces, magnified 6,300 times, illustrate how new, scientifically perfected cleaning and polishing agents enable Listerine Tooth Paste to heighten tooth brilliance and surface smoothness . . . attacking a major cause of Tobacco Mouth.



LEFT: Tooth surface polished with ordinary polishing ingredient.
RIGHT: Surface of same tooth polished with new Listerine Tooth Paste.

TOBACCO MOUTH

...give it the "brush-off" with

"Feel that Lusterfoam work!"

fire, half of my toe was burned up. The corn was cured.

Answer this one for me if you can. Some years back I was working in a structural iron plant in southern California. I had a mess of warts on my hands. A Mexican saw them. He told me that he would go to the mission that night and offer a prayer. The next morning my paws were as free of warts as a baby's cheeks. The warts were gone but I have never fully recovered from the shock.

NATHAN FLEMING, Marseilles, Ill.

. . . It has also been discovered that sarsaparilla root is a relief in some heart diseases and may also cure barrenness in some women.

I have a friend who has been childless eleven years. After taking sarsaparilla root powder every day for several months, she conceived.

D. MONZELLO, Brigham, Utah

Battleship Killer

DEAR SIRS: I enjoyed Battleship Killer—The War's Greatest Story (Apr. 2d) very much. Since no picture of Lieutenant de la Penne mentioned in it was shown, I thought perhaps you might like to have one I happened to have in my possession, taken when Italy was still a monarchy.

For his achievement, Lieutenant de la Penne received a promotion in rank and Italy's highest decoration, the Medaglia d'Oro al Valore Militare, comparable to our Congressional Medal of Honor.

C. M. GIARDINA, Washington, D. C.

Correction, Please!

DEAR SIRS: Re The Menace of Red China (Mar. 19th) Budenz says the American Communist party had listed my book, Report from Red China, as recommended reading. That makes me a Communist—or at least that's the inference from the casual way he says it.

Let it be noted that Report from Red China was, so far as possible, written as a *reporter's report* of where I went, what I saw, and what I did in the Chinese Red areas during the five months I spent with them in the closing period of the war. That, and no more.

And for the record: I am not, never have been, and don't ever expect to be a Communist—Chinese, American, Russian or any other brand.

HARRISON FORMAN, Shanghai, China

. . . Mr. Budenz' article on the Chinese Communists proves the close connection between the Soviet Union and the Chinese Communists, the existence of which some wishful daydreamers are still unwilling to admit. In the light of such clear revelation, the American people should realize that the great significance of the U.S. is in helping preserve the independence of China and the freedom of one fifth of world population which is the duty of all democratic nations.

J. C. CHEN, New York, N. Y.

Your Day in Court

DEAR SIR: Well, after many years, someone has finally done it!—published an article about our vile, our unspeakable, our expensive lower courts. (Our Reeking Halls of Justice, Apr. 2d.)

For many years as a newspaperman, I was sickened and appalled by what I observed.

Chicago and Philadelphia were the worst. The traffic courts in New York City make individuals contemptuous of law and justice: Loss of a day's pay, an insulting attitude on the part of magistrates, police and court attendants are common.

Because of calloused municipal systems, it will take a generation to bring about improvements. But you are helping to pave the way.

WILLIAM H. RODGERS, Ossining, N. Y.

Glory Road

EDITOR COLLIER'S: John Kord Lagemann's fine article on The Glory Road (Mar. 26th), brings back many fond memories to a former Iowa editor who published many columns about the Lincoln Highway. How well I remember the "birth pangs" as pictured. I enjoy Collier's.

A. D. MCGUIRE, Osawatomie, Kans.

The Weak's Male

DEAR SIRS: Teresa M. Donato (The Week's Mail, Apr. 2d) is entirely mistaken if she thinks all men are besotted, depraved, pickled in alcohol, saturated with nicotine, and like the kind of female who runs around painted up like a savage, blowing smoke in other people's faces or sipping cocktails in some tavern.

It is bad enough to see these cigarette-sucking Susies with their wrinkled, dingy, pasty complexions, looking ten to twenty years older than they are, but worse to realize that 60 per cent of the babies born of cigarette-smoking mothers die before the age of two. The wise woman (there still are some) will refrain from the use of harmful, body- and soul-destroying poisons and retain their natural beauty and femininity.

EVERETT I. ZOERB, Washington, D. C.

Cad!

DEAR SIRS: Re George Frazier's Handsome Joan from San Antone (Mar. 12th). I am almost thirty years old and can remember when Crawford first started looking forty. Considering that movies can make a woman look 20 years younger than she really is, a man would certainly have to stretch his imagination to believe she was born in 1908.

WINSTON L. MOORE, Abilene, Texas

Mr. Senator, Sir!

DEAR EDITOR: Senator John C. Stennis' article (Mar. 26th) should have been called What a Dixiecrat Would Like You to Believe About the South.

He makes no mention of the cheapness with which Negro life and Negro rights are held south of Mason and Dixon's line. In many parts of the South the life of a Negro is cheaper than that of a well-bred foxhound. The ruling classes of the South are doing more to breed Communism than any other one thing. Note: I am a white man.

LEWIS OMER, Carthage, Ill.

. . . What is really behind the slow progress of the South is prejudice. The good senator will say that economics will cure that prejudice. Richness does not necessarily bring happiness. A man might have untold wealth, but if his neighbors do not accept him as their equal, he is hurt to the very depth of his soul. Educate the whites; show them where they are wrong; get them to accept the Negro as their equal; then the other things will fall in line.

D. W., Fort Worth, Texas

I Knew Him When

DEAR EDITOR: I enjoyed every line of My Wild Irish Downey (Mar. 19th) thoroughly—mostly because I remember him "when."

Back in the days when he was singing at the New Grand Central in St. Louis, Missouri, I had faith that he really would be a great singer. I can remember Eugene Dennis, who was a famous psychic, telling Morton Downey that he would be a second John McCormack. I am sure Mr. Downey will remember this beautiful girl—and his engagement there in St. Louis with the Skouras Brothers Theatres. And I can remember the thrill I got when he sang Tea for Two accompanied by Gene Rodemich's orchestra, which also became very famous.

MRS. ED. Y. JONES, JR.,
Cedar Rapids, Iowa

AMERICAN-Standard

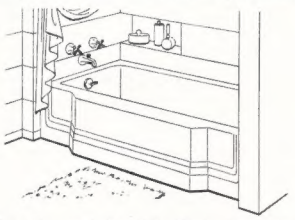
First in heating . . . first in plumbing

. . . a brand new oil-fired unit for small homes and individual apartments.

Give next winter a warm welcome

● American-Standard Heating Equipment is engineered to provide you with carefree comfort, winter after winter. And whether you prefer winter air conditioning, radiant heating, radiator or warm air heating . . . whether you burn coal, oil or gas . . . you'll find American-Standard Heating Equipment efficient and economical. Sold through selected Wholesale Distributors to your Heating and Plumbing Contractor. Convenient time payments for remodeling. Write for our free HOME BOOK, which contains many useful room ideas as well as complete information about American-Standard Heating Equipment and Plumbing Fixtures. **American Radiator & Standard Sanitary Corporation,** Dept. K95, Pittsburgh 30, Pa.

Look for this American-Standard HEATING · PLUMBING *Mark of Merit*



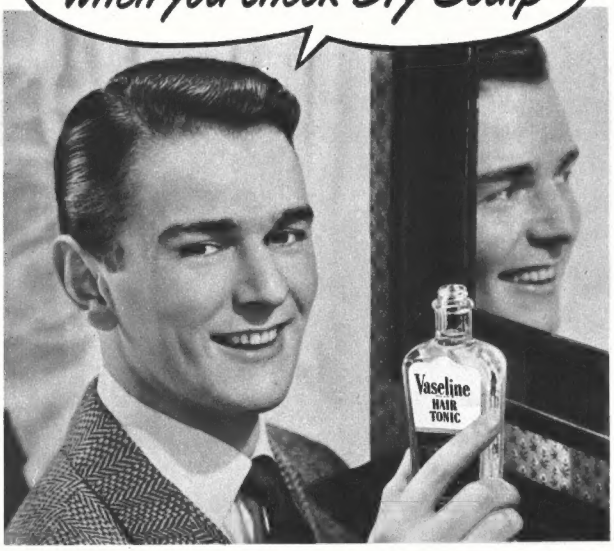
The wide popularity of the Master Pembroke Bath is typical of all American-Standard Plumbing Fixtures. They're the finest that money can buy—yet they cost no more than others.

Serving home and industry: AMERICAN-STANDARD • AMERICAN BLOWER • CHURCH SEATS • DETROIT LUBRICATOR • KEWANEE BOILER • ROSS HEATER • TONAWANDA IRON

oh-oh, Dry Scalp!

"... SAM'S nice to be with, but he'd be a lot nicer if he did something about that Dry Scalp! His hair is dull and unruly—must be awfully hard to manage. And he has loose dandruff, too! I've got just the right ticket for him—'Vaseline' Hair Tonic!"

Hair looks better... scalp feels better... when you check Dry Scalp



IT'S EASIER than you may think! 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic checks Dry Scalp . . . makes a world of difference in the good looks of your hair. It's ideal with massage before shampooing, too. Contains no alcohol or other drying ingredients. It's double care . . . for both scalp and hair . . . and it's economical, too.

Vaseline HAIR TONIC
TRADE MARK ®

TOPS IN ENTERTAINMENT: DR. CHRISTIAN, STARRING JEAN HERSHOLT, ON CBS, WEDNESDAY NIGHTS; LITTLE HERMAN, NEW MYSTERY SHOW, SATURDAY NIGHTS, ON ABC. SEE YOUR NEWSPAPER FOR LOCAL BROADCAST TIME.

Keep Up with the World

BY FRELING FOSTER

Many Chinese names for modern objects describe them with a picturesque clarity. When translated into English, for example, cigarette is literally *paper smoke*, locomotive is *fire wagon*, telephone is *electricity talk*, safety razor is *gentleman instrument*, motion-picture theater is *electricity shadow hall*, and life insurance is *man old-age guarantee to feel at ease.*

****

A new type of lens, which took two Parisian opticians 17 years to perfect, produces motion pictures in color on black-and-white film. The lens contains four filters—red, blue, green and yellow—each of which prints its own impression on each frame. When projected through a similar lens, each impression passes through its own filter and all four "recompose" the picture in color. This invention, called Roux-color, may end the movie industry's long search for a simple process in which the color is in the lens instead of the film.

****

Occasionally, a bullet is found deeply embedded in an elephant tusk shipped to market. In a few cases, it has not been discovered until the tusk has been cut up, because the mark indicating its point of entry had been obliterated. Several billiard balls have been finished before it was learned, by their awkward roll, that they contained a bullet. One such ball is preserved in the Museum of the Royal College of Surgeons in London.

****

Not long ago, a door-to-door survey, in which 5,000 typical American citizens were asked a number of questions, revealed that 64 per cent of them were under the impression that the commodity bought and sold on the floor of the New York Stock Exchange was livestock.

****

Niagara Falls is exceeded in height by 67 other waterfalls, 20 of which are in the United States. Angel Falls in Venezuela, the world's loftiest cataract, is 3,300 feet or virtually 20 times as high as Niagara.

****

In 1822 in Brookline, Vermont, a stranger who called himself Dr. John Wilson sought and secured the job of schoolmaster. Having this handsome bachelor among them so pleased the villagers that they also granted him permission to erect a new one-room schoolhouse. The structure was built round, instead of square. The doctor explained—and was believed by all—that he had chosen the shape because it allowed for more windows and, therefore, more light. But the real reason for his wanting the windows to face in all directions was disclosed upon his death some years later. Through certain marks on his body, he was identified as Captain Thunderbolt, a notorious British criminal who had long been wanted by the London police.—*By Natalie Hambly, East Hartford, Connecticut.*

****

No private mausoleum in existence approaches in size the Gol Gunbaz of Sultan Mohammed Adil Shah in Bijapur, India. Built between 1626 and 1656, this tomb is a huge square structure surmounted by a circular dome. Its total height is equivalent to that of a 17-story building. The interior space is so great that it could hold more than 100,000 caskets.

****

Until the seventeenth century few women would allow a physician to assist them in childbirth because of their idea of modesty. Even for several generations after the practice was started, a woman while giving birth to a baby would, to lessen her embarrassment, be covered by a sheet, which required the doctor to perform his work without being able to see what he was doing.

****

Except for the two or three men who go on weekly shopping trips for them, few inhabitants of Albinen, Switzerland, ever leave the village, because getting in and out is such a dangerous undertaking. The community is situated on a mountaintop accessible only by a ladder. The ladder is built against the almost perpendicular side of the mountain, and is 600 feet, or 50 stories, in height.

****

One of the longest periods a human heart ever stopped occurred during an operation on a sixteen-year-old boy in a New York hospital on January 16, 1948. After his heart had ceased all movement, forty minutes passed before it responded to treatment. When it did, it returned to its normal beat so quickly that the operation could be continued, and it lasted for another hour.—*By Mrs. B. J. Fischner, Houston, Texas.*

****

Although the first passenger subway was opened in London 80 years ago, only 17 other cities have since constructed and now operate such intra-urban transit lines. They are Athens, Barcelona, Berlin, Boston, Budapest, Buenos Aires, Chicago, Glasgow, Hamburg, Liverpool, Madrid, Moscow, New York, Paris, Philadelphia, Sydney and Tokyo.

New Zenith "Twin Cobra" Combination

Combines Zenith* Supremacy in Record-Playing, FM and AM Radio, with None of the Short-Cuts in Size and Power Found in Ordinary Radio-Phonographs!

RECORDS . . . In this powerful "Twin Cobra" phonograph unit, one Cobra* Tone Arm reproduces the new Long-Playing Records on a radionic* wave . . . 45 minutes of music on a single disk, as only Zenith can bring it to you. The other Cobra Tone Arm with Silent-Speed Changer automatically plays 10 or 12 inch standard records, reveals their tone beauty as you've never heard it before, keeps them sounding like new for over 2,000 plays!

FM RADIO . . . This is genuine Zenith-Armstrong FM, with patented "Power Line" antenna, that brings you FM programs static-free even in the worst storms . . . that leading FM experts say "does full justice to the superiority of FM broadcasting." You hear only tone of startling brilliance and fidelity . . . enjoy no-fade, no-drift tuning not possible with imitation FM sets.

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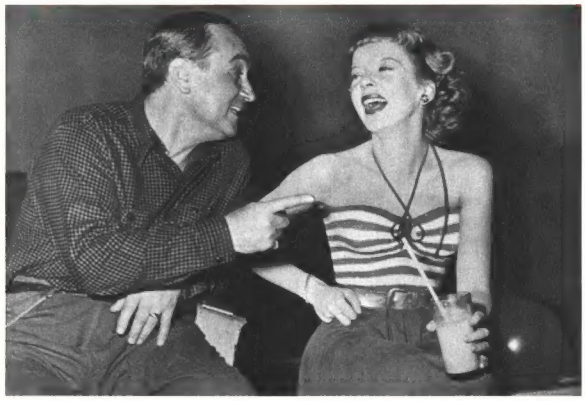
The Week's Work



Director Jean Negulesco feeds milk and jokes to writer-actress Ida Lupino

SEEMS that writing is nothing new to the lovely and talented Ida Lupino, whose first short short, Exit Cue, we proudly present on page 62. Miss Lupino confesses she's been writing since she learned to spell C-A-T. "Fact," she says, "the hero of my first story was a beautiful tom Persian. He bit the dog and earned a crown—and I earned a spanking for wasting my time on trash instead of Shakespeare."

Between that spanking and this first short short sale, Miss Lupino has concentrated on screen originals, of which she's sold a couple.

Miss L. feels it inevitable that Exit Cue should be about the theater. There's been an acting Lupino around as far back as Naples in 1600.

Will Miss Lupino, now that she's hit the slicks, give up acting for writing? "I hope I am energetic and inspired enough to do both for a while," she told me. "But when I'm too old to steer a wheel chair on stage, I shall concentrate exclusively on the peripatetics of my pen. I am most grateful to Collier's for its wonderful encouragement to that end."

BARRY PEROWNE (Visa for X, p. 18) at eight was just a Dead End Kid in the English dock town of Portsmouth. Just across the street was a modest house where Conan Doyle had practiced as a doctor, and invented Sherlock Holmes. "There was nothing for me but to start writing," reports Barry. "I've been looking for a Sherlock ever since."

Mr. Perowne left school at fourteen, worked as secretary to a Hindu historian, then in a carrousel and roller-coaster factory.

He spent 5½ years in the war, in the British infantry and in intelligence. "Sometimes, as when a story finds a home with Collier's, the windows of the Conan Doyle house seem to wink nostalgically, and in the hollow cavern of my dome an encouraging voice booms, 'Come, Watson, you know my methods.'"

THE background events leading up to I Was King of the Safecrackers, which begins an explosive five-part journey on page 13, began at San Quentin prison some 18 years ago where Dean Jennings, a young reporter covering the death house for the San Francisco Call-Bulletin, met one Herb Wilson. "Wilson had been a Baptist minister," Jennings relates, "and we had a sort of rapport because my father was an Episcopal minister for 45 years. Wilson wanted to be a writer—imagine a guy who got fifteen million wanting to knock himself out on a typewriter—and I tried to help him. I got him some books, including How to Make Big Money at Beautiful Letters—and we started a long correspondence."

Wilson finally got his parole, disappeared and not until last summer did Jennings hear from him. Wilson was in Suva in the Fijis and was ready to peddle his literary output. Jennings agreed to help.

Then suddenly Wilson popped up in Vancouver, sent Jennings a safeful of material on his life in crime. "The rest is infamy," confesses Jennings. "After I got the green light from Collier's, I flew up to Canada to the isolated island where Wilson now lives, spent more time extracting more material via the Jennings Extractor, U.S. Pat. 0077606½, flew to New York, locked myself in a hotel room and wrote this serial in 25 writing days. Have you ever sat on a hard chair for 25 writing days? You ask what I am doing now. I'm recovering, natch."

This convalescence is taking place at Paradise Cove, on San Francisco Bay, where the Jenningses live. "We have our own little beach right at the back door, where we catch crabs, sharks, clams and sunburn," Dean claims. "Our view takes in San Quentin, and with binoculars, we can almost see our friend Warden Duffy surrounded by his 5,000 guys. I keep looking for another Wilson."

Dean has been writing for 25 years and has some 350 whodunits to his credit—plus appearances in about 40 magazines, and a couple of books including The Man Who Killed Hitler. During the war he was with the OWI.

"As a result of my stint with the master cracksman Wilson, I now feel self-conscious and guilty as Harry when I approach a safe," he confesses. . . .

TED SHANE

To obtain a reprint of the cover on this issue, send 15 cents to Collier's Birthday Party Reprint Department, Springfield, Ohio

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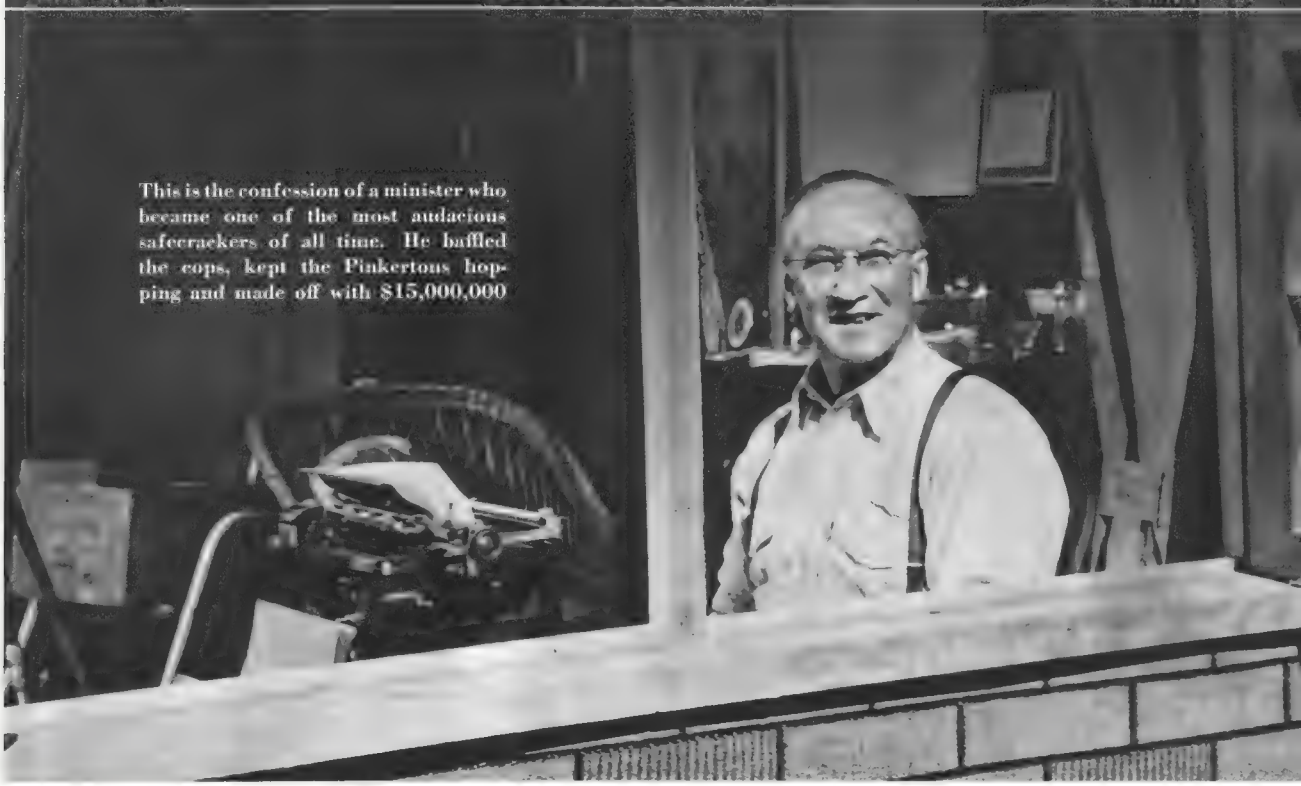
MAY 21, 1949 **Collier's** VOL. 123, NO. 21



This is the confession of a minister who became one of the most audacious safecrackers of all time. He baffled the cops, kept the Pinkertons hopping and made off with $15,000,000

Herbert Wilson sits at a window of the secluded cabin on an island in British Columbia where he is spending the last years of his life in solitary retirement

I Was King of the Safecrackers

By HERBERT EMERSON WILSON *as told to DEAN JENNINGS*

Herbert Wilson thought that by carefully studying police methods and the mistakes of other criminals he could escape justice. But his story teaches that even the most astute criminal must pay in the end. August Vollmer, former president of the International Association of Chiefs of Police, and criminology authority for the Encyclopaedia Britannica, says, "Herbert Wilson, with his syndicated crime methods, represents the highest peak that criminality has ever attained in this country. Nevertheless, Wilson has again proved that the way of a transgressor is hard. Any poor, deluded youth who contemplates a life of crime will learn from the many lessons in Wilson's story that it pays to stop, look and listen before embarking on a career that has few pleasures but many sorrows and regrets."

PART 1 OF A FIVE-PART ARTICLE

I WILL never forget the last sermon I preached and the words I used: "Thou shalt not steal." I will never forget it because when I walked away from the First Baptist Church in East San Diego the next day—the church where I was pastor—I was on my way to a long career in crime. I did it deliberately. After twenty years in the pulpit I became the most successful safeblower in American criminal history. I blasted 65 big safes and vaults from coast to coast and robbed the mails for a total take of some $15,000,000, not counting what my boys might have picked up when they were off duty.

I studied burglary as a science—and I mastered it. The burglar tools and techniques I invented set a standard in the underworld and are still being used today, though not with the same skill and nerve. I had the most talented mob of safecrackers ever collected in one gang. I had both men and women, and each was a specialist in explosives, burglar alarms, "fronting," strong-arm work, casing, spotting or some other line. Some were temperamental, some were weak, and some were so downright dangerous that sometimes I had to take their rods away so they wouldn't bump somebody on a job.

Crime was our business—and we made it big business. We took police methods and used them for our own. We had locators, private detectives, expert drivers, mechanics—and pretty girls for special jobs. We used Dictographs and binoculars. We photographed banks, offices and stores, and made blueprints and maps before we attacked. We owned trick automobiles, yachts, hotels and apartment houses, and we chartered planes when we wanted speed.

We hired and fired people like any other outfit. We had our own mob doctor and our own fences who would buy anything from a million dollars' worth of bonds to an antique clock. We even had our own prop department with police uniforms, badges, fake credentials, false mustaches or anything else we needed for a job. We had the actors to use them, too, and I've seen performances, when there were lives at stake, that would shame anything on Broadway today.

We moved from city to city for five years, left no clues and never came close to a pinch. Sometimes we cased half a dozen jobs at a time, then cleaned them out in one night. The cops were dizzy and the Pinkertons were really catching it. We wrote off jobs as flops if the haul was under a hundred grand. We only picked big places, like Harvard University, Sinclair Oil, Southern Railway, National Biscuit Company, the Fifth Street store in Los Angeles, Hale Brothers in San Francisco and banks in half a dozen states.

We took a trip to London and cracked a big safe there because my girl wanted the $60,000 lavaliere the guy had on display. We clipped Mrs. Charlotte King Palmer in New York for jewels worth about $700,000—or so she said—and we broke up Nick the Greek's poker party in Hollywood by heisting all the cash in sight. We even cased the United States Treasury, and I still think it could have been cracked. I made only one mistake and one was enough. . . .

My story begins in the little Canadian village of Wyoming, Ontario, where I was born just 68 years ago. My father, Malcolm Wilson, was a chemist and inventor, and I used to hang around his laboratory while he worked. He had a process

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 72)

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY BOB AND IRA SPRING

The fairest of them all

By HARRIET FRANK JR.

Melanie's face and figure had exploded a thousand flash bulbs, but Jason—the sucker—was looking for a soul

T BEGAN fine, but Jason Leigh was nervous. He was going to phone from the airport and then decided against it. He didn't want her alerted. She had to come through on her own.

She lived in a long white house in the Palisades. It had a sea wall, a lot of green grass and orange trees.

He walked toward the front door. He realized he was taking a long chance on this Melanie Gayne, who was small and slumberous—according to the photographs he had seen. The photographs had reminded him of a fawn startled in her bath. It had been quite a sight for an early spring morning.

He rang the doorbell and suddenly realized how well he liked his job and the salary that went with it. He liked his life; he liked the way he felt in the mornings—every morning but this.

He rang again. There was a lot hanging on a photograph, and a strange, insistent feeling.

There still was no response. He knocked nervously, and when nothing happened, he pounded.

A voice floated down from somewhere over his head. "Stop that!" it said.

"Well, answer the door then."

"Why?" The voice had the tartness of a green apple. Can't be Melanie's voice, he thought. Hers had to be tender and soft.

He stepped back to get a view of the second story. He saw only the white curtain fluttering out of the window. He called up to it.

"I'm not selling anything. I'm from Search Magazine."

"What are you looking for?"

"A way to get into this house."

"Nobody's home!"

"You are." Whoever was talking still didn't show herself.

"I'm nobody—everybody knows that. Besides, I'm in pajamas and my hair isn't combed."

"What color is it?"

"My pajamas?"

"No—your hair."

"Red."

This was not Melanie. Jason Leigh was suddenly tired.

"Mind if I pick an orange?"

"Hungry?"

"Haven't had breakfast."

"You sound pathetic. Go around back—the kitchen door is open."

It was. The kitchen was large and clean, and smelled of vinegar and cinnamon. He drew up a chair to the table and waited. After a moment she came in.

Red hair, freckles—too thin—but her ankles were good. He knew—because he started looking from there. "How do you like your eggs?" she asked.

"Laid. After that, I don't care."

"I haven't any time for nonsense."

"Any inclination?"

"None." She faced him straight on. "Are you really from Search?"

"Honest Injun."

"Last month we had a reporter from Request and the month before from Heritage. They come all the time."

"What for?"

"Last month she was Orange Queen and before that, some sculptor said Melanie had the sexiest arms in the Western Hemisphere." She began to break the eggs with deadly efficiency.

"What's your name?" asked Jason.

"Sarah Agatha. Horrible, isn't it? But you asked."

"Last name Gayne?"

She hesitated for a moment. "No," she said firmly.

"What then?"

"Whitefish."

"That's pretty terrible."

She set a plate before him.

"You're nice," he said.

"Yes, I am." She brought him a glass of milk. "But, then, I have to be."

"Compulsion."

"It's mostly because I haven't got a figure. I suppose you noticed."

He grinned. "I suppose I did."

SHE swung her bright shining hair over her shoulder. "Flat. Nothing helps it. Somebody told me malted-milk tablets—I ate three bottles."

Jason held out his cigarettes. She took one and bent near for a light. She smelled of starch and sunshine.

"Tell me—when does Melanie appear?"

Her voice lowered to a confidential whisper. "She doesn't."

"Why not?"

She began washing the dishes.

"Miss Whitefish—I must see Melanie Gayne. If I phone for an appointment?"

"I tend to her public relations," Sarah Agatha said. "You won't get it."

"Is there any particular reason?"

"Yes. It's Adam's birthday."

"Give him my best. Who's Adam?"

"Never mind."

"You're not afraid of anything, are you, Sarah Agatha?" He paused and then asked doubtfully, "Melanie hasn't got two heads or anything like that?" He counted on the red hair. Her temper flamed to match it.

"She's perfectly beautiful." And then a note of

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 48)

"I'm going to have a long talk with Adam," he said. "And get hit?" she asked. "Well," he said, "I'll duck"

ILLUSTRATED BY STAN KLIMLEY

LEO CHOPLIN

ECA goods like these have saved Europe from chaos, but they will have been wasted, warns the author, unless we have a substitute when ECA expires

After The Marshall Plan—What?

By ERIC JOHNSTON

"We need to get the job of world economic recovery off the backs of the taxpayers and into the hands of American private enterprisers who can run it as a profitable business venture," says the author of this article. Every citizen who foots the enormous bill will want to learn more about his daring plan

WE SOLD ourselves the Economic Co-operation Administration on the theory it would tidy up the disordered economic household of Western Europe in four years flat. Renovation and repairs for everything were going to cost approximately 17 billion dollars. And on the given date in 1952, we'd get measured for a halo, wave good-by to the reincarnated Western Europeans and come home, full of honors and satisfaction.

That's the way we were talking, but most of us didn't think that way. We knew deep down inside that ECA at its very best was an uncertain gamble, a temporary measure to buy time against the spread of Communism. We knew four years and 17 billion dollars couldn't do a complete overhauling job on Western Europe.

INTERNATIONAL

The author at a House hearing

Today we are beginning freely to admit it.

But what are we doing in a practical, definite way to fashion a substitute for ECA when its life expires three years from now? The need to do it is urgent. We can't wait until the eleventh hour. We need now to agree on an acceptable substitute program.

Shall we renew this vast government-to-government program for another four years or more? That is what some of the nations now under ECA are telling us we'll have to do. Shall we turn ECA into a permanent world design for relief and reconstruction? That's what many other countries not under its umbrella are clamoring for.

I have always backed ECA as an expedient to give Europe a breathing spell and as a program helpful to us politically and economically. But there's a limit to the ECAs we can afford. We can give away just so much without going bust ourselves.

We've got to begin to tell the rest of the world that ECA is not a permanent institution, that we look ahead to the time when private capital will underwrite a long-range recovery program on a good business basis. Since the war some governments have knowingly discouraged American private investments because they prefer government-to-government aid—they can use it as campaign funds to keep themselves in power.

But we must tell them that we propose to get the job of world economic recovery off the backs of the American taxpayers and into the hands of American private enterprisers who can run it as a mutually profitable business venture.

The world needs a monumental program of development and industrialization. The world's

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 68)

THE KILLARNEY COLLIE

By ERIC HATCH

The story of a boy and his dog, and of the judge who had been ordered to punish them—whether they were guilty or not

THE judge sat behind the bench of justice, lulled half asleep by the dull droning of the electric fans and the lawyers' voices, and was glad he was an American. He was glad because had he, for instance, been English, he would, in spite of the heat, have had to be wearing a wig instead of just his light black robe. That would have been unbearable. As it was, the magistrates court in this teeming inland city was like a furnace.

He drew a pad toward him and picked up a pencil and began to draw pictures of fish. Sometimes he drew water around them, sometimes, although it took more effort, a cake of ice beneath them. Half listening to the voices he thought about the three-o'clock train to Lake Marble. He hoped to Heaven he could catch that train. It would get him up to the lake and his camp and his family in time for a swim. He missed his family badly during these summer weeks and worried about them—especially about the boy.

He lifted his eyes from his pad and briefly surveyed the room. It was filled with a scattering of bored, sweltering spectators, a bored cub reporter from the Clarion, the court clerk and stenographer, two bailiffs and assorted perspiring policemen. Below the bench sat two angry-looking Portuguese-American women backed by their lawyers. The women glared at each other. The lawyers, looking browbeaten, like husbands, stared listlessly at the bench.

Why the devil, thought the judge, won't that damned defense lawyer move for dismissal so I can grant it and get 'em out of here and get on to the next case and catch my train?

Then, like a strain of sweet music, he heard the defense lawyer say, "—move that this case be dismissed."

"Dismissed," said the judge. "Next case!" Judge Baranca glanced at a page of notes in his own handwriting.

"Dog bite," he read. "Newsstand operator. Name, Mulroy. Dog owned by nephew of same name who works at stand. Dog nonrabid but probably dangerous. Charged with harboring vicious animal and maintaining a nuisance. Possibly so. Check this part carefully. Third offense."

He was still looking at the notes when the court stenographer reached up and placed an envelope before him. He opened it, took out a slip of paper and read: "Okay with J. throw the book at this

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 76)

Presently he lifted a tear-streaked face. "Could you not blame me instead of him?" he said. "He's just a dog. He doesn't understand about laws and things. Let him go"

ILLUSTRATED BY BARBARA SCHWINN

It was a masterpiece of forger's art which he produced; he had never done better. As he gave it a final scrutiny, a chill prickling swept over him

VISA FOR X

By BARRY PEROWNE

Eldred Colley was an honest man. But there came a day when he had to weigh his honor against the life of his son

A CHURCH clock was striking six. The measured sounds carried through the traffic hum of busy streets to a room in which a man was committing a forgery. It was a big room with fluorescent lighting and a double row of desks. In an end-of-day bustle, men were slamming drawers, rattling key chains, talking cheerfully as they shrugged into their overcoats.

A lugubrious, bald individual, whose blue serge suit subtly suggested the ex-policeman, was moving from desk to desk, tipping the contents of the wastepaper baskets into a large sack he carried. He did the job with care, intent that no shred should fall to the floor or remain in the baskets, for in this building all wastepaper was dangerous.

It was a building in which many kinds of documents, from visas and birth certificates to membership cards of subversive political organizations, were fabricated. The documents were in a variety of languages, but they had one thing in common. All were false.

A counterpart of this room was to be found in the capital of every nation which possessed a clandestine intelligence service.

The man with the sack approached a desk that stood apart from the others and at a point of vantage over them. This was the desk of the section chief, the master forger.

His massive head, with its gray, thick hair, was bent over his work. He had a full gray beard. He was a big man, inclined to be portly. Even in shirt sleeves, with the snow-white cuffs folded back from his strong wrists, and a green shade over his eyes, he had presence, an air of dignity.

On the blotting pad before him lay a small, yellow card printed with minute script, with a square left blank. To that square he pressed an object that looked like a chess pawn. His hands were broad, controlled, well-kept. He rolled the pawn slightly, lifted it, disclosed on the yellow card a perfect fingerprint. He chuckled to himself, well pleased, then glanced up inquiringly at the man with the sack.

"Can I clear your basket now, Mr. Colley?" the man said.

"Is it that late?" said Mr. Eldred Colley, master forger; and removing his eyeshade, he blinked his eyes hard, fluffed up his beard with the backs of the fingers of both hands, pinched a pair of ribboned eyeglasses onto his nose. He glanced around the emptied room, and with a judicious pursing of the lips consulted a thin, gold watch from his vest pocket. Finally, he nodded. "Very well, Peters—I'm just finished." He picked up the yellow card, chuckled again over it. "Pretty work, eh?"

"Me being an idealist," said Peters, glumly stuffing paper into his sack, "I call it devil's work, sir."

"Tut-tut," said Mr. Colley. "Every country must have its weathermen to warn it of celestial storms. Its intelligence men are just as necessary—to warn it of mortal storms."

He locked the door of the safe on the materials of his craft, put on the jacket of his pepper-and-salt suit, adjusted his watch chain across the genial convexity of his vest.

Peters helped him on with his overcoat. "What a world!" mourned the disillusioned perfectionist.

Mr. Colley patted him on the shoulder. "That, my friend," he said kindly, "is why it behooves us to be on our guard."

Setting his wide-brimmed black felt hat squarely on his head, he cast a final glance around this room where for many years—ever since he had been recruited from his post as restorer of manuscripts in a world-famous museum—he had presided with urbanity over sleights and deceptions.

He said good night to Peters, walked along a broad landing, knocked on a door, opened it, and announced, "I'm leaving now, Colonel."

The man who sat at the desk in that room nodded a head as sleek as black lacquer. He had a sharp, lined, quinine-yellowed face and jet-black eyes. "Right, Colley," he said. "I'm just packing up, myself. What about that fingerprint job?"

"People who believe that a certain digital impress on a pass token is an inviolable warrant of authenticity," said Mr. Colley blandly, "expose ignorance

He peered at the couple through thick-lensed spectacles. "You've been long enough," he said harshly

ILLUSTRATED BY GLEN FLEISCHMANN

of the teachings of the great, if fictional, Dr. Thorndyke. I've produced, I think, a very passable bit of bogus."

"I knew we could rely on you," the colonel said. "That network of political termites is a menace. Give us the means, Colley, and we'll penetrate it through and through with our agents. Is there anything you *can't* forge, you old conjurer?"

"Knock on wood," said Mr. Colley. "Even Napoleon had his Waterloo." . . .

Just the same, reflected the emperor of all the forgers, as the self-operated elevator sank downward with him, in all these years the service hadn't produced a problem to faze him yet. He was proud of that, proud of his record, of the consummate skill of the fine hands he cherished. Above all, he was proud to think of the high award which, because of his honorable career of forgery, he would receive when he retired in a year or two.

That award—which, of course, would be for services carefully unspecified—would puzzle them at the small, homey hotel where he had lived for many years. He was the star boarder there. He had long presided over the communal dining table with a smiling, paternal reticence. For not even his son, Roy, knew Mr. Colley's real occupation. Only his wife had known that, and poor Edith had been in a better world for twelve years. His fellow boarders and the management, vaguely surmised that Mr. Colley, arbiter of the well-ordered life, was a pillar of the Treasury.

The lift stopped with an expiring sigh. Mr. Colley stepped out into the hall, and from there into the street.

THE night was mild and clear, in the doldrums of late February. Mr. Colley bought an evening paper from his usual vendor, and walked with deliberation to his usual bus stop.

Here, under the lamp, he glanced over the headlines. They brandished a homicide at him. A man had been pitched headlong from the fire escape of an apartment house. A foreigner, Mr. Colley noted. Anything to do with foreigners he read with professional care; but the bus came lumbering up, now, and he stepped onto the platform.

A tense voice said in his ear, "Take a seat and get off at the next stop but one."

He glanced around in astonishment, and for an instant met the gray eyes of a tall young man with a hard, pale, handsome face. He wore a trench coat and a soft felt hat. He looked away. He was Mr. Colley's son, Roy.

Mr. Colley went inside the bus and sat down. Looking around, he saw Roy still standing on the platform.

Mr. Colley's mouth was grim. He had been expecting trouble through his son for some time, and instinct told him it was here. There was a streak of the political fanatic in Roy; he had dangerous ideas and dangerous associates. Though Roy lived with him at the hotel, Mr. Colley didn't know much about his son's activities; but he knew that lately Roy had been prominent at the kind of political

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 79)

TED CRONER

Mr. Winston has two reasons for having his back to the camera—the girl modeling $1,470,000 of his jewels, and a policy. The policy is Lloyd's of London, which refuses to permit fullface or profile pictures. The necklace on the model is valued at $1,000,000, and the tiara, of the McLean collection, at $35,000

Man With The Million-Dollar Glitter

By HARMON and ELSIE TUPPER

Are you looking for someone to buy your family jewels? Meet Harry Winston, whose business is precious stones and whose collection ranks second to that of the English Crown. His top known price for a single gem so far is $800,000, but that's not his ceiling

AT 4:00 A.M. on a day shortly after the end of the war, a telephone rang at the bedside of Harry Winston, America's most extraordinary dealer in precious gems and the new owner of the Hope diamond.

Winston listened drowsily to the overseas operator. Suddenly he snapped awake at the voice of one of his European agents. The man was a link in his world-wide grapevine that passes on the news to him when high-born but slightly broke families are ready to sell an heirloom jewel or two.

An Austrian with a royal title wanted to raise money, the agent reported, on a 150-carat pear-shaped diamond which had been treasured for generations in the ancestral palace in Vienna. A gem of such size and historical background would bring about $800,000 in the American market. The agent being no appraiser, Winston decided to send over one of his experts to look at the jewel—and fast. His competitors also had their own private grapevines.

After days of argument and red tape, Winston managed to wheedle visas from consular officials still suffering from wartime spy jitters. His appraiser flew to Paris, but from then on, had to ride trains that were infrequent, unreliable, jammed to the roof and so often commandeered for troops

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COPLAN-DIRONE

When these beauties—the Hope diamond (center) and the Star of the East—were shipped to Mr. Winston, they were insured for $1,100,000

Doctors In An Uproar

The Inside Story of the A.M.A.

By HOWARD WHITMAN

White-hot and controversial, Dr. Morris Fishbein is a vivid contrast to the clinically cold American Medical Association which he masterminds. The fur and feathers fly when this bodyguard of 140,000 doctors declares all-out war on quacks, fake medical schools and "socialized medicine"

CONCLUSION OF A TWO-PART ARTICLE

THE squabbles of the American Medical Association center about Dr. Morris Fishbein like sparks around a blowtorch. Dr. Fishbein, editor of the A.M.A. Journal and easily the most dynamic character in the whole organization, boasts of the number of people who dislike him. "You've got to get people mad at you in this business," he says with pride. "Otherwise you're not getting anywhere." By this standard, Fishbein has gone farther and faster than any other doctor in the A.M.A.'s 102-year history.

He is not a man to be neutral about.

One former associate described him as "the most unabashed egoist I've ever met in the world," adding exasperatedly, "He can strut in his sleep."

Such remarks are, of course, prejudiced and Fishbein is glad to have "certain people" hate him. He boasts, "I have the best list of enemies in the country." He also has a copious list of friends, some of whom reach heights of enthrallment. When he spoke in Charlotte, North Carolina, a local editor wrote:

"The distinguished and internationally known medical authority left his audience gaping with wonder. With wonder that, as the poet once remarked, one small head could hold all he knew . . . Dr. Fishbein speaks with the speed of a machine gun at its deadliest high tempo as choice words and well-rounded symphonic sentences roll from his lips like the torrential waters pour over Niagara."

Noting that Fishbein didn't even stop for periods between sentences, the editor added, "He flies through these customary stops with the speed of lightning and with the grace of an eagle in its unhindered soar. Dr. Fishbein . . . is a genius."

A more restrained admirer editorialized in the Weekly Bulletin of the Jackson County, Missouri, Medical Society:

"So far as Morris Fishbein is concerned . . . no more outstandingly brilliant spokesman for American medicine exists today. There are those who . . . point out that 'he runs things—and badly.' Still others suggest that he converts material submitted for the Journal into books and articles for lay

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 57)

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY EILEEN DARBY

Cloaked in an unassuming title, editor of the American Medical Association's Journal, firebrand Morris Fishbein is actually a master strategist, a dynamic power in the mighty citadel of U.S. medicine

I wasn't sure the trap would work. But then, you never are, and I didn't think there was any danger. As usual, I found I had underestimated my quarry

Trouble with Girls

By WILLIAM FRANCIS

One of the girls in the house was a thief. Not only did Arch have to discover who she was—he had to decide what to do with her

ELLA, my small blond girl Friday, walked into my office and closed the door behind her. "A girl," she said, "awaits without."

"Who is she?" I asked.

"Her name, she says, is Mona Freeman."

"Do you doubt it?" I asked.

"No, I guess not."

"Enough," I said, "show her in."

The girl who came in, twenty seconds later, answered the description of "slick damsel" with lots to spare. She wasn't really beautiful—her nose was turned up and her mouth was too wide—but she was striking and well worth a second look, or even a third. She had dark hair piled up under a little cap hat and she wore a smartly tailored suit of forest-green gabardine. Her eyes were grayish. She was sure of herself, and she walked straight to my desk and the chair in front of it. She sat down and crossed her legs.

"Mr. Kerby," she said, "I have a problem."

"Naturally. Is it Miss or Mrs.?"

"Miss. Call me Mona. I'll call you Arch. All right?"

"Why not? And also why?"

"You are going to be involved with six of us—girls, I mean—and I don't want the rest of them to know you are a detective. I thought you might pose as my boy friend."

"It's tempting," I admitted and it got me a smile.

"It will be strictly business, Arch. I'll explain the problem. My father died six years ago and about all he had to leave me was a big old house on Elvin Street. I rent rooms and at first it was a very necessary source of income, but now I'm doing quite well and—"

"What are you doing quite well at?" I asked.

"Radio. I'm sort of a third assistant to an assistant producer. Anyway the room renting now is mainly because I like the company. Currently there are five girls in the house. I've always restricted the rooms to girls, of course. The rent I ask covers just the taxes and upkeep on the place. The girls can use the money they save for other things. It's a nice arrangement for all of us. I want to keep it nice."

"And the trouble?" I prompted.

"One of the girls is a thief."

"Which one?"

"That's what you're to find out."

"How?" I asked.

"Good Lord, Arch, you're supposed to be a detective. If I knew how, I'd do it myself. I'll introduce you as my boy friend and then you can snoop around or whatever it is you do."

"I've got a better idea," I said. "Wait." I switched the key of the intercom to off. Ella had turned it on before she left the room, and I knew she'd be biting her nails up to her elbow trying to figure my better idea. "But," I went on, "on second thought I don't think it would work. We'll do it your way, Mona."

"Fine, I have to run now. I've got a program at three. My number, on Elvin Street, is 455. Come over tonight and I'll tell you more about it. All right?"

"I ought to have some more information."

"Tonight. Good-by, Arch. About eight thirty."

She was out before I could get up and Ella was in as soon as the outer door closed.

"Boy friend!" she said. "Just what does she think she is?"

"Something in radio," I said. "You were listening."

"Of course I was listening. What's your plan?"

"I thought I'd move in there, you know, rent a room from her—"

"It's a place for girls only."

"But in an emergency like this. Anyway I have to go out now. Hold the fort."

"How about Mr. Crandell?" she asked.

"Tell him we haven't made any progress."

And I got out before Ella could answer. I spent

ILLUSTRATED BY J. FREDERICK SMITH

the afternoon at a near-by race track and lost fifty bucks. At eight thirty I was at the house on Elvin Street. It was a big, brown-shingled place, two stories, with the old-fashioned ginger-bread dripping from the porch and balconies. I parked in front and walked up on the porch. The door was opened by a tall blonde.

She was the girl you think of when you read the words "green-eyed, cool and slender." Her hair was to her shoulders and maybe it was natural, but it didn't matter; it was a shade close to wild honey. Her lips were that eager kind and her voice was right.

She said, "Come on in, darling. Mona's draping the body."

I went into a wide hallway. There was a stairway on one side and an arch to the living room on the

other. The blonde guided me into the big colorful room that was furnished in relaxed modern. It looked lived in and it looked like living in it was fun. The blonde motioned me to a davenport. She sat opposite.

"I'm Jerry Hunt," the blonde told me. "I hope you're Arch Kerby and not a bill collector. You look sort of Arch Kerbyish, though."

"You were right at first," I told her. "No bill collector."

"That name of yours is familiar. I've got a tremendous memory for names. Kerby—Kerby—Archer Kerby. I've got it. The Whitfield murders, of course. You're a detective!"

"What are you?" I asked.

"As we say in the theater, I'm an actress. Actually I pose for cheesecake and I go to dramatic school at Acme Studios. Are you here about the thefts? If you are, you simply can't pass as Mona's. She goes more for the thin, intense, intellectual type."

"Thanks," I said.

"No offense. Just bad casting."

"Have things been stolen from you?"

"A few trinkets," she said, "and some cash. The trinkets I could have lost. But I don't lose cash. I just don't."

"Any suspects?" I asked.

Mona came in then and Jerry didn't answer my question.

Mona said, "Hi, Arch, getting acquainted?" and walked over and sat next to me with a possessive sort of air.

"Jerry saw through my disguise," I said.

"Did you think I wouldn't, darling?" she asked and I didn't know whether she was talking to me or Mona.

"Oh, well," Mona sighed. "Maybe he can be your friend, Jerry."

"Thanks, darling," she said, "but my attitude toward men who aren't producers is too well established. Movie producers, that is," she said to me. I nodded.

"At least," I said, "we can talk about it now. When did these thefts start?"

Mona answered, "About three months ago. Wasn't it Midge's scarf first, Jerry?" The blonde nodded. "Midge had the scarf just before she went into the bathroom to wash her hair and when she went back to the room, it was gone. She thought someone had borrowed it, but everyone said no and she never did find it. After that there were a lot of little things—earrings, pins, Jerry's compact, a pair of shoes that belonged to Debby, and some money. I don't know how much money. I'm sure of twenty dollars that was stolen last night from me. That's what made me get a detective."

"What about the twenty dollars?" I asked.

"I had a five and a twenty and some ones in my wallet in my purse," Mona said. "I left the purse in my room; I have the downstairs bedroom right off the hall, and I went in the kitchen and when I got back to the bedroom my wallet was out of the purse, lying next to it on the bed. I knew it hadn't been that way when I left it so I checked my money. The twenty-dollar bill was gone."

"Did you ever miss money before?"

"I've thought so, but I was never certain."

"I've missed cash," Jerry said. "And I'm certain. Fifteen dollars in all, three five-dollar bills three different times. They got out of my purse while I was out of the room—like Mona's twenty."

THEN I tried to find out who was in the house at the time things were lifted, but it was impossible. All of the girls must have been brought up in revolving doors the way they seemed to rush in and out. I gave up and concentrated on finding how the house ran.

It was simple. The girls had a cleaning woman in three times a week and all chipped in and paid her. They took care of their own laundry and their own meals, bought their own food or went in with some of the others on dinners. They all had the run of the house, only their own rooms being restricted.

All of them, except Mona, had rooms on the second floor, and all except two had separate rooms. The two who bunked together were Debby and Teddy Evans who, according to Mona, weren't really sisters—they did a sister act and worked in the show Demon Rum, an old temperance play that had been running in Hollywood for three years.

I also found out that no men were allowed on the second floor and that the cleaning woman couldn't have had anything to do with the thefts because she hadn't been around when most of them occurred. She was the only one who was in the clear.

"Including you," I told Mona.

"I know that," she said. "I suppose I ought to tell you about Libby Grainger."

"But, darling," Jerry objected, "we really don't know—I mean, really."

"Tell me," I said. The blonde stuck her lower lip out at me, but she didn't say anything.

"Well," Mona said, "Libby seems like a swell girl. The thing is that about a week after she moved in these things started happening."

The story came out this way: Libby had come out from New York and as she had done work back there as a radio actress she got on right away at the station where Mona worked. And when one of the girls in the house left to get married, Mona asked Libby to move in. And then the thefts had started.

"But we really don't know, darling," Jerry said again. "And she's had things stolen, too."

"Is there anyone who hasn't?" I asked.

They both shook their heads. And Midge came in.

She was a mouse. A rather plain girl with mousy-colored hair and big brown eyes and a prim mouth that she tried to fix with lipstick. She had a good figure and she wore nice clothes, but she gave the impression of being all inside herself, frustrated or bottled up somehow. She was older than the other two I'd seen, but she seemed younger, less experienced.

She was shy, too, and tried to get upstairs without having to meet me; but Mona called her into the living room and introduced us. Her name was Midge Sterling and she wrote a couple of spots on a couple of programs at the station where Mona and Libby worked.

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Louisville's revolutionary mayor, Charles Farnsley, holds his six-year-old son, Alexander, who is wearing his father's unofficial badge of office—a string tie

Confucius in Louisville

By RICHARD B. GEHMAN

The folks in Louisville are happy. They are dazed. They actually have a direct voice in running their own city. It all came about because they have a mayor who has been doing a lot of wonderful things. His name is Charlie Farnsley and he believes in Confucius. He hopes he is setting a pattern your city government will follow

LAST year, when Mark Ethridge, publisher of the Louisville Courier-Journal, heard that Charles R. P. Farnsley was the city's new mayor, he put his fists to his brow and groaned, "Now every day'll be like Derby Day!"

Ethridge was just about right. Charlie Farnsley, a relaxed, head-scratching, jovial eccentric of forty-two, has been in office less than 15 months. But in that time, acting on orders from the people, his administration has rebuilt or repaved most of the heavily traveled city streets; reshuffled traffic to make it move more smoothly than ever before; cut crime to its lowest ebb in the city's mottled history; reduced the smoke and soot which used to blanket Louisville; encouraged the repair and reconditioning of run-down schools; provided unheard-of recreational facilities for adults and children alike; he was instrumental in abolishing segregation in the main public library and on play streets; and activated a program of mass education and cultural activity second to that of no other municipal setup in the country.

As some Louisville people put it, Farnsley has "caused more commotion in town than anything since the famous flood of 1937."

Farnsley says that he is acting on principles handed down from Confucius, the 18th-century French physiocrats and Thomas Jefferson. Simply, his theory is: Government should serve the people.

One expert on municipal government has said that many of Farnsley's ideas may well set patterns for cities everywhere.

Farnsley likes to think that what he is doing in Louisville, a lively metropolis of roughly a half million, is the same thing that Confucius advocated doing in Chinese hamlets around 500 B.C. Confucius believed that the people should be almost wholly in control of civic affairs. So does Farnsley. "I'm gonna let the people tell me what to do," he said soon after election. "I'm gonna be in the aldermen's chamber in city hall ever' Monday, and the city officials're gonna be there with me. Anybody that's got anythin' on his mind, anythin' he doesn't like or wants done, all he's got to do is come in and tell us about it."

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY DAN WEINER

This was the beginning of Farnsley's Beef Session, more formally known as The People's Court.

Though the sessions are broadcast, Farnsley remains slangy and casual throughout, slumping in his chair, wriggling, rubbing his thinning brown hair, occasionally putting his feet up on the table beside the microphone. As originally promised, the city officials are right there with him. At a typical session last March, a Mrs. Delbert Butz stepped up and began, "Mr. Mayor, you're probably accustomed to having us Saunders Avenue folks down here, but—"

"Always nice to see you," said Farnsley.

"—but we're trying to get our street paved. We sent two men down here and they didn't do any good," she said, "so we decided to see what the women could do."

Farnsley beckoned to W. W. Sanders, city engineer. "Come on over, Tubby, and listen to this lady. Now, Mrs. Butz, what is it you want done?"

"Our street is half made," Mrs. Butz explained, "and they told us we'd have to get a petition to get it finished. I've brought one down."

Farnsley looked at Sanders, "How 'bout that, Tubby?"

"If I recall correctly," Sanders said, "the ordinance has been passed to get this work done."

"How soon can we do it?" Farnsley asked.

"Probably the latter part of the year."

Mrs. Butz's face fell. Farnsley shook his head. "That's a long time off," he said. "Can't we hurry it a little—let contracts and things like that? This lady and those neighbors o' hers out there need their street real bad."

"We'll do it as fast as we can," Sanders said.

"Put on an extra man or something, get things started," ordered Farnsley.

"All right," said Sanders.

"Thank you, Mr. Mayor," said Mrs. Butz.

"Thank *you*," said Farnsley. "Come in any time."

Appeals to Mayor Bring Results

Originally, people couldn't believe that Farnsley meant business. Then they began hearing of friends who had obtained action. Soon they were turning up in droves. Attendance now ranges from 50 to 200 each week. The crowds have brought some rather special problems to the mayor's attention. A man once asked for help in arresting his neighbor, who, he said, had stolen his cat. Farnsley helped him get a warrant sworn out but never learned if the cat was recovered. A woman living in a housing project where no telephone wires had as yet been strung needed a phone because her baby was sick. Farnsley got her one.

These Beef Sessions mark the first time that Louisville citizens have ever had a *direct* voice in their own affairs (the city aldermen, who must pass on all measures, are elected at large). Political observers are convinced that the sessions will remain a part of future mayors' programs even if Farnsley is replaced by a fellow Democrat or Republican.

"It's an altogether new idea in city government," according to Roy E. Owsley, a Ph.D., who is considered one of the nation's top authorities on urban administration. Owsley was brought to Louisville by Farnsley to act as a consultant and to make a two-year study of the city. After watching Farnsley in action, Owsley said, "I've never seen anything like it!"

Old friends have not been particularly astonished at Farnsley's unprecedented conduct. He has always been unconventional (to put it mildly) in thought, speech, mode of life and, above all, in dress. At one time he wore clothes that had been made in the days of the Confederacy: swallow-tailed coat, brocade vest, planter's hat, congress gaiters and a string tie.

Soon after the 1937 flood, Farnsley appeared in a number of old-fashioned pleated-bosom shirts, which he said the Boy Scouts had collected in a salvage drive.

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One of the most popular of Farnsley's innovations in city administration is the Monday-night Beef Session, which is broadcast. Anyone with an idea or a gripe can come and put it straight to the city fathers

Charlie Farnsley (left) spends a lot of time getting the opinions of the man on the street, an idea he got from his personal idol, Confucius. His jovial interest in the people keeps his popularity very high

Farnsley added 25 women to the police force to free more men for crime prevention work. One of them is pretty Mrs. Muriel Watson, a war widow with three children, who directs traffic at a corner near a school

BIG RED

By OWEN CAMERON

Both the Widow Endicott and Cleet Towansend soon learned that the stranger was quite a man. But the way the widow learned it was a lot more fun than the way Cleet did

THE road that passed the ranch was flat as a ribbon and the bearded man on the bicycle must have been in sight for hours before young Mrs. Endicott finally saw him. She had been busy prying boards off the coal shed, to get at the new kittens. But when the gate squeaked, she turned around. For the first time she saw the man, pushing his bike into the yard.

For a minute she was so surprised she could only stare at him and he was forced to ask a second time for water. Apologizing, she led the way to the ranch house, speculating aloud about the kittens. She had no tomcat, no neighbor within miles. The coyotes would snap up any stray. And her Blackie never went far afield.

"So where did the kittens come from?" she demanded. Then she added, "Though they're no stranger than a man on a bike."

It was young Mrs. Endicott's nature to feed helpless kittens, motherless lambs and homeless men. Explaining that the water was not good, she set before the man milk, cold chicken and pie. While he ate she studied him. He was slim, neat, but dusted with alkali, and she guessed his age to be forty. The copper-colored beard and his weariness misled her. He was only a little older than she.

The man told her his name was William Wallace, and he was cycling for his health. Hard work for a well man, was Mrs. Endicott's blunt comment. When he explained his illness had been mental—a nervous breakdown—she retorted that he talked sensibly enough. Touching his coppery beard, William Wallace said he hoped so.

He admitted the country was larger than he'd supposed, from maps. It had been a mistake to leave the main highway—he had pedaled all night, finding no hotel in the last little town, and neither houses, water nor shade this morning.

"There are ranches, if you know where to look, and waterholes," said Mrs. Endicott absently, thinking that this one was helpless as a baby. Someone had better see to it that he had rest and solid food, before he keeled over. She felt that while men had their good points, not one in a thousand could look after himself.

She took charge, and William Wallace was too exhausted to resent it. After showing him to the bunkhouse, she left at once, so that he wouldn't get ideas. She was a young widow, and alone. Now and then she had to run some man off with the shotgun.

On her way back to the house she looked at the kittens again: one red, one black. The mother cat was nursing them, and Mrs. Endicott asked, "Where did you ever find a tom?" The cat winked a yellow eye, but said nothing. . . .

William Wallace slept all afternoon and all night. The next morning he ate breakfast hungrily and wanted to do something in payment. Mrs. Endicott considered his soft hands and general air of helplessness, and set him to repairing the back porch. He banged his thumb with the hammer, but he finished the job. When he was finally ready to leave, both tires of his bike were flat. It was noon before he'd fixed them and too late to make a start that day.

Mrs. Endicott found several little tasks for him that afternoon. After supper she asked some direct questions and learned that he had been a teacher, but he was through with that. Rather dig ditches, he said. Mrs. Endicott told him he wasn't strong enough. He had no plan for the future, and seemed to doubt that there would be one.

"I can use a man to do the chores," she said. "There are things a woman can't do. Sanchez—that's my herder—is busy with the sheep, and not good for much else, anyhow."

William thought it over, and said he'd help her, never suspecting that she was sorry for him.

Having taken care of William, she spoke again of the kittens. Their advent was mysterious, really impossible, except that there they were. Mrs. Endicott said, "Beats anything I ever heard of, unless it's you on that bike."

NEXT day old Sanchez and hundreds of sheep crawled over the horizon. The Mexican herder was a solitary, but he and William burned a lamp in the bunkhouse until midnight. In the morning, when Sanchez and his flock resumed their dusty travels, Mrs. Endicott tried to learn what they'd talked about, and William answered vaguely, "Different things."

Later in the morning a man named Ashland stopped with Mrs. Endicott's mail. She was glad to see him. She felt she had to share William with someone, or bust. The questions he asked, like a man from Mars! She said she'd thought she would split when he went after the milk cow on his bike. And when he came back, he'd flipped the front wheel up, and cut capers on one wheel.

"Said he'd practiced to be a trick rider, when he was a boy," giggled Mrs. Endicott. "I hurt his feelings by laughing."

Ashland watched as impassively as an Indian when William pedaled away, but inwardly he jumped with joy, and hurried away to tell others of this thing.

William quickly learned the country was far from desolate. Every day people stopped: plump women, lean men, and small boys who wanted to know if William was the guy who herded cows on a bike, and dared him to ride on one wheel. The audiences did not trouble William, but Mrs. Endicott found herself growing annoyed with those who laughed. . . .

Saturday a light, executive-type airplane landed not far from the house. Rushing in to report, William found Mrs. Endicott dressed for town. It was the first time he had seen her in anything but blue jeans, in which the shape of her body was like her mind: youthful, quick and neat. In a dress she was a different, less simple person.

"Cleet Towansend's taking me to the movies," she told William. "I'll stay in town tonight with his sister. I planned to have Sanchez stay, but you'll be all right."

Cleet was a big, ruddy man who called Mrs. Endicott Louise, gave her a friendly pat when he helped her into the plane, and barely glanced at William, although Mrs. Endicott introduced him as a professor who herded cows on a bike. The airplane flew away south into the emptiness, and William walked back to the house, whistling away his loneliness.

Next day Mrs. Endicott returned in an automobile, with Cleet and his sister. From their covert smiles, William guessed she had been talking about him. He was right. She had talked of little else.

"You'd think he'd lived all his life in a hole," she had told them. "How he could have taught anybody anything beats me! I put him to churning butter, and he was *so* skeptical, and when the butter came you'd think he'd invented the stuff. Said he'd known they made it, but he hadn't imagined it was so simple. Oh, he's a joy!"

But they mustn't think William was a fool, she continued. He knew nothing, but he learned fast. He had seen two coyotes, and had come in grimly to report wolves, but before he had finished questioning, he knew all that she did about the beasts. He was that way about everything.

Cleet's sister said uneasily that you read things, and would a normal man grow a beard and ride a bicycle? Mrs. Endicott explained that the beard was for dignity, and anyhow, William wouldn't hurt a fly. Compressing her lips, Cleet's sister said Louise was too softhearted—she had better hurry up and set a date to marry Cleet, so she'd have someone to look after her.

Later, Cleet had a talk with William and came back to the ladies to report him odd, but harmless. William didn't talk freely about his past, Cleet said, so he might have been in trouble, back in New York.

"Then it wasn't William's fault," insisted Mrs. Endicott.

Next day William focused his curiosity on Cleet, and Mrs. Endicott answered patiently. Cleet had been a neighbor, but now owned an automobile agency in town. Yes, he was very successful. Yes, he was a regular visitor. No, he was not married. And so on, until William knew all, or nearly all, about Cleet.

BY THE time the kittens' eyes were open, William was no longer a wonder, and Mrs. Endicott's visitors had other reasons than curiosity, although everyone went out of his way to speak to William. Odd, but mighty likable, was the verdict.

William had taught the kittens to drink from a saucer, and Mrs. Endicott was called to witness this marvel. For the hundredth time, she wondered where Blackie had found a tomcat.

Offering a kitten his finger, William said casually, "I imagine it was that big red one."

"Red cat? There's a cat on the place I don't know about?"

"He hides in the barn. Ow! Got teeth, have you? I've only had a couple of glimpses of him, but he drinks the milk I leave. I'm going to tame him."

"William! You let me go on wondering about the kittens? But where did he come from? If one of the neighbors had lost a red cat, or any cat, I'd know about it. He must have dropped from the sky."

How you would go about taming a creature you never even saw was beyond Mrs. Endicott, so she watched. At first William left milk at the barn door and stood at a distance, but he came closer each day. The red cat seemed to materialize out of

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ILLUSTRATED BY STAN EKMAN

Don Burnham, a 1931 Guild winner, shows his children how to make a model. He's now manufacturing manager of the Oldsmobile plant in Lansing, Mich.

Futures By Fisher

By EDITH ASBURY

Read this, marvel at the ingenuity of Young America, and pass it on to some teen-age boy you know. He'll have to work fast, but if he is smart and on his toes, he may earn some money, or even win a college education

THE stubbly grass tickled the boy's bare feet, and the soft, newly plowed earth squashed between his toes as he ran across the fields of his grandfather's farm, near Cumberland Center, Maine. For a long time he stood beside the highway, watching the automobiles rush by, sleek and powerful. Finally he turned and walked back across the farm. The passing motorists, if they noticed him at all, saw a small, tousle-headed figure in faded overalls, a tiny dot disappearing into the landscape.

But the dot—his name was Bradbury Rand, better known as Buddy, and he was twelve years old—was thinking big thoughts of Detroit, where men, money and magic made those beautiful cars. He was not a man, he had no money and he had little faith in magic. But he desperately wanted to make an automobile, a little one, of course, and enter it in the annual model competition of the Fisher Body Craftsman's Guild, which was established by General Motors some 20 years ago to interest teen-age boys in fine craftsmanship and to emphasize its importance even in a mass-production age.

Buddy Rand had read about it, in the guild literature. He had enrolled in the guild, and received his membership card, a booklet of plans and instructions, and a button which he wore proudly in the lapel of his jacket. But that was as far as he'd gone. The truth was, he had nothing to work with.

He went disconsolately into his mother's kitchen, got himself a dipperful of water from the bucket on the table, and stared moodily out the window at the trees in the wood lot behind the house. Suddenly he had an inspiration. He slammed the dipper back into the bucket and went pounding through the kitchen to the back porch, where his grandfather sat dozing in the sun, and yelled:

"Hey, Grandpa! Help me cut down a tree, will you?"

"What do you want with a tree?" the old man asked.

"I got to have a big piece of wood," Buddy explained, breathlessly. "I tried to glue some old boards together, but it won't work. My glue's no good. Help me cut a tree, will you?"

"What'll you do for me?" asked his grandfather.

So they made a deal. Buddy agreed to keep the kitchen wood box filled, to carry water from the well, to drive the cows in for milking, and to do other chores for three days. That settled, the old man shouldered his ax, and Buddy trudged behind him into the wood lot.

Once the tree had been felled, Buddy and his grandfather sawed a big chunk out of the trunk and stripped away the bark. Then Buddy boiled the wood in his mother's canning kettle to remove the sap, and seasoned it in her oven for days.

At the end of two weeks he was ready to start work on his model automobile. Since he owned no tools but his jackknife, he had to improvise. He found a couple of old files, and ground these and a screw driver down into usable chisels. His grandfather sharpened an old saw for him. A neighbor loaned him a hammer. When his jackknife broke on the hard wood, his mother let him use her kitchen paring knife.

It was a long, hard job, but Buddy eventually finished his model and sent it away to Detroit, where it was judged by a committee which included the deans and presidents of ten leading technical schools and universities. And when it won second junior prize for the State of Maine, Buddy was so excited that he almost had what his grandfather called "a conniption fit." With the money he received—$100 in cash—Buddy bought tools and supplies.

The following year he again won second prize for Maine. Last year his model was adjudged the best submitted from the region comprising Maine, Vermont and New Hampshire. Right now Buddy is hard at work on his fourth model.

There are plenty of prizes this year—$65,000 worth, all told—for Buddy and the thousands of other boys who have entered the competition to shoot at. At the top of the list are eight university scholarships, worth from $1,000 to $4,000 each,

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 70)

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY JERRY COOKE

The Golden Dart

By SELWYN JEPSON

CONTINUING THE STORY OF A GIRL WHO DARED TO EXPLORE THE MYSTERY OF A DANGEROUS MAN

The Story: Trouble began again for us GILLS on the morning that I heard JAMES BELSIN's name for the first time. I was in the house talking over the phone to an old friend—SOPHIE, COUNTESS OF INDERSWICK—when Father bellowed, "EVE!" I went out quickly to find Father and the BOY checking on a strange cabin cruiser coming up our creek. From a treetop the Boy saw a man wade ashore at some distance and deposit two bundles. When the Boy and I investigated we found a woman's shoe stuck in the sand, a neat pile of clothing and an envelope addressed to the coroner. It looked as if some woman had committed suicide. We also found a two-year-old girl on the beach, clutching a biscuit and saying only one word: "Basin." Without calling the police I got out our speedboat and managed to trail the cabin cruiser to the harbor in Lowestoft. That I was able to do this was, surprisingly enough, due to JONATHAN PENROSE who, on the Peacock, had seen the cruiser go by, and could tell me which way it had gone. It was a surprise to me that he spoke because for a year after I had proved to him that the woman he loved was a murderess Jonathan had hated me. In Lowestoft I found the cabin cruiser deserted. I entered the cabin and found some biscuits very much like the one the child had. I picked up one and as I was locking the cabin door I heard footsteps on the dock. The men were returning and there was only one thing I could do—go over the side into the water and pray they wouldn't see me. I did just that.

PART 2 OF AN EIGHT-PART SERIAL

I WAS thankful that I had not hesitated; in spite of the discomfort of having to crouch in the not-too-clean water with only my head above it, I knew I had done the right thing. One of the men was climbing down into the cabin cruiser five yards from where I was hiding. I waited and listened, realizing that the biscuit was none too safe between my teeth, and wished I had had the sense to keep one of my hands dry with which to hold it.

"All the same," I heard a man's voice say, "if I was half as windy as you are, I'd go crackers in a week."

I heard him unlock the cabin door. His voice was what people describe as "educated," without particular accent or peculiarity. By the tone and the use of two hackneyed slang terms in one short sentence, I judged him to be not more than thirty and from the average middle-class background. He continued to talk to the other man, who remained standing on the jetty above my head.

". . . I'm not going to wash up *now* . . . I'll just rub them over with the cloth. The kid didn't touch any of them anyway. . . . Whoever heard of anyone

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 32)

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES HAWES

I saw a movement among the cars below and the man in the blue suit emerged. My heart moved uncomfortably. I stood transfixed. He wore a brown felt hat

Dot started playing golf to strengthen her legs for ice skating—and then she started winning tournaments

Inside Sports

By BILL FAY

Watch out for Dot Kielty. Hounded by bad breaks, a tough time has made Dot a tough customer in this year's battle for the top spot in women's golf

DOT KIELTY quit playing third base for a Minneapolis oil company's softball team in the summer of 1936 (when she was a tomboyish fourteen). Dot didn't want to quit, but Joe Collins insisted. Joe was her ice-skating coach.

"You're going to play golf," Joe ordered. "Get a heavy bag, find the hilliest course in town and carry your clubs. You've got to strengthen those legs."

Joe had the right idea, but his plan backfired. As Dot's legs grew stronger, her tee shots grew longer. By 1941 (the winter she broke two national ice-skating records in unofficial practice heats) she was going around the links in the high seventies. Then Dot took a terrific spill on some rough ice. An operation was necessary, and successful, but the doctors said her reconditioned knee was useless for all practical skating purposes. Prescription: "Get some exercise—play some golf."

Dot packed her clubs, visited sister Mildred in California, and won the Los Angeles city championship. This subpar recovery delighted the Kieltys and recalled another of Minneapolis' successful skating failures, Patty Berg, who threw her skates away after finishing second in the 1934 national junior speed meet. Four years later, Patty captured the National Amateur Golf crown.

If Patty could make the grade in golf, maybe Dot could—but subsequent bulletins from California indicated that Dot was ignoring golf—and the doctors' orders.

First, Dot went to work for Douglas Aircraft; then she wangled a transfer to Daggett in the Mojave Desert (to take flying lessons in an area free from West Coast security regulations); finally, she enlisted in the Women's Air Service Pilots.

Dot graduated first in her Wasp class and trained bombardier cadets for about a year. Then came the big promotion—from B-17s to B-29s! By the time the WASPS were deactivated, Dot had 2,800 flying hours—but no job.

After a whirl at stunt flying, civilian Kielty settled down as sister Mildred's partner in a Los Angeles dress shop. She also rigged up a practice green (a strip of carpet and a drinking glass) in the back of the shop, quickly regained her putting touch, and made a grand slam of six of California's major golf tournaments in 1946.

The next spring, Dot captured the Mexican Open. Since then, she's climbed to the No. 2 spot among women amateurs, and hopes to usurp the No. 1 position this summer—barring more of the bad breaks that have plagued her postwar recovery program.

Dot turned over in a convertible at 70 mph in the fall of 1947, but she recuperated in time to accompany the Curtis Cup squad to England last spring, winning two team matches and finally losing to Louise Suggs in the British Amateur semifinals.

Back home, Dot won the Western Amateur—traditionally the second most important tournament on the women's schedule—and warmed up for the National Amateur at treacherous Pebble Beach with three sound practice rounds (74, 75, 76). Dot was the gallery's favorite as the field teed off in the qualifying round, but a rules technicality knocked her out of the tournament before the championship battling even started.

"It was my fault," she confesses. "I got into trouble on the 18th—took an eight, or thought I did. But at lunch, when I replayed the hole mentally, I realized I'd taken a nine. I notified the committee, of course, but they couldn't correct my card. They disqualified me. It's an automatic penalty."

Ironically, the rule, designed to discourage shyster scorers, penalized Dot because she was honest. But watch out for Kielty this year as she battles for the top spot in women's golf. Dot won't be hard to find at the big tournaments. Clue: Look for the best-dressed lady on the fairway. If her ensemble matches from shoe tabs to sun visor, that's Dot.

One more clue: Dot carries lipstick and candy bars in her golf bag. The candy supplies quick energy, and the lipstick—well, Dot claims that, at the psychological moment in a tough match, a dab lifts her morale.

RETURN ENGAGEMENT

Ezzard Charles, the hard-punching Negro who should be the next heavyweight champion (according to Promoter Joe Louis) resembles Louis in several details: mustache, jolting left, infinite capacity for not worrying much about anything and marked inability to lose to the same opponent twice in a row.

In return bouts, free-and-easy Ezzard has knocked out three of the five fighters who own decisions over him—Lloyd Marshall, Elmer Ray and Jimmy Bivins. The nine-round demolition of Ray was a benefit for the family of Sam Baroudi (who died after being knocked out by Charles).

"When I finally caught up to Ray," Ezzard relates, "he went down right in the same spot as Baroudi. I thought maybe it had happened again. I was really scared."

Getting back to Louis, Joe's record finally was broken when Marva obtained their second divorce in Mexico. It marked the first time the champ ever lost a return engagement. THE END

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY DAVID PESKIN

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for handsomer, healthier-looking hair

THE GOLDEN DART

Continued from page 29

taking a kid's fingerprints anyway? Why couldn't you have thought of it before?"

The other did not bother to comment on that but, speaking for the first time, said something about making sure of the edge of the wooden bunk.

"Okay! Okay! I don't need a nursemaid. I tell you this, old boy, chaps have had it as often for being too cautious as for the other thing."

Somehow I would have to take a look at them, at least at the one in the boat, for I could not see between the two-inch planks above me. But how I did not quite know. One thing was sure. If they were working against us they would know us by sight, all of us at Marsh House, and nothing would be sillier than for them to see me here.

A moment or so later I heard the cabin being locked again, and my anxiety to see the man overcame caution. I told myself that only a bit of my face need be involved and that since he would be in bright sunshine when he turned this way to climb back onto the jetty, I would be in shadow.

I moved my head and with one eye looked round the edge of the pile.

He had a pale face just caught by new sunburn, more nose than chin, and a noticeably large reddish mustache; it was one of those such as the Eighth Army made fashionable in the Western Desert and brought back with them to be preserved by some and imitated by many others who had not been there. I had been right about his age. He wore a brown soft hat of porkpie shape. Then his head vanished and I watched the rest of him pass upward and out of sight. His dark blue flannel suit was not of country cut, and the trousers, although a bit rumpled, still had some crease left in them.

He joined the man on the jetty, and the two of them clumped back to the bank with no more conversation that I could hear.

When the two men were on the path again they were for a brief moment in my sight. Ginger Mustache was the nearer to me, so that for the most part he hid his friend. By the time the angle widened I could get only a partial glimpse of the other's back, an impression of a medium-sized man of ordinary build in a dark blue shirt and gray trousers. He did not wear a hat; his hair was dark and looked curly and crisp.

THEN they were below my limited sky line and I was alone again. I held the biscuit carefully above the water and waded to the nearest boat, an open dinghy, put the biscuit on one of the cross seats, and pulled myself aboard as far as possible from the biscuit to avoid dripping on it.

Modesty can sometimes be a nuisance. If only I had had the sense to ignore the way my frock was clinging to me with every little inch it had, I might easily have avoided the worst of the trouble and danger through which I was to flounder and fight for the agelong days that followed.

Instead of straightaway hurrying after the two men I told myself there was now no great hurry, that it would be easy to find out to whom the cabin cruiser belonged or had been rented.

So I lay as flat in the dinghy as was convenient for the purpose of undressing without being seen from the bank, took off my frock and pants, wrung them out and put them on again.

This done, I took up the chase again, if at a more sedate tempo. I landed and strolled along the bank path to where the boy was fishing. I was confident that he had not seen any of my strange behavior, and I was able to stand a yard or so from him in casual contemplation of the motionless float without arousing his speculation as to what I was up to now.

"Any luck?" I asked him after an interval.

He shook a tangled head and looked at me without interest.

"Not much going on today," I remarked as if like him I was a native accustomed to keep an eye open on comings and goings. "I haven't seen that cabin boat before—or maybe she's one of those boats that was in Nathan's yard."

He glanced toward the jetty and shook his head again. "Doan know 'er. Come in jest now. Visitors. Old Tom will be after 'em, 'less they got his permission, that is, tyin' up there."

"He's at dinner," I suggested.

"Naw, 'e doan go 'ome midday, when 'e kin drink, Old Tom; 'e'll be in Red Lion same as usual."

After a moment I left him for the public bar of the Red Lion, or rather the door of it. The room was small and full, and seemed to be patronized only by longshoremen with red faces.

"Oh, Tom," I called experimentally, from the doorway, "can you spare a minute?"

One of the red-faced men heaved himself bulkily from the shiny, ancient bench and, still holding a quart-sized pewter pot, lumbered to the door, which I beckoned him through and let swing shut.

"My name's Gill," I said. "Charlie Bedlington will tell you all about me. A friend of mine wants to hire a cabin boat for a fortnight, right away, and I heard you had one available. Is it that one at your jetty down in Tyman's?"

"There bean't no cabin boat on my jetty," he said. "But I knows of a boat that maybe I could—"

"There certainly is a cabin boat tied up at your jetty."

"Well, Miss, it ha'n't no right to be," he said. "And I'll soon have un off o' there."

"Oh, my goodness!" I cried and looked at him with alarm. "Would it be that *stolen* boat?"

His rheumy eyes opened wide. "Stolen boat, miss?"

"There's a reward, I believe! I read about it in the paper!"

"I'm thinkin' I'd better see into this," he said with heavy intent. "Thank you, Miss, for letting me know. I'll finish this and come along. Who's offerin' the reward?"

"It's a newspaper advertisement. I've got it at home. You ring me up when you catch them, and I'll tell you what to do myself. It's your jetty, ain't it?"

"That's right, miss." He eyed me cheerfully. "What's the number?"

I gave him it, and my name, and waited while he wrote them down in a stubby notebook.

HE WENT back into the bar to finish his beer, and I returned quickly to Tyman's Creek.

I got into the speedboat and pushed out into the creek. The engine started at first pull of the cord, and I chugged as quietly as possible toward the harbor. Old Tom appeared at the end of the lane from the Red Lion as I passed it. He did not even glance in my direction but made for his jetty and the gray cabin boat.

I was leaving Lowestoft with little to show for my efforts except the memory of a mustache-dominated face, a half sight of another man's back, a small square biscuit rather the worse for wear, and the possibility that when the time came to find out more about the cabin cruiser and her crew, Old Tom might be able to contribute something. They would prove that their boat had not been stolen, but it might take time, and in the course of it they would surely be forced to reveal who they were.

The tide was running fast and I went with it at a great speed as far as the backwater. Turning into its slower water, I saw the Peacock's mastheads above the curve of the banks and came finally round the last bend a hundred yards from the beach.

I caught my breath. The beach and the bank above it positively swarmed with

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people. A small car had somehow been brought along the sheep track, and men were unloading gear from it. As I swept nearer, I saw that two of them were uniformed policemen. Lower down, at the shed, I recognized the big figure of Billy Bull, but not in his superintendent's uniform, which he seems seldom to wear. He was being helped by Jim, our cowman, and by Stokes, the new shepherd whose two dogs appeared to be trying to round up the policemen. The Boy, in swimming trunks, was also there at the water's edge, waving to me. The large dinghy was afloat and being loaded with sinister-looking grappling irons. There was no sign of Father, or his chair.

THE Boy dashed into the water to meet me as I glided in. He caught the boat's side. "Eve!" he shouted. "I hope the motor ran all right after all! A good test? Something's happened—nothing to do with us, but rather beastly all the same! After the Commodore and I saw you off, I went up on the bank and quite by accident found something the police say means there's been a suicide. Someone—a woman—drowned herself off here early this morning—"

I took all the cues. The Boy was doing well at covering-up for me. "Oh, dear! How awful!" I said. "I suppose Father sent for the police?"

"No—wasn't it a coincidence? They turned up just as he was going to the telephone. Sergeant Fenny from Kessingland and one of his chaps arrived on bikes. A patrolman had found a car abandoned inside our road—you know, where it joins the main road. At the same time the sergeant had had a report that a Mrs. Frempton who lives outside the village was missing—she and her little girl—"

The Boy paused. Billy Bull was standing behind him at the water's edge, the afternoon sun shining on his tight gray hair and brown, virile face.

"Hi, Eve!" he said. "Don't let him confuse you with too much at once."

"Pull me in," I told the Boy, and under my breath added: "Those biscuits in Diana's pocket. Get hold of one and hide it—without being seen. Now. And put on some clothes," I added more firmly.

Billy Bull helped to haul the speedboat up the slipway and told me the story all over again. I kept the biscuit cupped in my hand and my hand behind me.

"What a dreadful thing! Do you know who she is?" I asked.

"A Mrs. Frempton, from Kessingland. Lived very quietly. Came here to be near her husband, who's in Tarnwood Asylum. He's been ill a couple of years. I shouldn't be surprised if that was behind it. Depression—being alone, and so on. She left a note."

I am afraid he mistook my somber expression for shock at hearing all this, for he looked at me solicitously. In reality, I was thinking about this sick-husband aspect of the affair. It gave a meaning to it which I had not expected to find.

"Don't worry," Billy Bull said. "We'll find the—er—body as soon as we can and clear out. The Commodore has taken it remarkably well, considering the way we've upset the household. Policemen drink a terrible lot of tea, and your kitchen is bearing the brunt of it. He may get wind of it and start creating."

"I'll go up to the house and see he doesn't, and I'll have tea ready for you at four," I told him.

"In your sitting room?" He grinned hopefully.

"You're a dear," I said. "Tea in my sitting room at four—"

I ran most of the way to the house.

There was one conclusion possible from this new development and I could not see another. Someone could have completed the picture of Louise Frempton's suicide by leaving her car within walking distance of the backwater. This business was crazy, but that was no reason in my experience to doubt that it was real, earnest, and dangerous.

Father was on the lawn, reading the third volume of The Decline and Fall and smoking a cigar with what was, for him, a contented expression. I dissipated it without compunction.

"I've been talking to Billy Bull," I said. "He seems to be quite satisfied that poor woman came in her car and walked with the child to our beach. Without any kind of help."

"Why not, for God's sake?" Father demanded.

"Why leave the car three quarters of a mile farther away than she need? She could have driven almost as far as the track."

"Frightened of waking us, or Charlie and Penrose at the cottage. She would have had to drive right past it."

"If she knew it was there—besides, the child is too heavy to carry all that way and too young to walk it."

"Nonsense," he said, "it runs like a hare."

I almost confronted him with the biscuit. But he had shown neither interest in whether I had found the cabin boat, gratitude for all the trouble I had been to, nor even concern that I had missed my lunch.

The Boy, dressed again, was signaling to me from one of the glass doors of the Long Room, and I went in.

"There was one left," he said, holding it out to me in the palm of his hand. It was a square biscuit, with a sugary top surface. I held mine by the side of it.

"They're the same," he said. "Same letters on them, and everything."

"We'll put these away safely," I said. "You're a witness."

"Where did you find it?" He was a little breathless.

I told him.

"Gosh and golly!" he said. "So I was right whatever the Commodore says! They did bring the clothes and the kid, and the car was just a blind to make it look all the more as if she had come by herself. What are you going to do now? Tell old Bull?"

"Not yet."

We put the biscuits side by side in a napkin in one of the dower-chest drawers, which I locked, hiding the key in a pewter mug.

"I see," said the Boy. "Of course—not yet."

But he did not see, I was thankful to know, although he would never have admitted it; but there was a great secret and he felt he was in it. At his age neither knowledge nor logic is necessary to happiness.

"Where's Diana?" I asked.

"'Basin' works better as a name for her," he said. "She seems to answer to it. I've put her down to sleep after lunch. She's over here," he added.

Not only had he put her down to sleep off her lunch but he had put her down in the most sacred place in the whole house, the Commodore's bunk at the end of the Long Room, a solid oak installation built into the paneled wall so stanchly that if ever a winter gale shipwrecks the Marsh House the Commodore in his bunk will be the last to perish.

"We'll have to look after her until the relatives show up," I said.

He sniffed suddenly, looked at me, and sniffed again, puzzled. "It *is* you?" he asked anxiously. "A sort of moldy-dead smell? I was afraid it was *me*."

I admitted to it and added that I was proposing to have a hot bath at once.

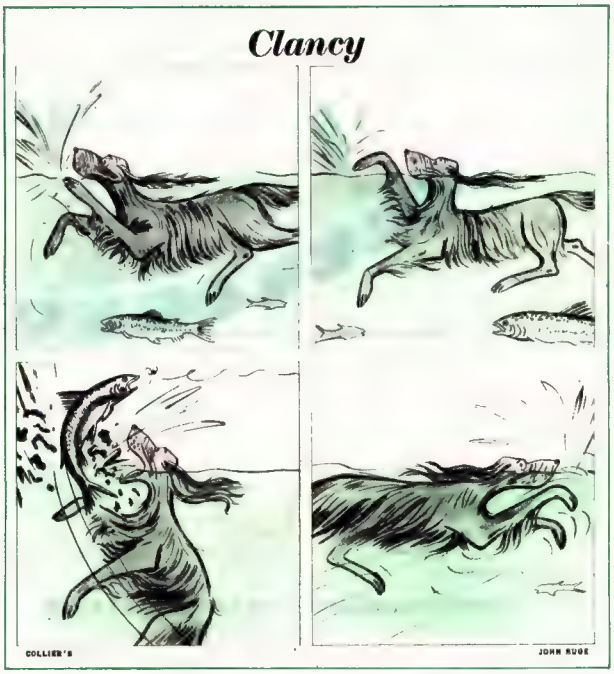
"I suppose you'd better," he said sympathetically. "Well, I've got to get back to the beach. They may need me." He went off.

DURING the long, hot bath my mind would not relax. It worried at me until I had to do something about it. I put on a towel robe and fetched the telephone from my bedside, its long cord just reaching the bath. In the water again, I put through a call to London, to Rogerson, Stewart & Rogerson, and I kept the receiver to my ear during the wait, afraid all the time that someone might happen to use one of the other extensions.

Rogerson, Stewart & Rogerson is the firm of solicitors which has looked after the Gills (as best the Gills will let them) for some generations. But my particular friend is Donald Rogerson, the youngest of them, and my own age.

Luckily he was in.

"Donald," I said, "this is Eve. Could



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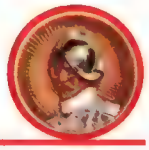

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you do something for me, and keep it off the family bill? I'll pay for it myself."

"What is it?" he asked, his voice clear and alert.

I explained that there was a man staying at Claridge's by the name of Gonzalez y Fernandez di Calancar who might be contacted at any time this afternoon by a young man with a pale but freshly sunburned complexion, easily recognized by an outsize ginger mustache; he would probably be wearing a blue flannel suit and porkpie hat of brown felt. If such an individual showed up anywhere near Señor di Calancar, I wanted to know at once by telephone, except that I would be out to dinner from six this evening until midnight.

DONALD repeated the name as he wrote it down and then added: "Of Iraguay?"

"Of Iraguay, I'm afraid."

"Trouble?"

"May be. Can you arrange to have someone on watch?"

"I know a good man. The governor doesn't approve of him, but if this is your show and you want results—"

"It is and I do. Thank you, Donald."

He hesitated. "If there is anything I can do personally to help, you'll let me?"

"I promise."

"You're such a hell of a one for playing the wicket on your own, particularly when it's sticky. . . . A ginger mustache and a touch of the sun. He must look quite a character. Au 'voir, dear Eve—*mes hommages,* and I adore you, particularly when you begin sounding the alarm. I knew a girl in France—but never mind." He sighed, and I said good-by.

I dried, powdered, brushed and did my hair, put on a starchy corn-yellow gingham, and made arrangements to give Billy Bull as good a tea as Marsh House had in it. I was uncomfortably aware that I had had no lunch.

Billy Bull came up the stairs three at a time and reached the first floor as the grandfather clock in the front hall banged out four o'clock.

"Nobody yet," he said by way of greeting, "and nothing much to help us at Tarnwood." Then he saw the tea table in the window. It was not until ten minutes later that he began to notice me, and since he seemed to like what he saw, I took him off guard and asked him again to tell me what he knew about Louise Frempton.

"How did you know her name was Louise?" he said.

"Why, we saw the note in her bag," I said, and could have bitten off my tongue.

"We?" he asked. "You weren't there."

"By 'we' I mean Father, of course. He told me what it said and mentioned her full name."

Billy Bull seemed satisfied. At all events he did not pursue it. Another thing, I had forgotten about Father opening the letter. Apparently, however, even that was all right, and I had pulled myself out of the hole I had been falling into; Father must have done away with the envelope. After all, it would reach the coroner whether it was addressed to him or not. The police would produce it at the inquest.

If there was an inquest. There had to be a body before you could hold an inquest on it to say how it had died.

Billy Bull told me that so far he knew next to nothing about Louise Frempton beyond what Sergeant Fenny had told him and which he had already passed on to me. But he could add that she was a woman of about thirty, and it was thought that her husband was an engineer of some kind, or rather had been before he cracked up and was taken to Tarnwood. There would be a proper inquiry, of course. He would know more tomorrow, and would let me know, if I were interested.

I went as far as I dared toward indicating that I was and, rather panic-stricken, dropped the whole subject. I seemed to be sillier than usual, and not to be trusted to match wits with Billy Bull. He is not a dull man.

He golloped down strawberries and cream and talked earnestly to me about marriage. Between those of forty-eight and twenty-five it was perfectly all right if you were the right people. I understood him to mean that he felt he and I were possibly the right people in such a case.

I changed the subject by asking if he had seen the husband at Tarnwood. No. He was too ill to be interviewed.

"I had quite a talk with the chief psychiatrist, Alders, though. A very sad business. He says Frempton believes his wife died two years ago. In fact he got restless every time she took the child to see him, because he felt she reminded him too much of his wife—"

"How horrible!"

"He has a fantasy about it—says, apparently, that she was stolen from him two years ago by Mammon. Mammon, god of wealth, you remember—"

I said yes, I had heard about Mammon.

"Stolen away in a black chariot and sacrificed to Mammon. All the gory details—a most complete fantasy, Alders told me. Logical and vivid. The fact that he has seen her many times since does not register with him. Freudian and symbolic. I can't say I understood it very well—but it's Alders' main problem. To break that particular fantasy. He's very upset about her suicide. Says he doesn't see how he can tell him his wife is dead when the chap already knows it. I got the usual certificate to say he cannot attend the inquest. Alders agrees that she had every reason to kill herself. It must have been an insupportable situation for her."

"Of course," I said.

Billy Bull finished his cup of tea and said he had better go down to the creek. "They'll find it soon now," he remarked.

He went, and I brought my mind slowly back to the realities of my own life. Past five o'clock, and Sophie's dinner party looming. I set about thinking what to wear.

THE main drawing room of Inderswick is a lovely room of pale cream Queen Anne paneling, crystal candelabra, and sugar-candy striped blue and cream hangings and upholstery. The windows were wide open to the summer evening, and with a sherry decanter between us Sophie and I sat on a window seat from which one could look down on the quadrangle.

Obediently I was early, the first arrival, and the Daimler, which I use in preference to the small Austin when I am in long skirts and want to keep my hair in one place, stood backed against the west wing.

"Darling," said Sophie, pouring sherry, "that ivory color does suit you. It's new, isn't it?"

"In a way, yes," I agreed, smoothing the heavy brocaded silk across my thighs. Sophie in these days is a tiny bit of a snob, and I did not let her into the secret I shared with a small Lowestoft dressmaker and my grandmother's cedarwood chest which lay full of ancient finery under the cobwebs of a Marsh House attic.

Sophie continued to look at me rather as if she were window-shopping.

"I hope I'll do," I said a little shortly, but instead of relaxing she nodded slowly and said yes, she thought I would do, but—just for fun—would I like to wear her emeralds?

"The Inderswick emeralds!" I said, and my mouth stayed open. "The earl would raise hell—"

"Oh, no, he wouldn't. He'd understand."

IT WOULD have been rude to suggest that in that case the earl must have developed a marked degree of comprehension since I had last seen him, for if there is one thing from which he does not suffer, it is sensitivity to the female motive.

"It's sweet of you," I said, "but they're your emeralds, not mine. One day when I am joined to an heirloomed family in holy matrimony I dare say I shall have some of my own."

"Exactly!" The light in Sophie's gray-green eyes was scarcely less bright than the shine of her ash-blond hair. *"One day!* A person as lovely and clever and *accomplished* as you shouldn't ever have to wait for 'one day' for anything. It's absolute stuff and nonsense, and something is going to be done about it. Immediately!"

"Good," I said.

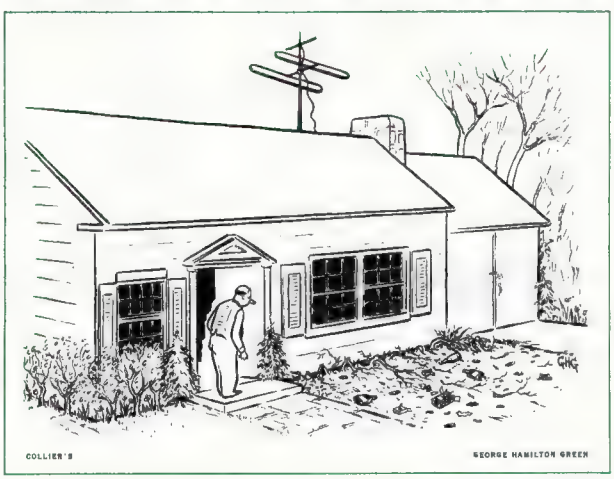
"Now, dear"—Sophie's voice was full of great purpose—"I want you to begin thinking very seriously about marrying Jimmy Belsin."

I stared at her.

"It's the most obvious thing I've come on for years," she went on. "You are right for him, darling. Absolutely right for him."

"That's wonderful," I said. "Is he right for me, by the way?"

"Don't be silly! He's one of the catches of the country. The London mothers have been chasing him for the last three seasons, and for once their stupid, pudding-faced daughters lend a hand because he isn't the sort of man that



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needs a mother to point out to a girl that he's got everything. Eve, my dear, I'll tell you something. If I hadn't the earl, I'd have a crack at him myself."

I laughed. Sophie's simple philosophy is too simple for me and always takes me by surprise. But she was so earnest, so excited, so overflowing with this good intention in the worst of taste that I could not hurt her.

Sophie began to tick off the beautiful white fingers of her left hand with the equally white forefinger of her right.

He was remarkably rich.

He was very, very clever.

He was dark and he was handsome.

He was gay.

Sophie paused. A Rolls limousine appeared through the gateway and swung round the drive to the steps.

"It's only the duke," she said. "Boozie will look after him." She went back to listing James Belsin's assets.

James Belsin's factory at Leiston, although small by some comparisons, was the most up-to-date in East Anglia; even, some said, in England.

His relations with the opposition were as cordial as with the government because he kept out of both. (Boozie said.)

The Ministry of Supply could not move without him. (Boozie said.)

His manor and house at Leiston had been redesigned and decorated by Haydining. It was simply gorgeous, with a bathroom to every bedroom.

He played tennis for Suffolk.

And his wife had been dead for years.

Sophie had run out of fingers but she had not finished with James Belsin, although it struck me that there really could not be much more you could say about a man. I ventured to say I was glad to hear his wife was dead. Perhaps it had been a welcome release for her?

"You're a cynical beast! She died of pneumonia quite ten years ago. He married very young."

"Darling! I'm sorry. You're a marvelous friend and I'm an ingrate. How many girls have countesses trying to help them up in the world? But if I don't show signs of falling in a heap at his feet, don't hold it against me. It's just that I'm used to liking human beings who haven't become demigods yet."

"He's *not* a demigod—it sounds sacrilegious. There's nothing of *that* sort of thing about him! I tell you, he's a thoroughly nice, *real* man, and if he ever makes love to you, you'll be the first to admit it!"

"The first?" I could not resist it.

"No!" she said. "You won't! I can personally vouch—"

She stopped abruptly, remembering who she had become, and looked guiltily round the fortunately empty drawing room.

"Forget that," she said.

I WAS shocked and startled to see that she would cry in a moment; she was even more worked up than I had realized.

She was rescued by the sight of two cars, two Bentley saloons, shining with black enamel and chromium, and identical models so far as I could tell. They swept one after the other round the curve of the drive and drew up side by side below us.

A man in a blue suit left the back of one car and opened the door of the other for a tall youngish man in a dinner jacket who jumped out, tossed a soft black hat into the back, and ran lightly up the steps to disappear in the porch beneath us.

"James Belsin," Sophie announced with possessive triumph.

"Does he always go about in two cars?" I asked.

"The second one is a sort of mobile office, a traveling secretariat. There'll be a stenographer in it as well as one or two of his assistants—it's all fitted up with a typewriter, a radiotelephone connected to Leiston, and everything. That's another thing about him: He doesn't work in the silly regular office hours the way other people do. He works when he feels like it, and yet is so absolutely efficient—" Her admiration was also that of Sophie Briggs, ex-secretary. "Well, darling, there it is. He asked if he could meet you properly, and that's the way it is. If I've put you off him, I'm sorry. At any rate, be amiable with him. It won't hurt you, and it will help us. Boozie will be bringing them up in a minute."

I heard the earl's voice as he ushered his guests up the stairs to us, a booming voice which is large for so small and thin a young man. I also realized that all these other guests were men, so that Sophie and I would be the only women. She knew her strategy, did my Sophie.

Just as I was about to turn I saw a movement amongst the cars below. The man in the blue suit emerged again from the Bentley and began to stroll across the lawn as a man might who wanted to stretch his legs. He swung his hat in his hand. It was a brown felt hat, a porkpie-shaped hat. He made slowly for one of the carved stone seats.

My heart moved uncomfortably. I was seeing him more closely: His blue suit was a flannel one; there were patches of raw sunburn on his forehead and the bridge of his large nose; the rest of his face was pale, as much of it as was visible behind a large Western Desert mustache— I stood transfixed. That mustache in this yellow evening light seemed much redder than it had been in the bright morning. . . .

SOPHIE said, "Eve—this is James Belsin." My hand was in a firm, friendly grip. Dazed, I met a pair of intelligent gray eyes, eyes no less friendly than his hand. He stood between me and the others and continued to look at me carefully and with humor.

"How pretty you are," he said softly, and there was neither affectation nor insincerity in the way he said it.

But if he also thought I was dumb, I could not help it. With all the effort of which I was capable, I could not drag my mind from what I had just seen in the quadrangle. That man with his ginger mustache—*here*, of all places. If he should be anywhere, it was in London, contacting Gonzalez di Calancar to report the successful first operation in a war of revenge. But no. He was sitting on a stone bench down there, taking his ease in the evening sunshine, pretending to be one of James Belsin's assistants —*and that, apparently, was who he was*—

"Mr. Mangel—Miss Gill," Sophie was saying. "Mr. Robert Rule—Miss Gill—Miss Gill—Mr. Robert Rule."

I was shaking hands which were attached to men with faces I could not clearly see. Why should James Belsin arrange a fake suicide in our backwater? Even to think it probable or even possible was fantastic to the point of silliness. But suppose, for fantasy's sake, that he had. *Why?* It could not be anything to do with Father. Secretive as he is, I would have known if he had had any dealings with James Belsin.

THIS new situation, however wildly improbable on the surface, did not alter my final and absolute conviction that the facts as I had found and perceived them this morning were both correct and true. The child and the clothes had come by the cabin boat, not by the abandoned car. The sunburned young man with the reddish mustache was one of the two men who had taken part, if not as the principals, as chief agents in the active carrying out of a plan to provide Louise Frempton with a suicide's death and the police with enough presumptive evidence to believe in it as such. Where I had been wrong was in the theory that Gonzalez di Calancar had been behind it—

"Dinner," announced Jackson, "is served." . . .

The oysters which came nestling in crushed ice on silver plates had been eaten and the debris taken away before I began to recover my responsibility as a guest.

During the grilled turbot and the hock which came with it I became aware that I was at the right hand of the earl, who was at the head of the rectangular table, and that James Belsin was next to me. Also I succeeded in disentangling Rule and Mangel, the other guests. Both Mr. Rule and Mr. Mangel were Members of Parliament, the former a Tory, the latter a Socialist. I also gathered that although they did not take great notice of each other, both found James Belsin a man to whom to pay attention. Mr. Mangel, in fact, was monopolizing him.

But Sophie soon put a stop to that. She forcibly pried Mr. Mangel away from James Belsin and immediately I found myself fully occupied with the great man.

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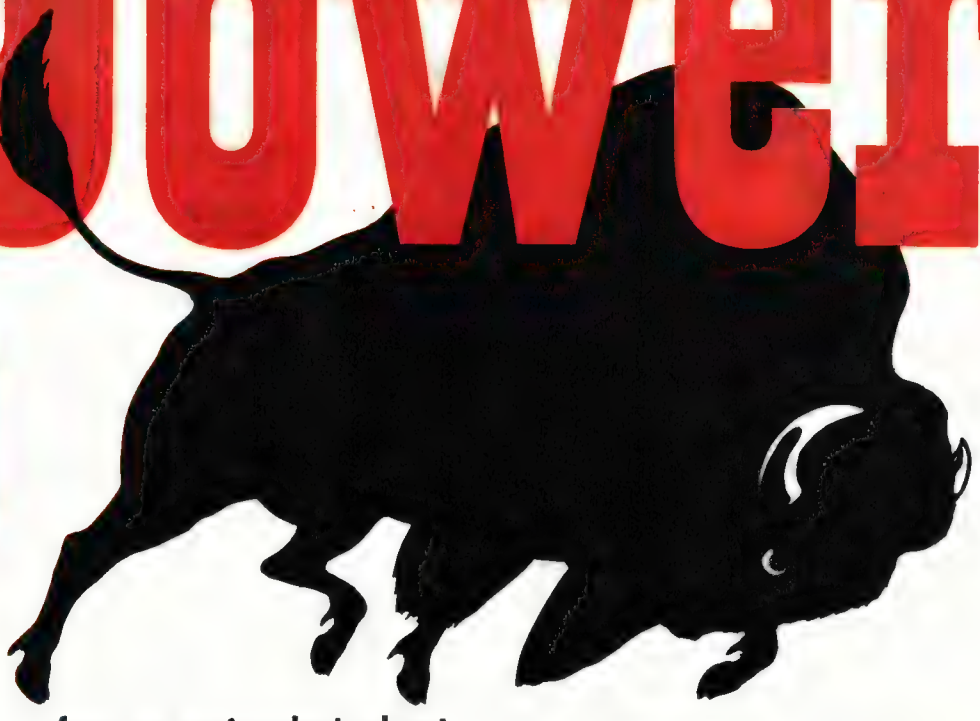

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James Belsin said, "why I hadn't met you before that glimpse I had of you the other day. We're almost neighbors. I have been at Leiston for nearly seven years now, and I gather from Sophie that you have lived some while in Kessingland."

"Twenty-four years. A few trips abroad. And to Paris and Rome to school, for two years and a bit. Marsh House is the family home."

"Marsh House," he repeated. "It sounds romantic, wild and haunted."

IF HE had ever heard of Marsh House before, his deception was beyond all praise; there was not a quiver of dishonesty in his eyes or voice.

"It's wild only in the sense that it's isolated," I told him. "And if haunted, only by Gills, and they, being a mild people, would only haunt lightly."

"Mild?" he said, and his eyes laughed attractively. "You may regard yourselves as mild, but you don't affect me that way. Sophie told me a little about your father. She talked as though he bites if let off the chain."

"He is certainly inclined to bark," I understated. Again I could detect nothing more than interest in the Commodore because he was my father.

After dinner, while we waited in the drawing room upstairs for the men to drink their port, Sophie beamed at me like a cat with a new kitten; a cunning, kindhearted cat with a strong sense of what was good for the kitten.

I felt good. It was nice to be a success in a make-do frock amongst superior people, even if I had only overtaut nerves and good wine to thank for it. And it was not altogether disheartening to be regarded with pleasure by a man like James Belsin.

I admitted as much to Sophie and she hugged me and said I was wonderful and she was sure, *sure* everything would work out exactly as she had planned.

It was dark now and the light in the quadrangle was fading rapidly. But I could still see the two Bentleys in the parking place. Sophie plunged on: "All you need is the sense to sit still and let him come after you, which I'm sure you have. The fool women who have missed out—they've all chased him so that he had to run like mad from them. What man wouldn't?"

"Does he just keep them sitting around all night down there?" I asked, after a pause.

"Who? Oh, his personal staff? My dear, he's wonderful to them, and they're devoted to him."

"Are they?"

"Almost fanatical. I know some of them. They would rather work for him than anyone on earth. You seem determined to find fault with him. I think it's mean of you!" She was heating up again.

"Yes, dear," I said meekly. "By the way, what does he make?"

"Thousands and thousands a year!"

"I meant 'make' in the way of manufacture."

"Electronics," she said, with the air of a child who has successfully spelled a difficult word.

"Charlie has tried to tell me about them. They seem to fascinate him. But I thought electronics was a field rather than things."

"Like sugar beet? Oh, no. He doesn't grow them. He makes them in the factory. I've seen them."

"For 'field' read 'subject,' or 'principle.'"

"Oh, I see. Well, I do know it's all very new and important, the thing he makes, and I know electronics come into it, so don't try to confuse me."

"Earlier on," I said, "you gave me an idea that apart from wanting to see me settled in life there is another aspect."

Sophie became eager and at the same time a little embarrassed.

"I'll be honest with you," she said. "This place costs an awful lot of money to keep up, and Boozie, who isn't a worrier by nature, is beginning to lie awake at night and bore me with hideous stories about ends which won't meet. Expenses and taxation are appalling, and he can't put the rents up any higher. The tenants, poor souls, simply couldn't manage if he did—" She paused again and I realized that here was a concrete reason why she had been so anxious, why she had telephoned twice to make sure that I should not escape meeting James Belsin.

"What can Belsin do about it?" I asked gently.

"Boozie says"—Sophie swallowed—"Boozie says that a man like Jimmy can make all the difference—if he wants to. He could arrange directorships for him—the title is something—two or three directorships, with good fees— You, if you were his wife, might sort of—well, he would be practically in the family, wouldn't he? Oh, Eve, you *do* understand? Honestly, that's only second in my mind. It's for you I am really wanting this. You do know that, don't you?"

This was awful, but I said, "Of course, Sophie. We'll see how it works out. You never know. I suppose even in these days marriages are still 'arranged' sometimes."

FOR a moment we were silent again, she watching me with fond expectancy; but her eyes would have clouded with horror if she could have shared my contemplation of Prince Charming. She might sit there in a happy dream, match-making and fortune-mending, but if James Belsin were a criminal, sooner or later he would be caught up with by someone like Billy Bull, who would not give a damn how much money the man had or how many Bentleys and houses by Haydining. Or how much charm.

Then I heard the earl's voice again as the men came up the stairs, and I had a thought.

I put a hand across my forehead, pressed my temples with thumb and middle finger, and asked Sophie would she mind if I did not stay late. "Something happened this morning to upset me and I'm more tired than I realized," I explained.

"Darling! You poor thing! What happened?"

The men were just outside.

"A woman committed suicide from our beach," I said. The doors opened on the word "beach," and the duke, with James Belsin by his side, the others close behind, came into the room.

Sophie did what I knew she was bound to do. She included them in her horrified surprise, and I watched James Belsin's face from under my hand.

"Eve has just told me about something quite frightful!" she said. "A woman committed suicide right off the Gills' private beach! This morning! Eve, who was she? How awful for you! Tell us about it if you can—it's better not to bottle things up like that. Did she drown herself, or what?" She was Sophie Briggs again for a moment, morbidly excited.

James Belsin seemed to hesitate, almost to stop, as he advanced into the room, but it was a mental rather than a physical pausing. At the same time a sharply etched line deepened between his straight black eyebrows and his mouth tightened.

"*Your* beach," he said with startled emphasis, but in a low voice which prob-

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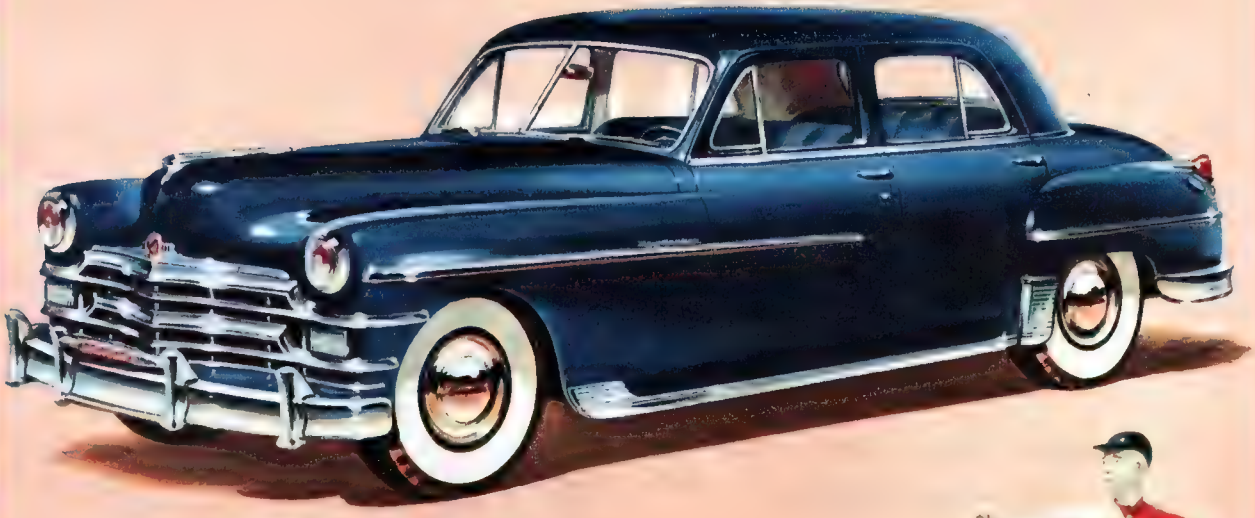

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BILL: Since Christmas. I get this feeling they're glancing at me, *staring* at me. They—

PSYCHIATRIST: Steady, old man! Who is "they"?

BILL: Girls! Young girls, old girls! Big girls, little—

PSYCHIATRIST: I see. Since Christmas, eh? Did you by any chance get some Arrow White Shirts for Christmas?

BILL: Um! Why'd you ask?

PSYCHIATRIST: The kind with those handsome Arrow collars? With the trim "body line" design? And with anchored-on buttons?

BILL: That's right!

PSYCHIATRIST: And with the Sanforized label?

BILL: You mean the thing about less than 1% fabric shrinkage? Sure!

PSYCHIATRIST: I can assure you, sir, that you have nothing to worry about. This sort of business is apt to happen to *any* chap who wears Arrow White Shirts!

BILL: No kidding. You wear Arrows yourself, Doc?

PSYCHIATRIST: Not during office hours, son. Found they distracted my women patients!

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ably only I heard, for it was almost lost in the flood of Sophie's questions.

I did not have to analyze his reaction. That a woman had drowned herself may or may not have been news to him, but I was sure he was genuinely startled to hear it had been from *our* beach.

I told them the story briefly, the story as seen by the police; cabin cruisers and biscuits and the rest of it did not figure in it. When I said the name "Louise Frempton," he did not speak, which meant surely that if there were any connection between them it must be tenuous enough for him to risk the pretense that it did not exist.

"If you would allow me," James Belsin said, "I would like to have a word with the police on your behalf, if they are bothering you at all." Here was the autocrat, the man of consequence. I thanked him but said that the superintendent was being most considerate and had shown no sign of thinking the tragedy was in any way to do with us.

"It was sheer chance she happened to choose that particular place," I said.

"But of course it was," he replied quickly. Was there more certainty in his voice, more knowledge than he meant to show? He was frowning again, and in spite of his open solicitude for me, he might have been thinking about something else.

TEN minutes later Sophie had succeeded in maneuvering her guests about the room so that I found myself isolated with James Belsin at the farthest end of it. He pulled his chair a foot closer to mine and settled himself comfortably.

"I want to talk to you," he said. "It's important to both of us, I think, to start right." He paused again. "How still you can be. Another faculty, gift. You seem to have all of them."

"Don't see me too unlike the way I see myself," I warned him. "I was 'still,' as you call it, because honestly I am a little tired after this morning."

"I mustn't hurry you," he said. "There's all the time in the world."

His voice had a quality which made one want to listen to it: It was poised, assured, and yet contradictorily impersonal. I wondered what would happen to its poise and assurance if I asked him now, without warning, to tell me the truth about Louise Frempton. I was more than ready to believe there could be a good and even respectable reason why Louise Frempton should appear to have done away with herself.

"I am glad you are not married, or in love with someone else," he said, and added, "although it would not have made any difference." His tone at last revealed something of the man beneath the polite surface of dinner jacket and party manners. "I should still have laid siege."

I was something he wanted. He would prove to me that he was something *I* wanted. That was the gist of his announcement.

"Do you creep into the city with cunning or force the gates with battering-rams?" I asked.

"A general doesn't discuss his tactics with the enemy."

"Then you must be a good general. Mostly one can see the next move a mile away."

"I think I am a good general. Whatever I have done, or won—" He paused. "How little the big things become when suddenly there is something one still must have."

"That is the danger I see for myself," I told him, "that is exactly it. I could never risk being a big thing which becomes little because something else, something more or something different, is wanted."

"It would never, never happen!" he said, and the blood mounted in his face. "I always know! Don't think like that!"

"I can't help thinking like that. I'm warning myself now so that I may be able to keep my wits a little when the time comes for you to scatter them. If, of course," I added modestly, "you should wish to."

"You'll rationalize this thing out of existence before it has drawn its first breath!" And he added that there were too many people in this room and why couldn't we go somewhere else. There were five acres of garden outside. He stood and reached down to help me out of the chair.

We went out by the door into the picture gallery close to us, and I think Sophie was the only person who saw us go; I understood her smile to be one of encouragement.

James Belsin, however, was already encouraged. He had not expected me to accept the garden so readily, and since this was still in his mind when we reached the terrace and came face to face with a three-quarter moon rising over the dark mass of cedar trees, I said, "You think a woman is better kissed than talked to?"

"I do," he agreed somewhat fervently. "But there you go again! You read my mind and at once rob my romantic notion of all glamor in a psychophilosophic discussion!"

"Oh, no," I said. "I would like you to kiss me. I thought so quite a while ago."

We were near one of the stone figures which are such a feature of the Inderswick gardens; it glimmered in the half-dark, a Pan, a horned and pagan Pan.

"This conversation is out of hand again," said James Belsin, "this getting to know you. I wanted to approach it calmly."

"You started it," I said. "It was you who felt there were too many people about. Don't please kiss me if that wasn't in your original arrangement with yourself—but let's move on." I looked again at the stone figure. "He is rather unsettling."

James Belsin appeared to see the statue for the first time, "I beg your pardon. I hadn't noticed—" Then added: "Hell, why should I disappoint him? But I want to say this. I have been unable to get you out of my mind since that day at Felixstowe, and tonight means I doubt if I ever shall. You are the one thing I need." He kissed me, and I watched myself almost as closely as the Pan watched, but with other motives.

SUDDENLY he sensed them, for he dropped his arms and stood back, then reached for me again and turned me so that the moon was on my face.

"You were not being kissed by me, nor were you kissing me. I was just a man kissing you and being kissed by you. Any man. Any man other than a particular someone else who *might* have been kissing you! Well? What did it tell you?"

"What I hoped. And what I think you hoped."

"That you're not in love with Jonathan Penrose any more?"

"Yes," I said after a moment, realizing that Sophie had told him all about Jonathan. "That's what it told me."

His movement was quick and I had no warning of it, although I should have realized he would do nothing else. He caught me to him again without gentleness and kissed me again. The beating of his heart seemed to echo through me, overwhelming my own.

He shook his fist in the face of Pan and cried: "You witnessed!"

If I had been James Belsin, I think I would not have gone so far as to call upon Pan, even in graven image, to witness his love. But then I knew myself, while he, for all his perception, did not.

"Let's go in now," I said.

Pan watched us go with his customary indifference, having no doubt long ago decided that love was not what it used to be.

(To be continued next week)

TROUBLE WITH GIRLS

Continued from page 23

"How did it go?" Mona asked.

"All right." Midge had a soft low voice. "Gary blew up in rehearsal, but he was all right on the broadcast. Mr. Carnes liked my spot."

"How was Libby?" Mona asked.

"Oh, as usual. She's always all right."

Jerry announced she was for bed. "Big day tomorrow," she said, "three whole words in the class play, but I mean three. I shall give it my all, my dears."

She and Midge went upstairs.

"Will the rest of them be along soon?" I asked.

"Libby should," Mona said, "if she hasn't a date with Gary; they're a thing, you know. And Debby and Teddy won't be home until one at the earliest."

"Who's the sixth?"

"Oh, Lois, the cover girl. She's a model—Lois Connor, you've probably seen her picture. I think she's out with some photographer."

We heard two people come up on the porch and the murmur of voices. Then, after a brief silence, Libby came in and the other footsteps went down the steps.

Libby Grainger was a redhead, a neat redhead. Neat isn't quite the word, but it will have to do. It'll have to describe as best it can, the clear eyes and the soft lips and the shape. It'll have to go for the voice, too, and the special smile. That's a lot for it to do, but it's going to have to.

I was introduced and I got the smile and then she excused herself and went upstairs.

"There's a girl," I said, "who's been kissed good night and enjoyed it."

"If Gary brought her home," Mona said, "she was kissed. If not—no."

"He brought her home then," I said, with conviction. "And speaking of home—"

Lois arrived at the front door. And there were more introductions. Lois I won't try to describe. You've seen her on magazine covers and in full-color advertisements, and anything I might dream up wouldn't do her justice. I'll just say she wasn't my type; too cool, too classical, too perfect, maybe. She was another blonde.

"Any ideas?" Mona asked when Lois left.

"About the case, no," I said. "It's going to be tough unless I take the very obvious choice. Libby arrives and the thefts start; two plus two equals four."

"Maybe."

"Maybe twenty-two. If it's that simple you could do it yourself, you know."

"Do you think it's that simple?"

"I have to recline when I think," I said. "Good night, girl friend."

"Good night, and we didn't fool anyone."

"One last word, or rather two. Did you search their rooms?"

"No," she said; "I couldn't, I mean, well, it's so sneaky."

"So is stealing. But no matter. Finally, if you ask Libby to leave and the thefts stop—"

"And if they don't?"

"That's a horse with a green collar," I said.

"I want no horses; get busy, detective." And with that she closed the door. I went home.

NEXT morning Ella kept me busy by ushering people into my office. I collected some retainer fees and escaped shortly after eleven. I went over to the radio station where the girls worked and where I knew a doorman who knew a page who knew a side entrance and I got in. Finally, after I'd wasted some time wandering about the halls, a crowd of stout and crazy women pushed me into a studio where five actors stood in front of a mike and read from scripts with about as much animation as a poached egg on toast.

An organ played softly in the background and every five minutes a bored young man got up and extolled the praises of some sort of soap that was guaranteed to do everything but talk back. As far as I could gather, the story was a recital of unlimited disaster ranging from broken limbs to shattered hearts and lives. Everybody was either sick, sore or in love with the wrong person. It was a mess.

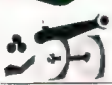
But three of my girls were on the stage: Mona, looking important in Harlequin glasses and with her hands filled with papers; Libby, luscious and almost be-

ziuQ

The zany quiz with the invertible top is here to challenge you again. All you have to do is guess what questions prompted the ten answers below. If you get stuck, turn to page 46.

1. (A) false. (B) true.

2. Lee, Davis, Grant, Sheridan.



3. The Father of Waters.

4. Amos and Andy.

5. You, Me.

HERBERT ACKERMAN

6. 220 words per minute for one hour.

7. Pay attention!

8. Yes No Yes No Yes No Yes No.

9. Lake Pontchartrain, Lake Tahoe, Lake Louise.

10. Lion, tiger, panther, leopard.

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a sailor, and

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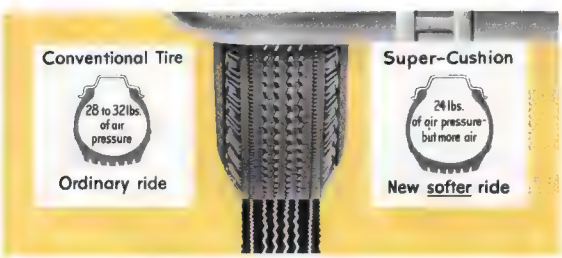

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lievable at a mike with a tall, collar-ad gent; and Midge, in the background with her big soulful eyes boring into the tall Adonis' back. Interesting.

It ended finally with the bored young soap salesman asking more questions than a quiz program and giving no answers, and then the crowd of stout and crazy women pushed me out and almost into another studio, and I escaped.

A GIRL at the information desk directed me to Miss Freeman. Mona was something—she had an office with her name on the door. I knocked and went in. She was alone.

"Spotted you at the broadcast," she said. "You were the only man."

"I'm detecting. I want a list of the things, exclusive of cash, that have been stolen and an idea of the value of each."

"After you left last night I made just such a list." She handed me a paper. "It's strictly from memory, though, and the values are guesses."

I looked at the paper briefly; it confirmed my suspicion. I put it into my pocket. "I want your house key," I said. "And I also want you to have the girls vacate the premises tonight between eight and ten."

"And how do I do that?"

"Problems, always problems! Take them all out to a bar and slip them Mickey Finns. What did you think?"

"All right, I'll get them out. What are you going to do?"

"Search, what else? The junk on that list wouldn't bring fifty dollars from any pawnshop in town, if that. *Ergo*, the loot is still in the house."

"Unless it's been thrown away!"

"Of course. Want egg in your beer?"

I walked out. The races that day took me for sixty-two ninety.

But at eight twenty I was parked in front of the Freeman house. I got out and walked up on the porch and opened the door and went in just like I'd taken quarters there. The next hour I spent searching the lovelies' rooms. I used a flashlight and found a lot of things that needed thinking over. Midge's address book was so interesting I took it with me.

In Libby's closet, tucked away in the back, I found a cardboard box with the loot. I took that home with me, too.

The next day I phoned Mona and suggested a meeting. "I want to see all of your tenants," I said.

"I don't know how I can get them all together at once—"

"You'd better. How did you manage to get them all out last night?"

"Lois had a fashion show, Libby had a radio spot, the Evans girls had to be at their show, of course, and Jerry and I dragged Midge to a movie. Did you find something?"

"Yes. Find out when you can collect your chicks and call me back."

She said she would, but it was a mistake because I had to stay in the office until she phoned and Ella took the opportunity to unload.

"Having fun with that collection of harpies?" she asked.

"Quite," I said.

"I didn't see any retainer fee—"

"My dear," I told her, "material things are sometimes—"

"Your material things, come next Saturday when I draw my salary, are going to be negative, smarty."

After that she let me alone. Mona called just at noon and told me that three that afternoon was the time and her house was the place. I was there on time, with my cardboard box. And then, for the first time I met the Evans girls, Debby and Teddy. They looked a little alike, being about the same size, and both had fresh lively features with turned-up noses and twinkling eyes.

Debby was blond and her eyes were brown, and Teddy was brunet and her eyes were blue. They said, "Hi," and the meeting got under way. We held it in the living room and all the girls were there. And if any of them was scared about it, she didn't show it.

"First," I said, "as you probably all know, I'm a detective. Or rather," in deference to Mona's laugh, "I was hired to detect. Which I did and I came up with this." I brought out the box. "Now I'll pass out the loot and you all, that's Southern for all of you, claim your own." I still couldn't tell anything from the way they looked.

I took each item from the box and each time it was claimed. When I got to the shoes Debby said they were hers.

"What size?" I asked.

"Five-A."

"Anybody else wear that size?"

Teddy spoke up. "I do. Why?"

"Anybody else?"

"I—I do," the voice was Libby's and she was looking a little pale and quite uncomfortable.

"And nobody else?" I asked. Silence. I went on with the loot without comment. When the box was empty all the girls were looking at Libby. She hadn't claimed a thing.

"I guess," I said, "I didn't find it all. Oh, well. Thus endeth the meeting."

"Wait a minute," Mona said. "Where did you find the things?"

"Trade secret," I told her.

"But that's not fair," Jerry piped up.

"Scamper," I told them. "Tonight I'll write a full report. I shall burn the midnight oil at my office, alone with my thoughts. The morning will bring enlightenment to you all. So scamper and put your things away."

ziuQ

(*See Page 43*)

1. (A) What kind of teeth did your grandmother have and (B) is it true that your grandmother had false teeth?
2. Give the last names of a famous stripper and three movie stars.
3. Who spanked the daylights out of little Joey Waters for teasing the cat?
4. Which names are out of place here: Mary, Jane, Amos, Laura, Heather, Flossie, Andy?
5. Fill the blanks in this sentence: "— sent the letter to Portland, Oregon, instead of Portland, —."
6. What do you hear from your wife when you come home at 4:00 A.M.?
7. What did you say?
8. Imitate a woman trying to make up her mind.
9. Give the names of three Pullman cars recently observed at Paducah, Kentucky.
10. Name four animals that are not permitted in the dining room of the leading New York hotels.

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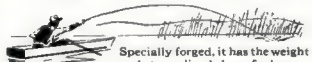

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Surprisingly they obeyed; all but Libby. She didn't have anything to put away. When the rest had gone I said:

"You want to talk to me?"

"Yes."

"Come on, then." I led her outside and to my car and we got in. When we'd driven about a block she said:

"I suppose you know?"

"I think so."

"Do you know why?"

"I think I know what you're going to say about it," I told her.

"Oh."

"But go ahead anyway," I said.

"What's the use?"

"I'll probably believe you," I said.

"I didn't have anything stolen. I had to say I did though, so it wouldn't look so funny."

"Not ha-ha funny," I said.

"No, not at all. Someone in that house hates me and tried to make it look like I was stealing. Even the shoe size."

"Who?" I asked.

"I wish I knew. I thought they were all friends or I wouldn't have moved in. Do you think I stole the things?"

"I don't," I said, "but all but one of the girls do. I think there's enough bait around to catch the thief, though." I was

"I know I said I'd meet you for lunch, but this man dropped in to see me—no—the boss was leaving town and I had to—a long-distance call was coming through—!"

COLLIER'S DAVE GERARD

back at the house so I stopped. "It won't be too pleasant in there tonight, but you'll be able to stand it, and it'll all be cleared up tomorrow."

She got out. I drove away. I spent the rest of the afternoon at a bookie joint and I lost twenty-five dollars. I only had time for the last three races.

THAT night I went to my office, sat at my desk and waited. I hoped the trap would work. I wasn't sure it would, though, not really sure. But then, you never are, and I didn't think there was any danger. As usual, I underestimated my quarry. She showed about ten thirty. She knocked lightly on my door—I'd left the outer door ajar for her.

"Come in," I said, "it's not locked."

She came in. She and a gun, a neat little twenty-five as deadly as any gun at her range and in her condition. She was one upset chick.

"Where did you get the gun?" I asked.

"I borrowed it. It was for blanks, but I've got real bullets in it now."

"Of course, but why?"

"Because you're planning to tell them." She began to cry. The tears were real and at the same time automatic, stagy, and they rolled out of her eyes and down her cheeks and she didn't shake with sobs or even seem to realize she was crying. "But," she said, "you're not going to tell them. You're not."

"If I don't," I said, "Libby will."

"You told her? But they won't believe her. They can't."

"She's got the little book with the proof," I lied. "I gave it to her."

I think she was crazy enough to shoot then; me and my big lying mouth; so I had to jump her. I dived out of the chair and wrapped my arms around her ankles and down she went with a thump and then all of the fight was out of her. And then she was sobbing and shaking from it and really all gone. And maybe the crash hurt her some, too.

"Hush up, Midge," I told her.

So I sat on the floor with her and I had my arms around her and she cried on my shoulder and the little gun lay right where she dropped it. Finally I said:

"Why, Midge?"

"I hate her, I just hate her. First it was Gary and then it was all my friends at the house; she took everything."

AND that was the whole thing. She was in love, or thought she was, with Gary at the studio and along came Luscious Libby and took him. He probably didn't even know that the mouse with the big eyes was burning for him, and her stupid pride and her timid little mind kept it all inside, where it ate and hurt. And then Libby moved into the house and the girls liked her and Midge thought they all liked her best, better than they did her and that was another hurt to swallow.

And then she'd had the great idea. She stole the things and she thought that because it started after Libby moved in and there weren't any things stolen from Libby, the girls would accuse her and make her leave. But Libby had outsmarted her there. And finally, because she suspected Mona and Jerry wanted her out of the house the night of my search, she'd planted the stuff in Libby's closet. She hadn't thought her address book would be examined.

"I kept account of the money in my address book and I meant to get it back to them some way after Libby left," Midge sobbed. "I didn't spend any of it, it's all right in the bank. I thought that if they put her out for being a thief and Gary heard about it, I'd get him back."

The little mouse hadn't ever had him at all. The poor little mouse. She couldn't even admit that part of it all was the fact that she was the plain one in the bevy. I didn't know what to do, I mean, I really didn't.

Finally I got her quiet and took her home. Mona was up and she took Midge to her room and got her in bed and then came down. The little gun was safe in my desk drawer so I figured it would be all right.

When Mona came I told her the whole thing including the fact that I didn't know what to do about it. Neither did Mona. She told me that she'd give it a lot of thought and that she'd let me know. I went home and Mona let me know the next morning. It was a happy ending.

Ella was filing in my office when Mona came in. I'd told Ella the whole thing, of course, so I didn't chase her out.

"It's all worked out," Mona said. "Libby is moving, she and Gary are going to be married and he's been transferred to San Francisco. Midge will get over him when he's not around and I'm going to take her in hand and fix her up; she can be really pretty, you know."

"And," I said, "you'll have a vacant room. Fine. I suggest you get a rather plain girl for it, give Midge something to beat." I got up and talked to the door. "My secretary there"—I opened the door—"might do," I said, and I was out.

I won two hundred and thirty at the races that day.

But you know what? Ella moved into that damned room. THE END

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THE FAIREST OF THEM ALL

Continued from page 15

calculation crept into her voice. "What do you—what does Search want with her?"

Jason started to answer and stopped short. In New York, with half a dozen pictures of Melanie Gayne in his hand, it had made sense. Now he'd have to see Melanie Gayne, talk to her.

"I'm not at liberty to say. It's important. Won't you trust me?"

Sarah's face grew troubled. "I don't, but I will. Come tonight, then—for dinner."

"Good. But Adam—who seems to have a birthday—"

"It won't matter. He's used to it."

THAT evening the house was ablaze with lights. The orange trees, standing in regular rows, looked like props for a Broadway musical and the thin moon was low and violent. Somebody was playing the piano badly. Jason began to feel depressed. He had been riding on a build-up too long. He was afraid to see the girl in the flesh. The door was opened by a tall, rangy man, wearing a worn tweed jacket. The man was a little tight—in a nice way. He was carrying a fish bowl. He gestured with it, indicating that Jason could come in.

"Adam Sloan," he said in a thin, melodic voice, "the intended." He pronounced the word with a notable lack of pride.

Jason followed him into the large library, wondering what he was intended for. A fire burned pleasantly on the grate, reflecting its light in a dozen fish bowls. They stood everywhere.

"Microcosm—the world in small," said Adam. "Highly informative. Some of my best friends are fish."

Just then she appeared in the doorway—Melanie of the picture.

"Good evening." Her voice was black velvet. "Adam didn't tell me there was company."

"I'm here," said Adam to his glass.

Melanie ignored that with what Jason thought was charming patience.

"May I ask your name?"

"Jason Leigh—the man who thought he was expected."

"If Sarah Agatha invited you, you weren't expected. She doesn't tell me anything!" Her smile was like a magnet.

Jason gripped the back of his chair for fear he would slide across the room to her.

"If you'll excuse me, I'll call her."

When she returned she had Sarah Agatha, who nodded to Jason with a tiny smile.

"I think we can go into dinner right away," said Melanie. . . .

Candlelight did something fabulous to Melanie's eyes. He was concentrating on that when Sarah Agatha made a tersely worded announcement that made the crisp brown trout go down as if it still had a hook in it. "Adam and Melanie are engaged."

It rocked him but he didn't upset the boat. "I didn't get it when you said 'intended.' You're a lucky guy." Jason tried to smile.

Adam tried to smile back. "Yeah—I'm long on luck. Come on, let's go to the club. If this is a festive occasion, let's fester."

Jason considered and felt better. From here it sounded as if anyone could be in at the finish.

The country club was big and pleasant and outdoorish in the California manner. He waited for three dances before he asked Melanie for the next one. They went out on the terrace and were "alone together." The music was old; the feeling was new and violent.

"Where did Sarah find you?" she asked.

"On the front doorstep."

She pouted prettily. "It's funny she didn't mention you. I would have. I would have said I was having an attractive young man to dinner."

The music was slow, deep beated and insistent. They melted together.

Adam appeared in the doorway. "Button, button, who's got my fiancée?" The nice look on his face was half erased. "Got any left over for me?"

Melanie broke away. Jason turned to Adam. "I didn't mean to operate in your territory."

"Let it pass, friend. I was sitting up with a Martini." He took Melanie in his arms. "Forgive me?"

She didn't answer. Jason went back inside. Sarah Agatha was standing by the bar throwing peanuts in the air.

"Are you any good at this?"

"Silly girl." He got three out of three. "Adam's a great favorite of mine." She caught two at a time.

Jason tried four. "I'm here on business," he said.

"Okay, but I've got my eye on you," she warned him. "The one in the middle of my forehead." . . .

He overslept the next morning. The bellboy brought him coffee and a telegram from his editor. He read it through shuttered eyelids.

IT HAD BETTER BE GOOD, it said.

He resolved to present his credentials to Melanie, discuss his project, apologize for having fallen in love with her, and leave. They could read the rest in Search.

On the way to the house he tossed a coin. Heads he would stay and fight. Tails he would stay and fight.

IT WAS Agatha he found on the front lawn. She was watering. She was wearing a shapeless blue chambray and a yellow sweater that was too large for her. She greeted him curtly. "Melanie isn't down yet."

"I'll wait."

He sat down on the doorstep and looked at Sarah Agatha. She hadn't even bothered with lipstick. He shook his head.

"And the world is full of beautiful girls."

"Not like Melanie—"

"No, not like Melanie. That's why I picked her. There's a beauty contest going on every hour somewhere in this broad land. Search Magazine is going to pick the Fairest of Them All. This is different. This is not just for a pretty face"—he swallowed hard; damn it, it *had* made sense in New York—"but for a soul."

He waited for her reaction. She turned the nozzle of the hose to a fine spray and gave silent attention to the yellow daffodils.

He tried again. "Soul—you know? Heart and mind put together? I didn't think we'd find it until I saw Melanie's picture. That's why I picked her."

"Uh-huh—Paris did it for the Greeks," said Sarah Agatha. "And didn't Juno promise him power and riches—Minerva, glory and renown in war—and Venus—" She stopped abruptly.

But Jason continued, "—Venus promised the fairest of them all—for his wife."

There was a tense silence. Pools of water were threatening the daffodils.

"There's Adam— In the movies the tall, rugged heroes take the hussies away on horses. Adam will just pack up his fish and go quietly," she said.

"Stand not on the order of his going."

"Oh—so that's the way it is."

"That's the way it is."

"Jason, there are things to understand about faces and minds and hearts."

"Like what?" he asked.

"Like Melanie. Ever since she was six

years old she's been living in a glass bowl. She's been shown off like a prize poodle. Everything's had to be an entrance, an endorsement—a triumph."

"So she likes the high life."

"That's not life. It's a parade. She doesn't want it, but she's been leading a band for so long that unless the music's in back of her she's scared. Can you understand?"

"You bet I do. A sensitive girl with heart. Hey! What are those tears about?"

"I read somewhere that girls' eyes look like drowned violets when they cry. There's Melanie now—around front."

Melanie was sitting on the front porch. She was wearing a white dress and a blue ribbon threaded through her hair. Frosty.

"The whole truth," he said, moving in, "is what I am going to tell you."

She patted a place for him to sit beside her. "About what?"

"You and me. I'll start with me. I picked you because you're not only pretty but you've got a soul."

"How quaint! And what did you pick me for?"

"The Fairest of Them All. Melanie, do you know that I believe in you?"

"I'm glad." Her eyes got wide and eager.

"It began with Search—it's ended with me. I'm going to have a long, honorable talk with Adam."

"And get hit?"

"Well—I'll duck."...

He took a cab into Beverly Hills and kept it waiting outside a flower shop; a pink and white pet store; a jeweler whose name was lettered discreetly on glass. The net result was bachelor's-buttons, a yellow-eyed cocker spaniel, and the down payment on a ring. Then he called Melanie up. Sarah Agatha answered.

"Where is she?" asked Jason.

"Adam and I sent Melanie away. You're not good for her."

He gripped the phone. "I'd like to see you." He could hear the wheels go around as she searched for an escape.

"I'm going to the dime store," she said irrelevantly.

"Which one?"

"On Camden."

"So am I," he said and hung up.

He followed her to the hardware department and watched her coldly as she selected a screw driver and some tenpenny nails. When she looked up and found him there, she had the good grace to blush.

"I fix the plumbing."

"Splendid."

She moved to the candy counter.

"Gum drops." And in explanation to him, "I eat them on the way home."

He nodded.

"You're making me nervous. What's done is done."

He strode ahead of her to the station wagon parked at the curb. "I'm coming with you."

"I'm going to the dentist to have my teeth cleaned."

"You lead a revolting life."

"Yes. I do."

"Why didn't you tell me you were a Gayne?"

"It seemed best."

"I've known you for two days now, and all you talk about is your duty. What do you dream about?"

"The Days of Glory." She squinted thoughtfully at the road ahead.

"The Days of Glory?"

"When Melanie gets safely married to Adam and has to think about babies and grocery lists—then I'll retire and go down to the sea in a ship."

WHEN they got to her door she looked at him in surprise. "I should have dropped you off. You can stay—but Adam's here."

"Good old Adam."

They went into the house. Adam was feeding the fish.

"Hi, Jas."

Jason nodded stiffly.

Sarah Agatha hesitated in the doorway. "You two won't do anything to each other, will you?"

"Not a thing," they chorused heartily.

Jason spoke at once. "We're going to get around to it, so where's Melanie?"

"In storage."

Silence. Jason tried again, "Look—nothing up my sleeves, no wooden nickels—I'm in love with her."

"Yeah, I know. I'd sure like to hit you but we might break something. Anyway, let me brief you first."

Jason waited.

"First, let me say my study of fish is no mere idling. By watching them I grasp the meaning of the phrase 'poor fish.' As far as Melanie was concerned, Jas—you were on ice."

"On ice?"

"In love with her. In other words, you'd keep."

"Go on."

"She always works the same," said Adam. "The man from Leer Magazine bought a house in Frisco. He thought she was going to live in it, but all she wanted was a two-page spread. The Heritage boy is still picking up the marbles he lost in a rest home in Glendale—but she made the April cover. The Request man asked me to explain her to his wife. He practically dedicated an issue of the magazine to her. And now you are going to give her a soul in Search."

"Sounds like she needs one," Jason's mouth was grim.

Adam blew smoke rings in a neat succession of circles. "I've been around her a long time. When she gets off that

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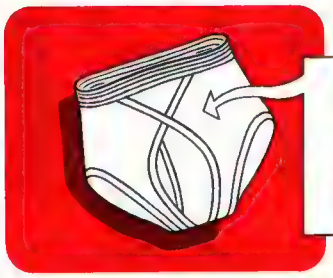

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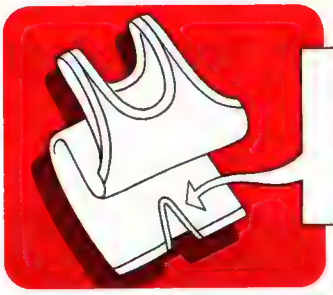

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merry-go-round, I'm still going to give her a brass ring."

"Thanks for telling me."

"You've got the wrong guy. I would have let you get it firsthand, but Aggie said it should happen to a dog."

Jason strode into the kitchen. He carried out the garbage can she was about to lift, then held the swinging door open and beckoned to her. She was bent over the dustpan.

"Arise, my love, and come with me."

"Dump this," she said flatly.

He took the pan and emptied it. "It's a fine night. Would you care to see a bit of it?"

She took his proffered arm and they went into the back yard. They stood under an orange tree.

"Adam told me. Thanks."

"Melanie's really a little fool and Adam ought to beat her up and I ought to hate her—but I don't and Adam won't. So now that you know, you can't write the article and everything's terrible."

"I buy that."

"Will you get fired?"

"No. There's just one more thing—Sarah Agatha Whitefish Gayne. Do you think there'll be a special place in heaven for you?"

"What are you talking about?"

"The nobility. The protection. The self-sacrifice?"

Her freckles stood out redly. "Are you calling me a phony?"

"Right out loud."

He grabbed her and kissed her. The intensity of it dissolved his anger like sun hitting ice.

"Did you feel that?" he muttered against her hair.

Her innate honesty made poetry impossible.

"Like a brickbat," she said.

"What are you going to do about it?" he asked.

"I'm going to try to walk into the house—I forgot to clean the sink."

Jason stormed through the kitchen into the living room. Adam was transferring some newborn fish from a large bowl to a small bowl.

"Keeps me busy," he said.

"Busy hands, pure heart," said Jason flatly, as he walked out the door. . . .

He arranged to leave on the three-o'clock plane the following afternoon. As he went through the hotel lobby he saw a girl with long red hair.

I'm going to go through life seeing them, he thought grimly as he hailed a taxi. Life is very long and I like the smell of sunshine and starch.

As he bought cigarettes and aspirin from a nice girl behind a counter at the airport, someone called.

"Jason!" Melanie was coming toward him. She looked beautiful and unperturbed.

"Is that your name, honey?" said the girl behind the counter.

Jason shook his head. "Daniel," he said meekly. He went toward Melanie.

"I know everything," she said. "I know what they told you."

"So?"

"It was different with the others. I like you, Jas—I like you a lot."

"I work for a bigger magazine, honey."

"Don't."

"It's quite a yen, isn't it, baby?'

"Yes."

"But not for me. You want to be top drawer, first on the list, the fairest of them all—straight, place and show."

Her eyes were cold now, ice cold. "Then you are not going to write the article?"

"I'll write it."

"About me?"

"Read it and weep, honey." His plane was taxiing in. He turned and walked toward it.

THE next few days were bad, very bad. He got drunk and he got sober and then he got drunk again.

Then the issue came out. The spread looked good.

"The Fairest of Them All," it said, "by Jason Leigh."

Well, they'd know where to find him.

Finally it happened. The operator took her own sweet time getting the connection but then her voice sang along the wire and his heart pounded.

"Hello," she said.

"Hello."

There was a long pause, and the kind that could break a man.

"Jason?"

"Darling."

"You meant it for me, didn't you? Melanie said you were just looking for an out."

"I meant it. I love you."

"I'm crying, so don't say anything—I have to blow my nose."

He waited again.

"It said 'The Fairest of Them All. It said that I was all beauty and all truth and lots of other things."

"I know, darling. I wrote it."

"You know something? You write beautifully."

"I'm coming out to see you again."

"No, you can't. Melanie won't let you in."

"I'll blow the house down."

"I wouldn't like that. You see, I'm going to let her take care of it while I come to New York to marry you."

"Oh."

"I'm asking you in case you should overlook it."

"Get the next plane."

"And there's something else."

"Yes, darling—"

"I seem to be blooming or something. I don't feel so—thin!" THE END

"Just what are we going to do with three hundred feet of 'bluh bluh bluh'?"

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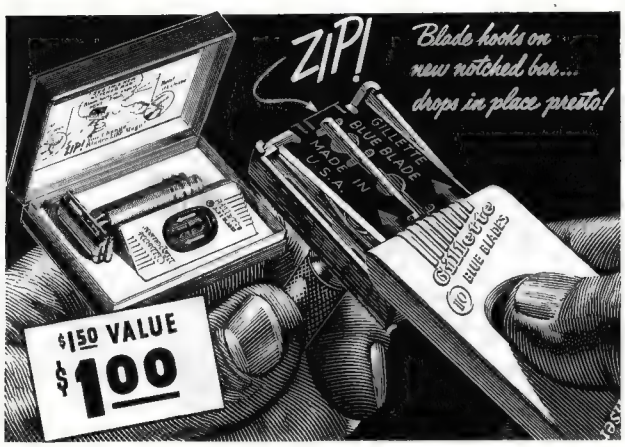

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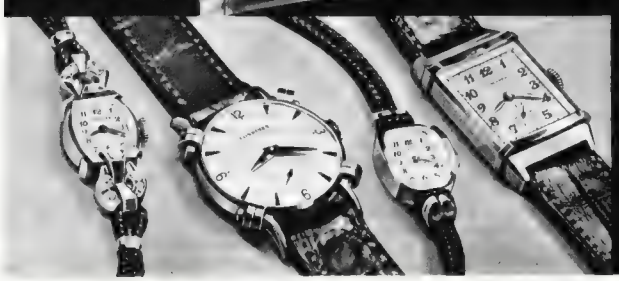

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BIG RED

Continued from page 26

nowhere, crouching over the dish, never lapping more than two or three times without lifting its head to glare around. In a week, William stood close enough to touch the brute, but if he moved a finger, the red cat puffed out of sight. Mrs. Endicott told Cleet she had never seen a man with William's patience—or stubbornness.

She and Cleet were riding to Christmas Creek, to look at the range there. Cleet rode very well, and nearly every Sunday they went for a jaunt. Cleet's horse was a big sorrel that pitched like a rodeo bucker. He said it was the only horse on the place that was worth putting a saddle on.

THE morning after that, William looked up from his ham and eggs and blurted, "Why does riding a horse expertly always make a man arrogant? You've noticed that?"

"Arrogant?" She stared. "Do you mean Cleet? Oh, William!"

"It's true. Riding a bike doesn't affect a man that way. Not even trick riding, difficult as it is."

Mrs. Endicott shrieked with laughter, and William went out, a bit huffily. She was still chuckling at week's end, but Cleet didn't find William's remark funny. They were admiring Cleet's new convertible, and he turned to look at William, beside the corral. On the nearest post crouched the red cat, and man, post and cat were equally motionless.

Cleet said abruptly, "Maybe you ought to get rid of him. For one thing, what do you know about the fellow?"

"I know he's smart in ways that won't benefit him, and simple in ways that would," said Mrs. Endicott promptly. "I know he's honest and unselfish as—as an idiot. I know animals like him, even Sanchez' grouchy dog. Sanchez, too. He was in Friday, and William pedaled off with him, and stayed all day."

"And you pay him for that?"

"He's worth ten times what I pay him!"

Cleet looked at her thoughtfully. "If you say so, Louise. But he never gets any mail or sends any. Hasn't he any people? What's he stay in this godforsaken country for?"

"Perhaps he likes it. I do."

"Not him. He's no rancher. And people are beginning to talk. You're a pretty woman, and you're alone out here. You can't blame folks."

She was amused. "Are you jealous?"

"Of *that?*"

"William is smarter than you think, Cleet."

"Might be smarter than you think, too. I'm going to have another talk with him."

Before she could stop him, Cleet was on his way to the corral. The red cat flashed out of sight, and William turned around. Cleet confronted him, hands on hips, and Mrs. Endicott wondered if perhaps Cleet were arrogant, with William.

When she arrived, Cleet was saying, "There are ways of finding out these things, you know."

"Finding out what?" asked William, mildly. "I have no family, and no real friends back East. When you've lived in a vacuum, there's little you can take away with you."

"No man simply walks off from his job."

"I pedaled off," William said mildly.

Mrs. Endicott interposed. "That's enough, Cleet."

Without glancing at her, Cleet said, "I'm not doing this for myself, Louise. You're entitled to know something about him."

"I know all I need to know." Mrs. Endicott caught Cleet's arm and pulled him to face her. "This is my ranch. I'll have whom I want on it, when I want them, and that goes for you, too, Cleet Towansend! If you don't like it, get ready to lump it!"

"Good God, Louise, I'm only trying to—" Cleet's expression changed; he swallowed, and muttered, "It's your funeral. I'll take a ride."

He strode toward the barn, boiling mad. Mrs. Endicott sighed. The horses waited ready saddled, as always when Cleet was there. The sorrel was docile until he swung into the saddle. Then it bucked in a circle, and Cleet sent it pounding across the flat land.

"He makes it look so easy," Mrs. Endicott said admiringly.

"Showing off," muttered William.

"That'll do from you. Would you expect him to ride a bike? In this country men ride horses."

Under the beard, William's mouth was stubborn. "Big Red doesn't like him, either. Cats know intuitively—"

Mrs. Endicott ended the conversation abruptly by running, lightly as a boy, to the barn. Mounting her black mare, she raced after Cleet.

Later, at supper, she and Cleet talked about mutual friends in town, and William was left out. Once he tried to crowd into the conversation by telling Mrs. Endicott he had succeeded in scratching the red cat's head.

"My, my," she said. "Next you'll be taming a wild horse, and riding it on its hind legs, like a bicycle."

William ignored the sarcasm. "It's hard to believe a three-legged cat could move so swiftly. He's a good hunter."

Cleet's big body made the chair creak as he turned to look at William, "Three-legged? That red cat? But it couldn't be. This one's been dead four years, since I sold the ranch. He couldn't have come this far."

"A red tomcat?" asked Mrs. Endicott. "I haven't heard of any other."

"Couldn't be any other," Cleet said positively. "Mine was an outlaw. Have you missed any eggs or baby chicks, Louise?"

"Big Red wouldn't steal eggs," William said.

Cleet grunted contemptuously. "That shows what you know about cats. I'll have a good look at this one, and if it should be the same—"

"It isn't," William said firmly.

Mrs. Endicott abruptly asked Cleet if the sorrel would ever be gentle enough for her to ride. Cleet said hell, no. Not that she didn't ride well, for a woman, but the sorrel was a man's horse. Once more William was left out of the talk, and immediately after supper he went to bed.

NEXT morning Mrs. Endicott was friendly again. Everything went along as usual until William went after the cows. He was gone a long while, and returned covered with dust. When he dismounted from the bike, Mrs. Endicott noticed he limped, and asked him if he'd run into something.

"No, ma'am," William said, and added dryly, "There's almost nothing to run into."

"But whatever happened?"

"I was experimenting." William went into the barn, and she followed. The red tom glared down from a rafter, and William said, "Hi, Red. Sorry supper is late."

"William Wallace!" cried Mrs. Endicott. "Will you tell me what you've been up to, before I bust a gusset?"

Leaning his forehead against the brown cow's flank, William squirted

milk into the pail. "I fell off a horse."

"A horse? Not that sorrel? You idiot! If you want to ride, take my little mare."

"I'll ride that big horse. He's just nervous, the way I used to be."

"But why that horse?" Then, guessing why, Mrs. Endicott sighed, "Oh, men!"

"It's purely for my own satisfaction," William said coldly.

Mrs. Endicott ordered him not to be a fool. The sorrel wasn't gentle, and never would be. William wasn't a rider, and never would be either. Did he want to break his neck? William didn't say yes, and he didn't say no. The next evening he came in with a blood smear on his forehead.

Mrs. Endicott ignored his craziness until Thursday, when he stumbled in with his beard and mouth bloody. She thought he was killed. She scolded him, but again William said nothing. He came home unwounded Friday. Mrs. Endicott told him she was glad to see he was getting some sense, but secretly she was a bit disappointed. She had begun to take pride in William's stubbornness.

But if it weren't one thing it was another with William. Next day he came to the house with his hands dripping blood. Wincing as she poured iodine on the scratches, William said that he had picked Big Red up all right, but he couldn't seem to let go again.

"I startled him," William explained. "By the time you get back, I'll be carrying him around."

MRS. ENDICOTT had planned to spend the next week end in town with Cleet's sister, who was having a birthday party. Sanchez was in to keep William company. He left Monday when Mrs. Endicott returned. She told William she'd had a wonderful time, lolling in beauty parlors, dressing up, and dancing all one night. Still, she said, there was no place like home.

She did not tell William of a near quarrel with Cleet, brought on by his sister, who said William was too close-mouthed to be honest, and that he must have a reason for hiding his face with a beard, and it was simply dreadful to think of Louise out there alone with him.

Mrs. Endicott had laughed at that, but later Cleet had said the same things and they had had a brisk argument. When he brought her home he was still sulky, and he didn't stay. Mrs. Endicott said nothing of this to William, but she resolved to have another talk with him. It *was* rather odd that he never got any mail.

That night Mrs. Endicott tried to pump some personal information out of William, chiefly so that she could give it to Cleet, but she learned nothing new. William had been a teacher, and overworked mentally. When the doctor ordered exercise in the open, he had remembered his boyhood, and bought a bike.

"But your friends back East?" insisted Mrs. Endicott.

"My friends are here. Ashland and Sanchez. And you, ma'am."

"Thank you, William. But wasn't there *anyone* back there?"

William shook his head. "I thought I knew a number of people. But now they're like people I dreamed of. I feel as though I lived here, and belonged here."

"Oh, you do!" She hurriedly added, "In this country."

"I miss my books, but I'll send for them when I'm settled."

"Settled, William?"

William smiled one of his rare bright smiles. "Sanchez and I have talked about buying a small ranch. He's saved money, and I have a few War Bonds. Daydreaming, but who knows? For one thing, we don't want much. I suppose we're lazy."

"No one who works as hard as you can be lazy," said Mrs. Endicott positively. "But Sanchez? Was he drunk?"

"No, ma'am. We lack ambition, then. All we want is a home, and work to do."

"This is Sanchez' home! Why, he's part of the place. You mean he's talking about leaving?"

William touched his beard, uneasily. "Not exactly. But—well, suppose you got married?"

"I'd keep the ranch, no matter what."

"You might have children. When they started school—"

"I intend to. But others around here send children to school. I used to ride horseback."

William was gently stubborn. "You'd always be sentimental about this place, but Sanchez and I are practical. We want very little, but we want that solid as men can make anything."

Mrs. Endicott felt dazed. "Sanchez talks to you like that? I've never heard him talk anything but sheep. I didn't know he *thought* about anything else."

"He thinks of sheep a lot," William admitted, solemnly.

Suddenly the absurdity of this overwhelmed Mrs. Endicott. William and Sanchez! And William calling himself a

"Now who in the heck would want a dog that size in the city?"

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practical man! She laughed until she cried, and had to lie down and chew a handkerchief. . . .

That week William succeeded in picking up the red tom, and Mrs. Endicott was almost as pleased with him as he was with himself. When Cleet came out, she bragged to him about it. They walked to the barn, where William was working. The red cat was dozing near by, but it streaked away when Cleet spoke.

"I'm beginning to believe that cat's the one I told you about," Cleet said. "Went bad just before I sold the ranch. He killed a dozen chicks before I set a trap and—"

William was horrified. "A steel trap?"

"What else? I caught him, but he wrung off. It was below zero, and when I found the foot in the trap, I figured he'd die. Why he didn't, or how he lived—"

"You can't be sure it's the same cat."

Cleet was smilingly insistent. "It is. Better shoot him."

"Shoot Big Red?"

"I'll do it for you. I don't suppose you ever shot a gun."

"I could learn. Don't you shoot my cat."

Mrs. Endicott listened uneasily, but William was calm, Cleet grinning broadly, and she hesitated to interfere. Cleet went on, carelessly.

"I always carry a rifle in the car. Next time I see that red devil in the open, I'll—"

William's calm had been all on the surface. It popped like a soap bubble, and he cried, "Shoot my cat and I'll—I'll—"

Before Mrs. Endicott could intervene, William walked rapidly away. Cleet laughed, and she snapped, "Shame on you!"

"What for? I wouldn't hit a thing like William, you know. Though I'm serious about the cat."

Mrs. Endicott believed the red tom could take care of itself in the future as it had in the past. She had something else to think about. Only twice had William turned aside from anything he had started—the big sorrel had been too much for him, and now he had backed down from Cleet. The horse was big and tough, so was Cleet, and you couldn't really blame William. Still . . .

William must have read her thought, or sensed something in her manner. The next day he said glumly, "You think I should have hit him."

"Start that around here, and you'll regret it."

He ruffled his coppery beard. "Nothing is settled by fighting. If men and nations realized that, the world wouldn't be such a mess."

"Maybe nothing is settled," said Mrs. Endicott tartly. "But there are times when a man must fight. Though not on my ranch."

"He was goading me. He wouldn't shoot Big Red."

"My grandfather fought Indians to hold this land, and my father fought bad men and bad weather, and I've done my share. Married at eighteen, and a widow at twenty. How did I manage, except by fighting?"

"Moral courage is one thing, hitting a man another," William said. "I can fight, if it's necessary."

"You shouldn't. You're too little, and you'd get hurt." The look in William's eyes made her regret the words, but she wouldn't take them back if she had been able.

However, she balanced that by giving Cleet a good talking-to, and he promised a little sulkily to behave in the future. The first week behaving himself consisted of pretending William wasn't there, but the following Sunday he wandered off while she was cooking dinner and had a long talk with William. To her questions, William only replied that they had talked about "different things," a phrase that could cover anything from Egyptian social life to corn hybrids.

WEDNESDAY morning a stranger walked into the kitchen and calmly seated himself at the breakfast table. It was a full minute before Mrs. Endicott composed herself enough to gasp, "You've shaved!"

William rubbed his chin, a firm chin modified by a gentle mouth. "It feels naked."

"It looks fine." Smooth-faced, William was a different man—younger, almost boyish and, she decided, nice-looking.

William did not look up from his plate. "I was tired of it. People seem suspicious of a traveler with a beard. And I'm going to quit."

Mrs. Endicott was shocked, but she merely said, "Going home? Back East, I mean."

"No. I'll stay until you can get another man. A week?"

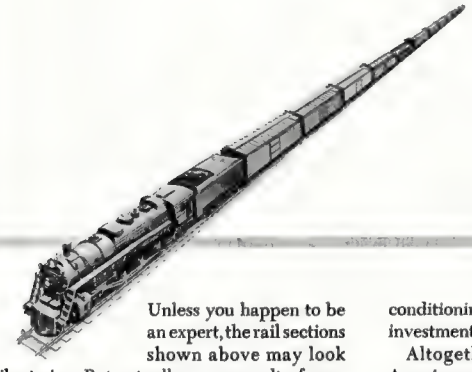
"I've managed alone before. But I thought you liked it here, William, and I must say I've come to depend on you. Do you want a raise?"

"No, ma'am."

"Is Sanchez going with you?"

William shook his head, and she made

"Twins"...twice removed!



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an inspired guess. "It's something Cleet said?"

William pretended not to hear her. He had his neck bowed, and the best thing to do was leave him alone. Men and rams grew calmer when they had nothing to butt against. She waited, though not patiently, for Cleet to come.

William was off somewhere that forenoon, and when Cleet asked where the cowboy on wheels was hiding, Mrs. Endicott stormily told him that if he said one bullying word to William, he'd regret it.

"What's eating you?" Cleet asked, blandly.

"You know what's eating me! What have you been up to? What did you say to William?"

Her glare dissolved his innocent expression. "What did he tell you, Louise? Some lie? I just made him see that gossip was hurting you, and any kind of a man would stop it by pulling out. I told him we were getting married, so I had a right—"

"You didn't!"

"Aren't we?"

"That's not what I meant. No one's gossiping but you." Mrs. Endicott's cheeks were pink. "Cleet, don't handle me as you would a horse, with bit and bridle!"

"I'm just trying to help you." He glowered. "Louise, why do you always take this fool's part against me? This is about the fourth time we've had words over him."

"No. Over your—your arrogance."

"I'm only trying to look after you. Listen, why should we put it off any longer? Sell the ranch, and—"

She shook her head decisively. "I couldn't sell this place, Cleet."

"Then keep it." Cleet took her unresponsive hand. "But I guess this is as good a time as any to find out where I stand—or where I'm going. The first of next month, Louise?"

"Oh, Cleet, that's impossible. Let's not set a date until—"

"It's been three years, Louise. Yes or no?"

Mrs. Endicott pulled her hand free and distractedly brushed at her hair. Men and their stubborn moods! She said weakly, "Then I'll need someone to manage the ranch. You'll make it clear to William that—that we want him to stay?"

"Sure, sure. Then it's settled?"

She evaded a spoken answer by kissing him, and maneuvered him outside.

IMMEDIATELY she wished they had stayed indoors. William was in the yard, one leg over the bicycle as though he had just arrived, watching a little procession march toward him. First came the red tom, followed by the cat and her two kittens.

Cleet stared at William's smooth face, and his shout of laughter lifted the red tom up the clothes pole, while the cat and kittens raced for shelter under Cleet's car. Mrs. Endicott had a problem of her own, and she spoke absently. "Let him alone, Cleet."

Cleet's scowl returned as he examined William's new look, and then glanced thoughtfully at Mrs. Endicott. William looked up at the red tom, and Cleet's attention was drawn to the cat. When he moved nearer the clothes pole, Big Red flattened his ears and growled.

"He knows me!" Cleet cried. "It's him, by God! I remember when he froze that ear. Still alive and killing chicks!"

"Not here," William said. "Perhaps because I feed him."

The cat's unblinking stare was a challenge—or so Cleet took it. His reaction was to stride to his car and from the floor lift a rifle in its scabbard.

William's movement made the bicycle creak. "Put that gun down!"

Cleet didn't know William was alive. He told Mrs. Endicott. "I'll save you killing that red outlaw, Louise. I've owed him this a long time." He flipped off the scabbard.

As the gun came up, Mrs. Endicott cried, "No, Cleet!" knowing she couldn't stop him. Then William sprang forward on the bike, driving himself at Cleet like a projectile. Cleet yelled, dodged the bike by inches, and William reversed it in its own length. As the machine whipped back, Mrs. Endicott thought Cleet was going to shoot, but as she screamed his name, he swung the gun like a club.

The blow should have knocked William's head off, but the bicycle reared like a frightened horse, twisted toward Cleet on one wheel—Cleet howled and went down under William and the machine. William was up at once and, when Cleet scrambled to his feet, attacked in silent, savage fury.

CLEET gave ground, then took two blows to strike one. William stumbled to his knees. When he came up, Cleet met him, and William hit the ground hard, got up dazedly, and walked into Cleet's fist. William spent some time on hands and knees, shaking his head dazedly. Mrs. Endicott saw that he was going to stand up again, like a stubborn fool, so she picked up the rifle and fired a shot into the air.

When Cleet looked at her, she said, "That's enough."

Cleet shrugged.

William told him hoarsely, "Get out of here!" shambling forward unsteadily.

"If you hit him again, Cleet, I'll shoot a leg from under you," said Mrs. Endicott calmly.

Backing away from William, Cleet goggled at her. She was not a woman who made windy threats.

William came on more briskly, growling, "Get in your car and go!"

"You'd better," said Mrs. Endicott. "He's awful stubborn."

Cleet's face was red. "Do you know what this means, Louise?"

She nodded. "I'm sorry, Cleet. I guess I knew all along, but I wasn't sure if—And when I was sure of that, I wasn't sure of myself again."

Cleet made an angry, inarticulate sound, got in the car, and drove away.

William wiped blood from his mouth and looked at his fingers. "I'm not a very good fighter," he said mildly. "I'd have taken a bad beating, only for you."

"Pooh," said Mrs. Endicott happily. "Grandmother used to help Grandfather fight off Indians. It's kind of natural."

William glanced at his bike. "The wheel's wrecked."

"Be thankful it wasn't worse." Mrs. Endicott made her voice as casual as his. "You can ride my black mare. You'll learn quickly."

"I've been riding that reddish horse for some time."

"The sorrel?" She gaped at him, then said irrelevantly, "I just wanted you to stand up to him. I had to know *that* much about you. But the sorrel! Is there anything you can't do?"

"Yes, ma'am," William said. "I don't know if—that is, whether—" He bogged down under Mrs. Endicott's smile, slight as it was, and tried again. "I should tell you. That first night I woke and started thinking; I sneaked out and punctured my front tire. I didn't know the other was flat."

Mrs. Endicott decided against telling him she had let the air out of the rear tire, just yet. She said, "You'd better start by calling me Louise."

"Louise. Louise, Louise." He made a song of it.

"Next, I think," she began, and then she discovered something else William could do, and do remarkably well for a man who had lived in a vacuum. After they had stood motionless for some time, the red tom slid down the clothes pole and began arranging his fur. THE END

DOCTORS IN AN UPROAR

Continued from page 21

consumption at a profit for himself. Assuming the truth of all these allegations, add them up—then multiply by two—and we still are for him!"

Fishbein is sixty years old, son of an Austrian immigrant whose first job in this country was selling hardware. He worked his way through the University of Chicago and Rush Medical College, taking lecture notes in shorthand and selling them to classmates. By 1912, when he received his M.D., he was ghost-writing for doctors and doing editorials for the A.M.A. Journal. The following year he became assistant editor of the Journal and has stuck with the A.M.A. ever since, becoming editor in 1924.

The fact that he is a doctor who never practiced medicine gives his adversaries something to harp on. Fishbein takes it philosophically. "I've got a stethoscope at home," he casually remarks. Actually he knows more medicine—at least from the technical side—than most practicing physicians and can reel off abstruse medical lingo, from *āaā* to *zymosis*, with incredible facility.

A Busy Nonpracticing M.D.

In addition to editing the Journal, Fishbein has written 21 books, edited seven others, writes 12 to 15 popular magazine articles a year, delivers six or eight lectures a month, conducts medical columns in two magazines, writes a daily syndicated column for 28 newspapers, is medical editor of the Encyclopaedia Britannica, and a member of one of the technical advisory committees for the Atomic Energy Commission. Some refer to him, simply, as "Mr. Medicine."

His outside work has occasionally brought squawks from medicos who feel that he has cashed in on his connection with the A.M.A. to run a three-ring medical circus. It is whispered that Fishbein's outside activities double the $25,000 the A.M.A. pays him—and he would be the last to deny it. Yet his critics are sobered by the fact that, devoted to the A.M.A., Fishbein has refused salary raises for the last 15 years and turned down a private job paying $100,000.

His Modern Home Medical Adviser, a folksy tome which has sold over 1,000,000 copies, stirred the wrath of the New York County Medical Society in 1942. Doctors charged that the volume was being promoted as an aid to self-medication, which, along with faith healing and nonpayment of bills, is anathema to professional medicine. Fishbein killed all objectionable promotion but insisted, "Ridiculous! It doesn't give them anything but first aid."

Four times the anti-Fishbein forces have mobilized at A.M.A. annual sessions. Each time the redoubtable editor has landed not only feet first but with garlands on his shoulders. A New Jersey attempt to clip his wings in 1938 resulted in the House of Delegates expressing its "full confidence and respect for the editor of the Journal" and bidding him "Godspeed in going forward in the splendid work he is doing."

An ouster attempt by California delegates in 1944 was beaten 144 to 9, and a repeat attempt in 1945 failed by 106 to 60. Finally in 1946 the House of Delegates decided to quell the clamor by a painless Fishbeinectomy.

It set up a new Public Relations Section to be the A.M.A.'s official mouthpiece, and anti-Fishbein forces went home feeling that Mr. Medicine was muzzled at last. Within a year Fishbein had delivered himself of his biggest mouthful of all, a 1,226-page history of the A.M.A., weighing six pounds.

The new Public Relations Section, masterminded by a worthy professional, Raymond Rich, died just as the A.M.A. was celebrating its 100th birthday at Atlantic City in June, 1947. Rich had insisted that the A.M.A. abandon its "negativistic" viewpoint. He demanded a social outlook and progressive action toward meeting the nation's health needs.

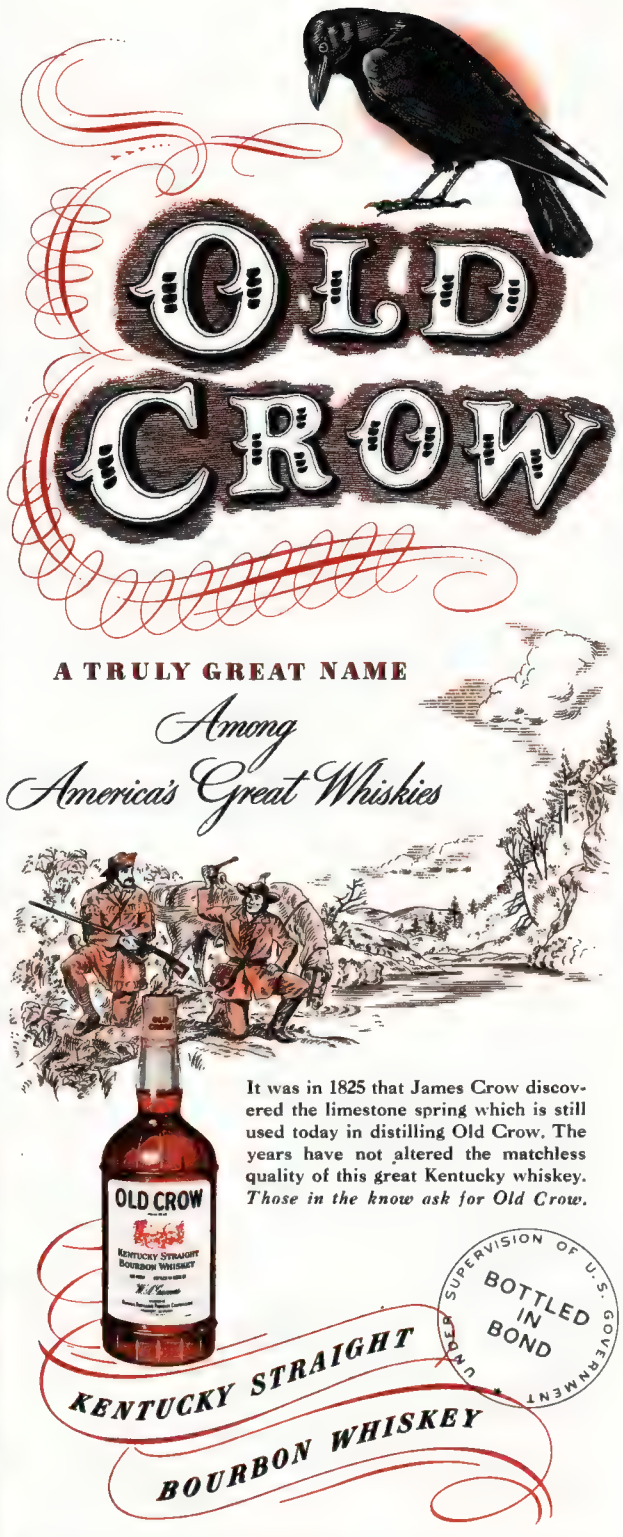
When the A.M.A. refused to follow the course Rich charted, he resigned. "I did what any doctor would do when the patient refuses to heed his advice," Rich comments. "I withdrew from the case."

Fishbein slipped again into the driver's seat and is now taking the curves on two wheels with the reckless abandon of yore. He is sputtering out his 10,000 to 15,000 words a week for all manner of publications, orating in public halls, debating on the radio, and fast becoming a fixture on television. A Public Relations Section still remains at the Chicago headquarters, and if you look hard you can find it.

Busier than ever these days, what with A.M.A.'s all-out war on national health insurance, Fishbein flashes all over the country and is virtually a commuter on the 20th Century between New York and Chicago. He is likely to sit up until two in the morning playing gin rummy in the diner, and in moods of triumph he calls his opponent, "Comrade!" A kibitzer,

"I wish you could see the string beans I grow in a box on my window sill, back in the city"

COLLIER'S — SIDNEY HOFF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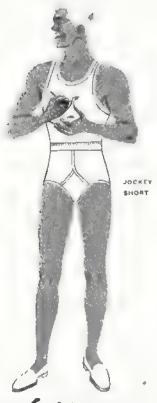

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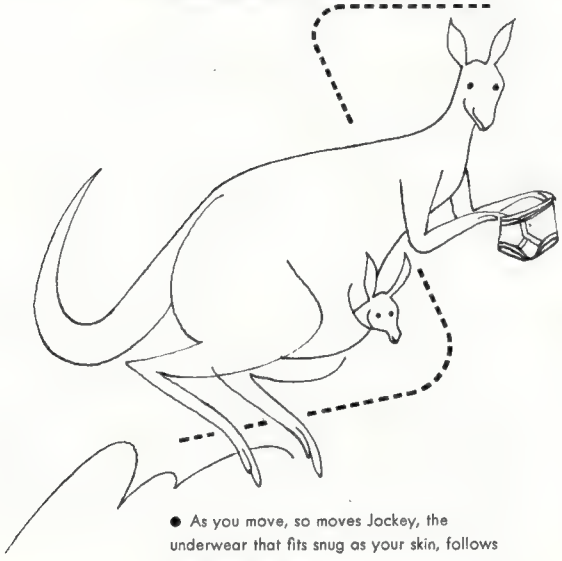

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knowing Fishbein's anathema for all the trappings of leftism, remarked, "Don't say that. It might be misunderstood."

Said Fishbein, with eyes a-bulge, "I just do it to frighten him!"

On these journeys Fishbein is himself all the health insurance dining-car waiters need. He had a hand tumor removed for one of them, cataracts fixed for another, and patiently listens to their medical woes while ordering his dinner. "Nothing is too good for Doctor Fishbein!" one waiter said, alerting the kitchen to dish up its best.

"I suppose the government would give these fellows medical service like I give them!" Fishbein mutters.

Giving Genius Due Credit

When Fishbein came to the A.M.A. in 1913 it had 80 employees, was worth about $1,000,000, and its Journal had 45,000 subscribers. Today it has 800 employees, is worth $8,000,000, and the Journal circulation is 140,000. Even his enemies attribute much of this growth to Fishbein's singlehanded genius and incredible energy.

The Journal, a professional weekly, has more circulation than all other weekly medical journals in the world combined. Its runner-up is the British Medical Journal with 65,000. Foreign countries gobble it up to keep abreast of American medicine, and in Holland it sells more copies than any Dutch journal. "I don't like to brag, but it's the world's best medical magazine," Editor Fishbein comments.

As the A.M.A.'s meal ticket, the Journal supports a good many losing activities such as the Quarterly Cumulative Index Medicus. Each issue of this learned guide to medical literature, which is neither quarterly nor cumulative, costs about $100 to produce and sells for $15. It has lost some $780,000 (from Journal profits) since 1917. It is now coming out every six months, noncumulatively.

The Journal makes possible other profitless publishing ventures including Hygeia, the A.M.A.'s health magazine for laymen; nine specialty journals such as the Archives of Ophthalmology, and an immense American Medical Directory listing capsulated information about doctors all over the country. For the latter, the A.M.A. maintains an index file on the 200,000 licensed U.S. doctors (including 2,000 it has lost track of and carries as "missing"). It is now starting a punchcard system with every doctor serial-numbered.

Sober and scientific, the Journal is filled mainly with doctors' articles on medical research. The Fishbein touch is felt in its outspoken editorials and in a folksy column he writes called Dr. Pepys' Diary, famous for its earthy anecdotes.

In its editorials, the Journal has sounded the pitch pipe of A.M.A. attitudes on medical issues of the day. When, in 1932, the Committee on the Costs of Medical Care came out in favor of voluntary health insurance and group medical care, a sizzling Journal editorial branded the notions "Socialism, Communism, inciting to revolution." The committee was headed by Dr. Ray Lyman Wilbur, whose record for "Bolshevism" included presidency of the A.M.A. in 1923 and Secretaryship of the Interior under Herbert Hoover.

In its rush to sell voluntary health insurance today, the A.M.A. may blush a bit at what seems to be a reversal of position. "Times and conditions have changed. We'd be stupid if we didn't change, too," Fishbein explains.

In 1937 the A.M.A. turned its wrath upon the Group Health Association, some 2,500 government employees in Washington who set up a group medical-care plan in collaboration with local doctors. Complete medical care was offered for an annual fee of $39.60 per family. Even before the plan started, the Journal warned: "Physicians who sell their services to an organization like Group Health Association for resale to patients are certain to lose professional status."

In 1938 the federal government indicted the A.M.A. and its local body, the Medical Society of the District of Columbia, on charges of violating the anti-trust laws. It claimed that Washington doctors who joined the Group Health Association were threatened with expulsion from the Medical Society, that they were barred from hospitals, and that other doctors were forbidden even to consult with them. Individual defendants who were indicted, including Fishbein, were found innocent. But the A.M.A. was fined $2,500 and the local society $1,500.

Fishbein has always regarded this action as a personal crusade against him by the then Assistant Attorney General Thurman Arnold. "Arnold considered the case a flop," Fishbein relates. "Even after the government won he told his associates, 'The whole thing is a failure—we didn't get Fishbein!' "

Enemies of A.M.A. accuse it of last-ditch opposition to new modes in medical care. They charge it with trying to wreck the Dallas Medical & Surgical Clinic, the Ross-Loos Medical Group in Los Angeles, the Co-operative Community Hospital in Elk City, Oklahoma, and co-operative health-insurance groups in Little Rock, Milwaukee, Chicago and New York.

Last January 5th, the New York County Medical Society, in a mood of self-examination, editorialized in New York Medicine, its official publication:

"Ten years ago there was in the medical profession an indiscriminate condemnation of any participation in non-profit, voluntary prepayment medical-care insurance plans.

"Twenty years ago the same standard attitude was taken when Governor (Alfred E.) Smith advocated the medical provisions of the Workmen's Compensation Law. In both instances, the medical profession, as is to be expected, incurred public suspicion of self-interest. Allowing for a reasonable number of exceptions, this generalization is a safe one."

A.M.A. Tactics Criticized

Raymond Rich, after his exhaustive analysis of A.M.A. public behavior (at A.M.A. expense), concluded, "There is a continuous record of rear-guard fighting—and then hopping on the band wagon at the last minute, when they see they are licked."

The A.M.A. smarts at such charges. It opposed voluntary health insurance, it contends, only when the plans were slipshod and unable to deliver what they promised. It warmly endorses them now that they are shipshape. It opposed certain group setups because they denied the patient a "free choice of doctors," which threatened to bring inadequate, bureaucratic medical care—or what the A.M.A. once called "medical soviets." It has protected America from crackbrained, half-baked schemes and takes credit for keeping U.S. medical standards the highest in the world.

As one A.M.A. spokesman put it, "The organization is conservative. It plays a delaying game until the best solutions to problems are worked out."

America can thank the A.M.A. for the scientific work it does, for protecting us from phony medicines and quack doctors—for keeping the skirts of American medicine clean. Much of the scientific work is grouped into a Division of Therapy and Research headed by careful, competent Dr. Austin Smith. In this division are councils of leading medical men who pass upon medicines, foods and medical apparatus which come upon the market.

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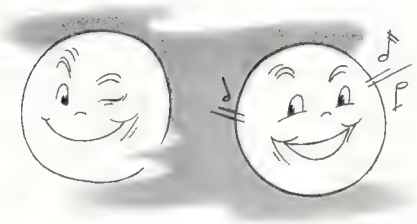

Then he rings

. . . if you ignore the light and don't shut him off, he gives out with a cheerful alarm that awakens the deepest sleeper.

NEW WESTCLOX ELECTRIC ALARM CALLS YOU TWO WAYS

Here's a new and completely different kind of electric "alarm"! The new Moonbeam calls you two ways. His first call is a blinking light that calls *you* silently when it's time to get up, without disturbing the rest of the family. But if you ignore the light and don't shut it off, Moonbeam sounds off with a cheerful, I-mean-business alarm that the deepest sleeper can't ignore! Moonbeam is a beauty, too: gracefully designed, handsome white plastic case, gold color trim — a remarkable value at only $9.95.

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CORY... a matter of

Good Taste

Taste the difference
Coffee's far more delicious brewed in *taste-free* glass, the Cory-way. No metallic taste—nothing but pure coffee flavor.

You can be sure it's clean
See it sparkle, see it shine—in seconds! And with Cory, the only All-Glass coffee brewer, there's no rubber to tug and scrub—no guesswork about cleanliness.

Yes—Cory glass is stronger too!
Only Cory glass is Flame-Tested by an intense blow-torch type heat-shock test. Cory glass is 250% more heat resistant than ordinary glass. Reinforced at all strain points . . . built to last for years, with reasonable care.

CORY *the only all glass coffee brewer*

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Also makers of the famous Cory Electric Knife Sharpener——Fresh'nd-Aire Fans, Air Circulators and Humidifiers

entitled to display the seals of approval of the respective councils—the Council on Pharmacy and Chemistry, the Council on Foods and Nutrition, the Council on Physical Medicine.

Rumors have arisen from time to time that a few thousand dollars placed in the right palms could bring A.M.A. approval. On investigation these usually can be traced to a manufacturer whose product was rejected and who, to save face, tells friends, "I wouldn't pay them $5,000—so I didn't get the approval." Among those who know the A.M.A. well, none doubts the integrity of the approval system. Even an archopponent commented, "I'd stake my life on the honesty of the A.M.A.'s acceptance of products."

Its integrity got it into hot water in the early 1900s when the Council on Pharmacy and Chemistry, formed in 1905, dared tell the truth about patent medicines and nostrums which were flooding the market. The A.M.A. was attacked as a "medical trust," and some of the commercial medicine makers formed the National League of Medical Freedom to fight it. Fortunately for sick Americans, the A.M.A. won.

To spur research, the A.M.A. set up a Therapeutic Trials Committee in 1946. Its purpose, says Dr. Smith, "is to bring together those with a new treatment proposal and those qualified to study it." It has recently sponsored a study of the effect of estrogens and androgens on cancer. In 1947 the A.M.A. Board of Trustees set aside $1,500,000 to support research projects.

Not to forget the man in the street, the association maintains a beaver-busy Bureau of Health Education under Dr. W. W. Bauer. Its radio program, Your

EATING—IN OR OUT

WITH CHARLOTTE ADAMS

TONY VENTI

Stuffed Lobster from Boone's Restaurant in Portland, Maine

HAVE you ever been to Boone's Restaurant down on the Custom Wharf in Portland, Maine? It's a big, square, pine-paneled place with red and white checked tablecloths and the tang of salt in the air. There's a little oyster bar in one corner and the friendliest waitresses I have ever encountered. Right outside the windows you can watch the barges and coal boats unloading their cargoes on the wharf. The atmosphere was just right for the treat I had in store.

Bill Northgraves, who lives in Portland, had promised he'd buy me a proper lobster luncheon when I visited there. He certainly came across, to such an extent that I could scarcely walk away from the table. This is what we had: Cups of lobster stew, pink on top, white below, with big chunks of the meat floating around. Next came clams fried in batter that made a dyed-in-the-wool New Englander sit up and take notice; *then* a two-pound stuffed broiled lobster, cooked according to Bill's special instructions, which I am giving you here. He's a great cook and gourmet, as you'll find out if you try the recipe at Boone's or at home.

Dinners or luncheons range in price from $4 for broiled live lobster to $1.75 for a sea-food plate. No liquor is served.

STUFFED BAKED OR BROILED LIVE LOBSTER

1 pound-and-a-half lobster
½ cup bread crumbs
liver (or tamale) of lobster, chopped
½ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
2 tablespoons drawn butter
Dash cayenne

Split live lobster. Clean out cavity, reserving liver for stuffing. Brush cavity with melted butter. Mix bread crumbs, liver, Worcestershire, drawn butter and cayenne and toss lightly, as for poultry stuffing. Fill lobster cavity with this and let crumbs cover body meat. Bake 20 minutes in 375° oven. Place under broiler five minutes. Serve at once with drawn butter in separate dish. Serves one.

If you wish to receive this Stuffed Lobster recipe printed on a file card, send self-addressed, stamped envelope to Collier's Food Editor, Box 17, 250 Park Avenue, New York 17, New York. Start your collection of Collier's Food Recipes now.

Health Today, is heard weekly over 140 stations. The bureau gets out all manner of health literature and keeps a battery of girls busy answering 10,000 health questions a year.

A high-school boy wrote in for "a diet that will improve my ability at mathematics." Dr. Bauer replied—"A *multiplication* of all kinds of good food, *divided* into three meals a day, *plus* plenty of milk, and *minus* any silly notions."

The answer wasn't that easy, however, when one woman wrote in for a "physical examination by mail," enclosing her nude photograph.

The Council on Medical Education and Hospitals, headed by Dr. Donald G. Anderson, keeps tabs on medical schools. The association's very inception stemmed from a medical-school scandal of the 1840s, when students could get a degree in six weeks and their tuition was divvied up by the faculty. The A.M.A. has been gunning for diploma mills ever since. Today there are 78 medical schools in the United States, all on the A.M.A.'s *approved* list. The last was approved only six months ago.

Anderson's council also checks hospital standards, currently registering 6,200 which meet A.M.A. requirements. Some 500 others have applied but remain "unrecognized."

In its statistical department, the A.M.A. maintains an undoubted wizard, Frank G. Dickinson, former economics professor at the University of Illinois. Dickinson (daddy of the famed Dickinson's Football Ratings) heads the Bureau of Medical Economic Research. He rounds up figures on the nation's health, or lack of it, and pits them against those of Oscar Ewing's Federal Security Administration, which is pushing the proposal for national health insurance which A.M.A. is fighting.

No council or bureau in the A.M.A.'s intricate web has been busier than the Bureau of Investigation—the A.M.A.'s "private eye." It stalks medical phonies, knaves and charlatans. Editor Fishbein refers to that part of the Journal where the bureau makes its reports as "the sporting page." He comments, "Some people hunt the whole duck. We just hunt the quack."

Trap for a Scalp Specialist

During the 1920's the A.M.A. went gunning for a New York "professor" who advertised himself as an "internationally renowned specialist on ailments of hair and scalp." He did business by mail order, simply asking the customers to mail in a few hairs. He would not only make a diagnosis by microscopic examination, the professor assured them, but would also prescribe a "Course of Home Treatment" calculated to "stop loss of hair, and actually grow strong, new hair."

Dr. Arthur J. Cramp, heading the Bureau of Investigation at the time, answered one of the professor's ads, enclosing some hairs from a woman's fox fur coat. A few days later the professor wrote back, "I have analyzed the specimens of hair you sent to me. A microscopic examination discloses that the roots are in a seriously undernourished condition. You are in grave danger of continuous and increasing loss of your hair, but it can still be saved by prompt treatment."

Treatment was offered for $20.

Finally, Dr. Cramp sent in some strands of twine. He was not surprised when the same word-for-word diagnosis came back after the professor's "microscopic examination."

A.M.A.'s most spectacular quarry was the late John R. Brinkley, the fabulous "goat gland doctor" of Kansas. Brinkley, a little man with a goatee and rock-sized diamond rings, ran up a million-dollar income, part of which was from goat-gland transplants on waning males. At one time he owned three yachts and drove a red, sixteen-cylinder Cadillac with his name on it in thirteen places including the hubcaps.

At the height of his career Brinkley ran for governor of Kansas, promising, among other things, more rainfall. "If I am elected," he said from his radio truck, "I will build a lake in every county in Kansas. The water will be evaporated from these lakes and pour down as gentle rain."

The A.M.A. relentlessly attacked and exposed Brinkley's medical empire. Finally Editor Fishbein and Brinkley locked horns in the courts in 1939, Brinkley charging that he was libeled in an article in A.M.A.'s Hygeia entitled Modern Medical Charlatans. Brinkley lost the case. His fabulous fortune evaporated under the A.M.A.'s hammering and he died a bankrupt in 1942.

Unscathed by Libel Suits

Fishbein is proud of the many libel suits the A.M.A. has defended in its fight against quackery. With a crusader's glow he declares, "I've been sued for $35,000,000 and never lost a cent!" This is true for Fishbein personally, but cannot be said of the A.M.A. The A.M.A. did lose a cent—precisely *one cent.*

The loss was suffered in 1916. The Journal had struck out, with its customary sledge-hammer touch, against an herb-and-alcohol preparation advertised for "any sort of female trouble." This was supposed to, among other things, "lift up a fallen womb." In court an A.M.A. witness said disdainfully, "You could no more tighten ligaments in the human body by taking a mixture of alcohol and herbs internally than you could restore the elasticity to a pair of garters by soaking them in whisky." For its indelicate attack the A.M.A. was assessed damages of one penny.

The files of the A.M.A. Bureau of Investigation contain over 400,000 cards on patent medicines, quack gadgets, medical fads and other hokum. Among devices attacked by the A.M.A. have been a "sanatology blower" touted to "dry clean the entire system," a "sleeping brassière" for reducing amplitudinous busts, a "celestial bed" guaranteed to cure sterility if a couple slept in it, a tapeworm trap, a dimple maker, and a metal hat with a red light inside called the "Hair Grower."

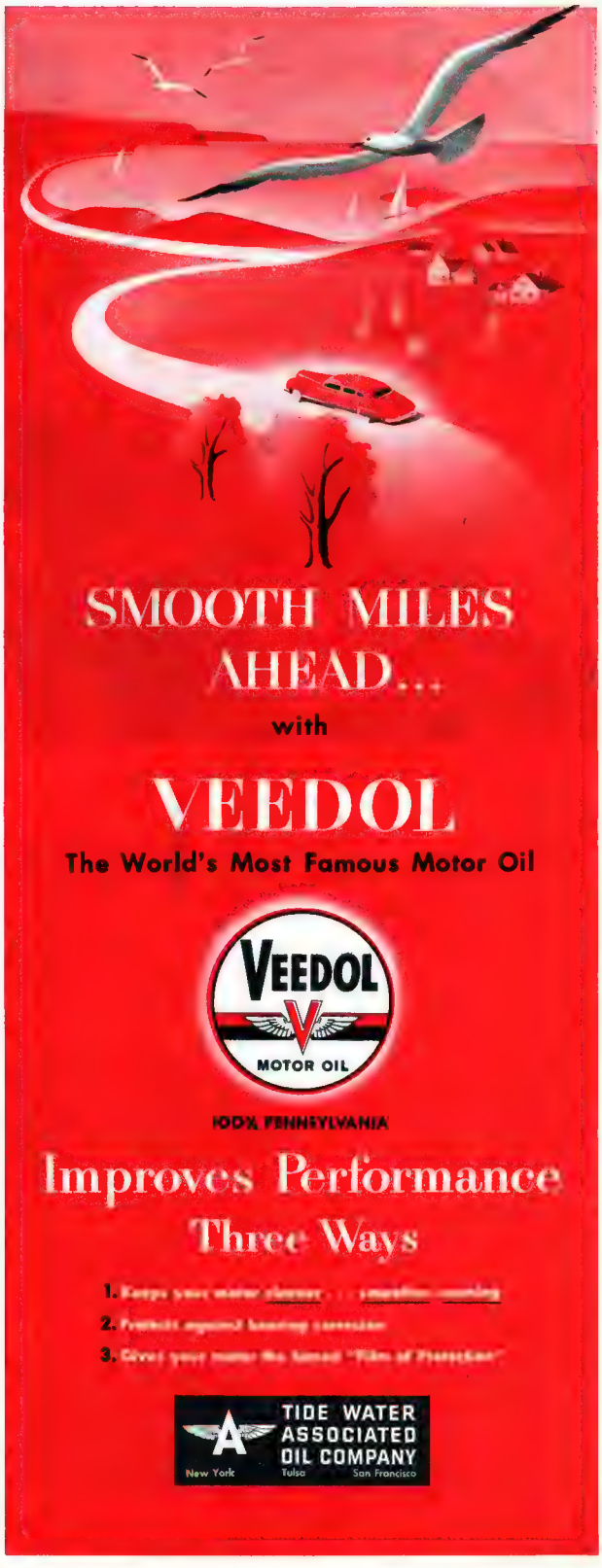
Editor Fishbein is today hot on the trail of "cancer quacks" and is hawkishly scanning the horizon for "atomic quacks."

He also keeps fighting what he calls the "cults"—the homeopaths, osteopaths, chiropractors and naturopaths. Sometimes they fight back. Recently he got a letter from a naturopath addressed, "Dr. Morris (Quack) Fishbein."

On four occasions the A.M.A. has sent out general alarms to protect the public. In 1937 it warned of an elixir of sulfanilamide with poisonous ingredients which had reached the market (and killed nearly 100 people before all of it was rounded up). On other occasions it warned of poison in a hair-waving preparation, of the danger of getting cancer from a certain hormone cream, and, last February, of deadly poison in lithium chloride substitutes for salt.

Fishbein sends out these warnings like a police chief sending out an eight-state alarm. He calls in his secretaries, his press staff, his editors and sputters orders with dizzy speed—"Call in A.P. and U.P. . . . Get I.N.S. . . . Run this over to NBC, CBS, ABC, Mutual . . . Get New York on the phone . . . Call the papers . . . Get me Washington!"

After all, the nation's health is involved. And there's nothing, Fishbein insists, that is nearer and dearer to the heart of the A.M.A. than that. THE END



EXIT CUE

By IDA LUPINO

ILLUSTRATED BY PAUL C. BURNS

HALDANE TOMS entered the stage door of the Century Theater, where Life Among the Robinsons was going into its one thousand, one hundred and nineteenth performance. He walked down the dim passage to his dressing room. Through the partially opened door of Alice Markham's room he heard voices.

"I'm sure something's wrong," Alice was saying. "Why do you suppose our beloved author and director are both out front tonight after all these years? Cravens and Potter haven't been near us for absolute ages. Not since last Christmas when Potter did away with all the Scotch."

Haldane Toms waited, ashamed of eavesdropping but disquieted by the sense that somehow the unannounced visit affected him. The next words he heard confirmed his premonition. Fay Lansing—she played Mother Robinson—was answering Alice between puckered lips as she gave a final touch to her mouth.

"Maybe Cravens thinks we're wandering from the true gospel of his golden pen. The gossip around the Players Club is that Potter's thinking of replacing Haldane."

As though from a great distance Haldane heard the warning of the callboy: "Ten minutes!"

"And he's right, dear," Fay purred on. "Haldane is much too old now to get away with it. His voice definitely isn't what it was, you know." Somewhere above, a door opened and Haldane heard steps coming down the iron stairs to the stage. That would be Diana, who was on at rise of curtain. Numbly, Haldane groped through the passage to room number 10. Inside, he switched on the lights.

Here was his real home—a room of simple, familiar things. It was to this room he had returned that opening night nearly three years ago with the applause still sweet in his ears. Afterward, there had been Christmas parties and birthdays here, with the whole company laughing and singing songs. Haldane looked at himself questioningly in the mirror over the make-up table. Too old? It was the question every actor must ask himself—or be asked by others who already knew the answer.

Presently, he heard the first burst of applause. The curtain was up. He slapped on the grease paint and raced into his costume. Despair became a panicky wish to make all of them out there forget he was too old. For generation after generation there had been Tomses in the theater. To Haldane, the world of ordinary people seemed remote. He wouldn't know what to do with himself in that world. As he made his way to stage right for his entrance, he passed two other members of the cast. Self-consciously they stopped whispering, as he passed on his way to the wings. He returned their stares coldly and braced himself for whatever the next two hours might bring. He heard his cue and strode boldly into the brightly lighted universe of the Robinson Family. He was Philip Robinson now—and his actor's art hid every trace of the real Haldane Toms.

Not even during the second act, when he played his big scene with Fay Lansing, did he falter. Not for anything would he let her know that, tonight, the make-believe covered fear. He was aware that somewhere out in the shadowy void beyond the footlights were two pairs of coldly critical eyes, fastened only on him. Mr. Cravens and Mr. Potter. By the third act, every member of the cast knew that tonight was a play within a play, that one of them was fighting for his life. The easy detachment, the automatic approach born of a three-year run gave way to a curious excitement.

At last, the play was over. The curtain was down, then up again. The company took its bows with the usual mock humility. During the last curtain call, Alice Markham whispered, "Nice performance, Hal." What beautiful words those were, coming from an old trouper like Markham. And on that final bow, he was sure he saw Cravens and Potter smiling up at him. Haldane smiled back. The fear was gone.

Back in his dressing room, he grinned as he wiped the make-up off. The turmoil of the last few hours had left a nice, quiet, empty feeling in his stomach. He had that gnawing, eleven-o'clock hunger so well known to actors. There was a quick knock on the door.

The callboy stuck his head in and said, "The company manager wants to see you." Haldane finished dressing. The fear was back.

IT WAS still there as he stood in front of Mr. Bond's desk. The manager came around the desk and placed an arm over Haldane's shoulder. "We're just going to have to replace you, Hal. I hate to do it, but you're really too old for the part."

Haldane Toms blinked to hold back the tears. "But I'm only ten years old, Mr. Bond, and—"

"I know, Hal," Mr. Bond said, "but the part was written for a seven-year-old and you've just grown too old for it."

The weight of his years, the burden of his heritage lay heavily on Hal's slender shoulders. Proudly, accepting that heritage, he thrust out his hand.

"Yes, sir," he said, and he turned slowly from the desk.

On his way down the long staircase, a sudden memory rose to comfort him. He thought of his beautiful mother, who had been a star. He could hear her voice as she told him the story. "It was many years ago, and I thought I was through for good. They told me I was too big to play Alice in Wonderland any more . . ."

Haldane was no longer lonely. THE END

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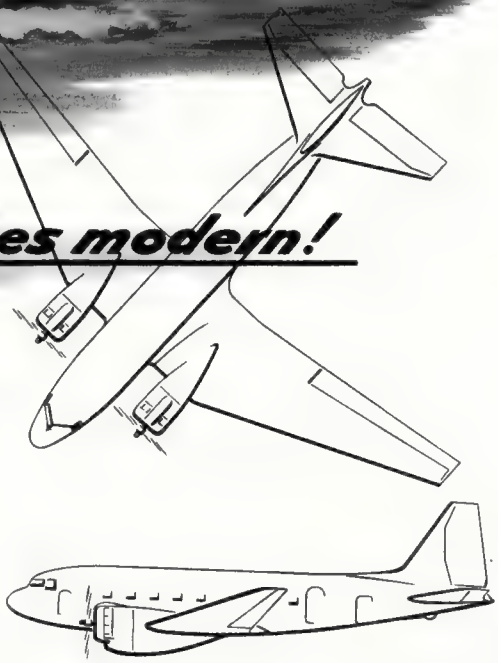

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MAN WITH THE MILLION-DOLLAR GLITTER

Continued from page 20

that he lost count of the times he was bounced off.

Finally reaching Vienna, he found that the royal gentleman was living in a farmhouse 30 miles outside the city. It took him a week's finagling to lay his hands on a rattletrap car and a few gallons of gas.

He arrived safely at the farm and, returning to Vienna that night, got through to Winston.

"Harry," he said, "that nobleman *had* an heirloom and showed me the documents to prove it. But what I saw was glass—it was a pendant from a crystal chandelier. He doesn't know a diamond from a ton of coal, so someone must have pulled a fast one."

Though the junket cost Winston $3,000, he recalls it without the anguish you might expect. In fact, when his disgusted appraiser broke the news, he burst into one of those wild laughs that now and then disturb the serenity of his headquarters, a palatial, reconverted town house on New York's East Fifty-first Street.

Harry Winston, founder and president of Harry Winston, Inc., can well afford a $3,000 laugh on himself. He recently bought the Evalyn Walsh McLean jewelry collection, including the famous Hope diamond, which has been valued at from $154,000 up to $2,000,000. His successful hunts for precious stones have produced a collection of big gems said to be second only to the English crown jewels. He buys diamonds, emeralds, rubies, sapphires and pearls at a $15,000,000- to $20,000,000-a-year clip. He owns two factories where rough jewels are cut, polished and set in platinum rings, bracelets, brooches and necklaces that women see once and never forget. His wholesale business runs into the millions and he supplies cut stones to big Fifth Avenue stores as well as to small retailers up and down America's Main Streets.

Winston's gem scouts operate in almost every civilized and uncivilized country, and he is probably the world's most formidable bidder for collections of precious jewelry. His purchases net everything from an old-fashioned tortoise-shell hair comb to a million-dollar necklace set with Aztec emeralds and dating, in its present setting, from the Spanish Inquisition.

Winston is a vital, stocky man who stands less than five feet five. His hair is flecked with gray, but he looks considerably younger than his fifty-or-so years. You will never see his likeness in a Man of Distinction ad. He never allows himself to be photographed in fullface or profile. He requires such risky insurance that only Lloyd's of London will handle it. Though he never totes around jewelry, Lloyd's worries about stick-ups and forbids pictures that clearly identify him.

Ignored Bankers' Warnings

Harry has never been held up, but once he got a bad scare. When he was just another young dealer scurrying around to make an honest million, he left a Wall Street bank with two $50,000 diamonds in his pocket. He had refused a guard and ignored the headshaking of bank officials. Outside the bank, before he could look around for suspicious characters, he felt a hard nudge in his back. His stomach plummeted and he froze to the sidewalk. After what seemed a couple of hours, he managed to turn his head. Behind him stood a bleary, sorrowful figure.

"All he wanted was a nickel for coffee," Winston chuckles. "I gave him a dollar when I really wanted to kill him."

Since there aren't enough fine-quality jumbo-size gems and famous jewels to go around, Harry works like a dynamo to corner them ahead of the two dozen men who consider themselves his biggest competitors. His overseas phone calls average seven a day to the world's lapidary centers—London, Antwerp, Amsterdam, Paris, Vienna, Rome, Bombay and Rio de Janeiro. He makes about a dozen foreign trips a year, most of them sudden and secret.

On a recent Monday he received a phone call at 3:00 P.M. and left his office half an hour later. His staff didn't see him the next day, but at nine Wednesday morning he breezed in. He blithely announced that he had just come back from London, where he'd had a "command audience" with an Indian prince who wanted to sell some surplus gems. Winston flew over, negotiated with His Highness at noon and caught the return plane that night.

The Elusive Vargas Diamond

Quick emergency trips are all part of the jewel-hunting game to Winston. Several years ago he read a two-line newspaper item reporting the discovery of a huge diamond in Brazil. He was on a plane to Rio within an hour. On arrival, he found that the stone had been sold to a dealer who had shipped it to Antwerp just before he landed. Harry caught a faster ship, took one look at the now famous 726.6-carat Vargas diamond before it came up for sale in Antwerp, and bought it before the greatest gem dealers in Europe could pick up their lenses—a bargain at $700,000.

Among Winston's biggest headaches are people who know nothing about precious stones and think that any heirloom is worth several pots of gold. Not long ago he flew to the deep South to inspect a lavish bar pin which had been locked in a bank vault for 57 years. Lawyers told him the jewelry contained a large ruby which had been originally bought for $50,000. Harry glanced at it and reached for his hat.

"That stone was so phony I could spot it twenty feet away," he says. "Probably the pin was left for repair at some crooked jeweler's back in the nineties and the switch was made without the owner ever being the wiser."

To reverse that, a Middle Western lawyer once called him and said he was handling a will in which a few items of jewelry were mentioned. They didn't look like much, he added, but perhaps there might be something Winston would buy. Another wild-goose chase, Harry told himself as he arrived at the bank where the jewelry had lain for half a century. Before he left he had made out a check for $400,000. The old-fashioned dog collars, stomachers and bracelets contained a mine of large, flawless stones which the amazed attorney couldn't believe were real.

Winston's purchase of the Hope diamond, the 100-carat Star of the East and other gems in the late Mrs. McLean's collection marks one of the greatest triumphs of his career. For 18 months he carried on negotiations with her executor and trustees while practically every dealer and combine of dealers in the world were bidding against him. Harry topped them all with a figure that he refuses to name exactly, although he hints that it was nearly $1,500,000.

He laughs at the reminder that the 44½-carat Hope diamond—the unique sapphire-blue gem worn by the unfortu-

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nate ladies, Madame de Montespan, Marie Antoinette and May Yohe, and Mrs. McLean herself—is considered the unluckiest stone in history.

"I've seen dozens of so-called unlucky jewels," he says, "and I smile at stories about them. I bought the Hope diamond for what it is—the only one of its kind in the world. As for its bringing misfortune—that's just plain silly."

Winston attributes his success in bidding against competitors to his practice of studying his rivals' buying habits, tastes and brand of courage.

"Take a typical buy-the-lot sale," he says, "where there's a hodgepodge of precious and semiprecious stones and adornments of every kind. I go up to the big table and look at perhaps a million dollars' worth of what's now become merchandise. I estimate how high each of my competitors will go on the entire lot. Then I tack on something above the total and put in my bid. Sometimes I've been $30,000 and $40,000 over the next highest bid, but I don't let that worry me. I know what the stuff is really worth and I pay the price—cash."

De Beers Consolidated Mines, a powerful British syndicate, controls the world's rough-diamond supply and can, if it so desires, dish out or withhold stones with an arbitrary hand. This may or may not be the reason why Winston has already spent $250,000 on a mining expedition into the Grand Sábana of Venezuela, where his engineers have hit diamond-bearing gravel.

Harry's rivals in the trade concede that he does more gem business with Eastern princes than any other American dealer. A clever psychologist, he has a fair understanding of the Oriental minds of maharajas, maharanis and their aides. Long ago he learned that horoscopes rule their lives.

A few years ago he was about to close the sale of some blue and pink diamonds to an Indian nawab. After nine months' patient negotiating, the time came when he was told to telephone the prince's aide-de-camp in Bombay the next day for final confirmation of the deal. The call went through, but the connection was so bad that Winston had to hang up and try again a few hours later.

"Was I in a sweat!" Harry exclaims. "I was sure the delay would ruin the deal, and it did. I've had the same thing happen before. In only a couple of hours—minutes even—the celestial dope sheets can change and make it unlucky for an Indian to buy or sell gems within a certain period. I had to wait another four months before a propitious time rolled around again and His Highness was ready to buy the jewels."

Popular With Maharajas

Winston has a dozen standing invitations to visit the palaces of a dozen maharajas, but not just because he is a leading gem authority. He and his staff perform innumerable services which bring in nothing to him except the fun of guessing what the next request will be.

For example, when the Gaekwar of Baroda was in New York, he took a fancy to the steaks and special sauces prepared in a local restaurant. Later he went on to Boston, where his mouth watered at the memory of this succulent fare. He put a hurry call through to Winston and that night sank his teeth into some steaks flown up by one of Harry's men.

But Winston has not always hobnobbed with maharajas and the like. The son of a small retail jeweler in California and a mother who had her own taste for fine jewels, he came up the hard way.

He went into business for himself in New York shortly after World War I, and was working up to his first $30,000 when an employee wiped him out. He started afresh. By shrewd buying and consistent selling at a profit, he did so well that, in 1935, he was able to pay $800,000 for the enormous 726-carat Jonker diamond, largest since the great Cullinan find of 1905.

Throughout his career he has schooled himself never to be surprised at the funny or pathetic oddities of human beings. One Western widow he knows is passionately fond of gems, and comes to New York every year to buy rings and clips costing from $25,000 to $75,000 each. Whenever Harry asks her if he may not have the things sent to her hotel, she shakes her head very positively. Tugging at a simple gold-plated chain that encircles her neck and reaches into her bosom, she draws out a little chamois bag and carefully deposits her purchase.

A Visit to the Lady's Home

Winston often wondered if she were a jewel miser like some he has known. Some months ago he was passing through her home town and stopped off to pay her a visit. Obviously she had prepared carefully for the occasion. But her only jewelry was the familiar gold-plated chain Harry had seen so often.

"Oh, Mr. Winston," she greeted him, "I know you'll be pleased. In your honor I'm wearing *all* my jewels tonight."

She pulled at her neck chain and extracted from her bosom nearly a dozen of the little chamois bags. Her fingers moved lovingly from bag to bag.

"See, here's my emerald ring, and here's the ruby clip I got last year, and the black pearl earrings, and the . . ."

She stopped and looked at Harry, who was trying to hold in his laughter. Then slowly she began to smile. "Well, I suppose it *does* seem funny to you, but I love my jewels so much I don't dare display them. Nobody sees them under my dress, but *I* know they're there, and they thrill me."

Winston never passes up any lead, however unlikely, that might result in the sale or acquisition of precious stones. Early this year he received a letter written in a girlish hand. In effect, the missive said that the writer had seen a Winston ad showing a gloved hand over which was draped a bracelet. She admired it very much, and would like to have Mr. Winston send it to her C.O.D.

Winston assumed that the girl didn't know what she was looking at, but he couldn't be sure. So he got an agency to furnish background information about her. In a few days a solemn three-page report reached his desk. Investigators revealed that the subject was a nineteen-year-old sophomore in college and came from a well-to-do family that sent her a weekly allowance of $25. The local drugstore, dress shop and hairdresser averred that the girl's parents paid her bills promptly.

Harry chuckled when he read the report, and drafted the following letter:

"Dear Miss ——:

"We thank you for your inquiry about the bracelet we advertised and, according to your request, we are sending it to you via parcel post collect.

"Though the price of this bracelet was not advertised, we beg to advise you that it is one million dollars. We suggest that you have this amount ready for the postman when he delivers our shipment.

"Please be assured that we value your patronage and look forward to serving you again.

"Very truly yours,
"HARRY WINSTON, INC."

Harry roars with laughter when he recalls the incident. "Of course," he says, "I didn't send the bracelet, and I finally decided not to send *that* letter—it would have made her sore at us for life. And who knows? She might marry money or strike it rich and then buy everything from Cartier!"

And was it a million-dollar bracelet? It certainly was. THE END

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MEN'S FINE LEISURE WEAR
for leisure

Smartair's new array of leisure jackets scores a seasonal triumph in supple drape and comfort. In a choice of cooling colors and fabrics, these smartly-styled jackets blend naturally with Smartair's zephyr-weight slacks. (Jackets from $15.00; slacks, from $9.00.) Select your own leisure wardrobe now at your Smartair dealer's. Write for free style booklet.
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HAT 2 OZ.	3 OZ. HAT
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TIE ½ OZ.	22 OZ. BAG & GLOVES
UNDERWEAR 4 OZ.	20 OZ. UNDERWEAR
SOCKS 2 OZ.	¾ OZ. STOCKINGS
SHOES 29 OZ.	13 OZ. SHOES
TOTAL 4 LBS. 5½ OZ.	5 LBS. 1¾ OZ. TOTAL

Hat by Sally Victor
Dress by Larry Aldrich
Jewelry by Nettie Rosenstein
Bag by Pickel

BARTHOLOMEW

Now You Can Be Cooler Than She Is

New developments in fabrics, styling and tailoring will end the age-old complaints that the American male is a slave to agony and sloppiness in the summertime

By BERT BACHARACH

SUMMER wear for men has for years been gradually progressing toward ventilated perfection. The last decade has seen the greatest progress toward an ideal combination of style and comfort. Probably the recent war, during which the Quartermaster Corps had to outfit men for every conceivable climatic excess, was a stimulus. The Army set a precedent by admitting that a woolen strait jacket, from which nothing emerged but the face and hands, wasn't the most felicitous rig for a happy warrior.

But the Army's resultant shirt, pants and tie ensemble isn't every man's solution in civilian life. The average man still prefers to wear a jacket which can create some complimentary illusions, like broad shoulders and a small waist.

Jacket construction has been trained down until wool jackets weigh as little as 16 ounces, including shoulder pads and lining, etc. As for fabrics, manufacturers have put them through rigorous laboratory tests and they have stood up under the most trying weather conditions.

Cottons have grown virtually weightless, and the current crop of washable cotton suits has acquired one of wool's best characteristics through the development of a new process that prevents wrinkling. Seersuckers, cords and other cotton fabrics are now treated to resist mussing and, to a better degree, soiling.

Tropical worsted is still tops for all-round summer wear. Men choose it for its appearance, for its wearing qualities or just because they have a preference for wool. Worsted gabardine, which is also 100 per cent wool, is another pioneer summer fabric and a perennial favorite.

Descending the price scale, we encounter the comparatively new rayon and rayon acetate blend suitings that are light, cool and offer many new patterns and colors. Also, there's the rayon, cotton and mohair combination for cool wear. Many of them are wrinkle- and crease-resistant, and have no appeal to moths.

But a suit is only one part of the summer picture. Hats, shirts, shoes, ties and other accessories play important roles.

Hats, for instance, are an item that even the most conservative dressers are apt to abandon in summer. But they shouldn't. Not only is an excess of sun injurious to the head and scalp, but the temperature of the head affects the temperature of the entire body. So the man who wears a porous, zephyrweight hat will be degrees cooler and look a lot better as a result.

Lighter, more porous materials and neck construction that is less constricting have turned the summer shirt into an article of comfort instead of torture. Some have collars that are as comfortable

as those on sport shirts, yet are neat enough for street and business wear. Many summer shirts have collars that convert easily from open to buttoned. Another improvement is the collar with a neckband that tapers down to almost nothing in the front. This type of collar is immaculate and still provides the utmost in comfort.

Skip-dents and leno cloths are among the open-weave fabrics that most closely approximate no shirt at all. Scrims (mesh), batiste madras, rayon fuji and a dozen other light-as-air shirtings turn a very cool trick. Colors are on the march, too, with pastels like pink, corn and helio leading the parade. Patterns are creeping in, and it looks as if the all-white shirt dictatorship is meeting with strong opposition.

Since ties weigh so little in themselves, but do weigh heavily in other people's appraisal of your appearance, it's smart to wear one. They add a cheerful and colorful note, too, on depressing days.

Thanks to lightweight, porous weaves, your summer suit is as trim and dressy as wintertime regalia

Here's a keep-cool device that may not have occurred to you. Just keep your undershirt on. An absorbent fabric next to the skin adds immeasurably to your comfort. There's an endless choice of summerweight briefs and shorts available to go with the undershirts.

Shoe manufacturers are producing all kinds of footwear that are designed to keep your feet cool, loose and free. Perforated and braided leathers that allow air to circulate in the shoe are cases in point. They have the ease of an old slipper even at first wearing, yet hold their shape admirably.

SHAWE

Suits whose light color matches their light weight are perennially popular, available in many fabrics

Cotton or rayon cords (left) share the warm weather spotlight with ever-impeccable tropical worsteds

Buckskins, suèdes, and reverse calfs are cooler, lighter in weight, and smarter with summer clothes than the more conventional leathers. Even hosiery falls in step with the cooler-than-she trend. Mesh weaves, lighter yarns and ankle lengths are all important contributors to the cause.

The subject of equal rights for men, from the point of view of summer clothing, has always been a favorite topic of conversation. "Why," people query, "should the North American male, whose temperate climate turns near-tropical in the summer, swelter in his woolly wintertime cocoon while his womenfolk float serenely in the shadow of a parasol-sized hat, clad in gossamer-light clothes and shod in air-conditioned sandals?"

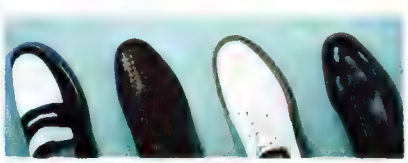
Rayon suits, cool, inexpensive, moth-repellent, are on the upswing. Above are two typical examples

And at last American clothing manufacturers have solved that problem. Without throwing off the shackles of convention, without sacrificing style, without discarding such necessary items of apparel as the coat, tie, hat and undershirt, a man can assemble a complete summer outfit that weighs less than his wife's. Our manufacturers have accomplished this by the simple device of shedding poundage through scientific construction and treatment. They have answered the question: "Why can't men dress sensibly in summer?" Men can. And without looking silly, too. THE END

Send your hot-weather clothing problems with a self-addressed stamped envelope to Men's Fashion Editor, Department MF, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

Don't abandon your hat. Featherweight headgear, made in porous weaves or felt is your biggest factor in the fight against heat. Here are three straws and a zephyr felt

The shirt of today feels like no shirt at all. Scrims, batistes, voiles, skip-dents, rayons all work midsummer magic, and come in the rainbow pastels that spell summer



Even shoes fall into step with the cooler-than-she trend. Designed for comfort are these brown-and-white moccasins; braided leather; white suède or buckskin; perforated

NICK LAZARNICK

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48 HAND OPERATIONS
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City Club Shoes are made the time-taking, extra-quality way, with 48 hand operations. Still, quantity production holds costs down. Join the Best Dressed Circle—be confident, comfortable, correct with shoes that consistently offer you the greatest value. City Club! Same high-quality in City Club Juniors for Boys. Ask your shoe dealer or write us.
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PETERS, DIVISION OF INTERNATIONAL SHOE COMPANY,
WORLD'S LARGEST SHOEMAKERS, ST. LOUIS 3, MO

AFTER THE MARSHALL PLAN—WHAT?

Continued from page 16

people need more food, more clothing and shelter—a marked rise in living standards. The job of helping can best be accomplished by the full use of American private venture capital and American skills. We have huge reservoirs of both.

The U.S. would benefit if the world were more industrialized. We're a make-and-sell nation, and our best customers abroad have always been other make-and-sell nations.

This program of substituting private venture capital for government aid is easy to say and difficult to bring about.

First we must recognize the fact that American private capital isn't venturing abroad in any substantial quantity. Three great fears hold it back: the fear of foreign politics and ideologies, the fear of restrictive controls on management, and the fear that its earnings will not be convertible to U.S. dollars.

The Menace of Confiscation

American business has had its fingers singed before by confiscation of its foreign holdings, by expropriation, by seizure of its assets without compensation.

Fascism and Communism alike have calmly gobbled up its properties and thumbed their noses at the outraged and helpless owners. It happened in Germany, in Russia, in Rumania; it's happened in a whole string of countries.

Today, the trend of the non-Communist world is toward Socialism. In Europe, one industry after another has been nationalized. Nobody knows which one may be next in the political turmoil. The "coup" is a popular method of tossing out one government and installing another. Maybe the new government will honor pledges given to foreign capital by the old regime, and maybe it won't.

A new nationalistic, "anti-foreign capital" spirit is rampant. We find it in Latin America; we find it almost everywhere, but the prime example is probably Asia. Asiatic people relieved the white man of his burden because they had unpleasant doses of "imperialistic" capital. Their new governments, in many instances, have come to power on anti-foreign capital platforms. The slogan has been "Throw the foreigners out; Asia for Asiatics."

Many countries have laws which in effect make it impossible for U.S. business to thrive. Private capital brought some of those laws cracking around its own head. It has written some ugly chapters of shameful exploitation.

There are laws discriminating against foreign technicians. There are special tax laws for foreign enterprises with rates at staggering levels. The welcome sign to foreign investment in much of the world is draped all over with "can dos" and "can't dos." Before it can go in the house, foreign capital must wipe its feet until it scrapes away the soles.

As for the third fear, let's be perfectly frank. Private capital isn't going anywhere outside the borders of the United States unless it thinks it can make more profit than it can at home and unless it can bring that profit back in dollars.

If other countries really want U.S. private capital they must take positive action to make it welcome. They have got to make it feel that it is absolutely secure, protected from seizure without compensation. Private capital is highly sensitive. Say so much as "boo" to it, and it runs in a panic. The American greenback is thin-skinned, intuitively dubious and suspicious.

Our diplomats must take the lead in making those facts plain. Our State Department has gone to work on it, trying to create a more favorable political climate for reception of our venture money. It is launched on a program of negotiating binding agreements with separate countries to protect American enterprise from seizure without compensation. It may take patient, persistent effort, but this guarantee should be included in all our trade and commerce pacts.

It would be only human and natural if our private capital ventured first into those countries whose governments subscribed to such agreements without hemming and hawing, stalling and hedging.

But no matter how successful we might be with such agreements, they would not be enough. The political turmoil of the world is too high-pitched. Those agreements should be augmented by positive government action. I would suggest two courses.

First, establish a government fund—on a mutual insurance basis—to guarantee American investors from seizure of their properties abroad. This would call for a government setup patterned along the lines of the Federal Housing Administration. FHA insures private bank loans for home purchase, and a small part of the interest charges goes into a mutual insurance fund to be used to underwrite loss.

The mutual insurance fund I propose would permit a private investor to borrow from the bank and have the money insured. The man who puts up his own money could have the same protection at the same rates. To come within the guarantee provision, the investor would have to submit his proposition for appraisal to the administrators of the fund just as does the man who seeks mortgage money through the FHA.

Second, create an incentive for American capital invested abroad through some form of tax inducement, perhaps by exempting at least a portion of its earnings from the federal income tax.

Though by these means government action might remove a good deal of capital's timidity about venturing abroad, capital will still be faced with the Big Fear Number Two: the managerial fear. How can we bring about the repeal or the modification of restrictive and discriminatory laws?

No Exploiting of Labor

Here again, our diplomats must come to the front for us, but there is plenty that American capital can do for itself. It can make it plain that it recognizes the need for truly protective laws for labor and that it is not out to exploit anybody.

The best way to do this is to enter into partnership with the nationals of other countries on a minority stock-interest basis. Where this has been tried, it has been largely successful. The most notable examples of such partnerships are in Latin America. With their own nationals owning the majority interest, those countries are inclined to look on enterprises in which Americans participate as "home-owned, local companies," and, in fact, that's what they are. So regarded, they are reasonably safe from discrimination on any count and are less likely to be seized without compensation.

What can we do about bringing American earnings from foreign investment back home in dollars?

I believe our government should guarantee such convertibility. Our Congress, through the ECA Act, has already accepted the principle that government should guarantee the convertibility of earnings in this transitional period of unbalanced world payments. A convertibility guarantee, in my opinion, is

as basic to the stimulation of venture capital in foreign fields as a guarantee of investments from seizure.

We already have a number of official agencies, such as the International Bank and the Export-Import Bank, extending loans for industrial and agricultural development. But it is not the responsibility of any one of them to inspire and promote the investment of American private venture capital abroad.

I propose broadening the functions of the Export-Import Bank to achieve that purpose. I would like to see the bank:

1. Administer the proposed government "mutual insurance" fund to guarantee American investors against loss through confiscation or nationalization.

2. Administer the devices to insure convertibility of earnings into dollars.

The complexion of the Export-Import Bank's present board of directors should be changed to include representatives of both labor and management as well as government. Labor representatives would go far in convincing the world that America is not thinking in terms of old-time grabbing and gouging imperialism. American labor talks the language of labor governments the best of any of us. And, because it is committed to the American brand of capitalism, it is labor which can best convince the peoples of other countries that our capitalism is not the exploiting, hard-fisted capitalism of old Europe.

Finally, to do a successful job of priming world modernization, the revamped Export-Import Bank should be manned and financed to explore the world for projects attractive to American capital. It could advertise them—in effect, operate a classified ad section of "business opportunities abroad." It could steer the man with an idea to a source of finance; it could steer vacationing capital to new opportunities.

The great advantage in using private capital for world recovery lies in the fact that our skills—managerial and technical—go right along with it wherever it goes. It's a one-package deal. If a program of world industrialization is going to get anywhere, it will need our skills as well as our dollars.

The bank would have the job of selling the world on the skills of America. Our skills are fortunately our most inexhaustible resource. Skill feeds upon itself, and its multiplication knows no end. But, traditionally, the American technician is not an economic soldier of fortune. It takes compelling inducement to lure him away from home where things have been good. So a division of the bank would work with scientific societies, with professional groups of technicians and, of course, with labor unions to interest "men of skill" in foreign opportunities.

In all its efforts the bank would work in close co-operation with the International Bank, with the United Nations and other agencies interested in world development. It would co-ordinate its entire program with theirs.

But I am not so naïve that I overlook forces which can upset a plan such as this. Today's world has forbidding overtones for private capital. We are a capitalistic country trying to lead a Socialistic world. And that's not easy. Frustration, disappointment and disillusionment are banshees which are certain to haunt us and rack at our nerves.

The prize question is: How long can a private economy keep on investing in a world which is more and more following the trend toward Socialism?

Drive for World Communism

No one has an answer to that one, but this much we know—we can't stand still. Communism, militant, messianic and conspiratorial, isn't standing still. It swashbuckles into power where it can; where it can't it sends missionaries of its atheistic gospel, plotting and contriving for power everywhere.

This puts us on the hook on two counts: First, the necessity of the hour compels us to give hope and relief to those peoples who still cling to their belief in democracy—making their faith more militant, more truly productive and more appealing in every sense than its adversary, Communism.

And second, as the great creditor nation of the world, we must strike a more even balance in our trade with the world. Because our imports are substantially less than our exports, we must make up the difference by exporting dollars.

I would concede that in my whole program I suggest a shocking departure from our past practices. But this is a world which embalms old habits somewhere every day. A few years ago, if anyone had seriously proposed that the United States give away five billion dollars in a year—as a matter of self-interest—he would have been regarded as a candidate for the booby hatch.

But we did just that. Tradition yielded to the compulsion of necessity.

The crucial problem today is that of conditioning the rest of the world to work with us on a recovery program underwritten by private enterprise. The time element is all-important. We should do it well in advance of the day when the ECA is no more.

Immediately, we should make it crystal-clear that there isn't going to be any more where ECA came from. We are asking nothing unreasonable in this transition from the handout to good business housekeeping.

I'm confident the world will realize that a private enterprise program is better than a dole. That is the ace among our arguments. It's an ace on the table and not in the hole. THE END

"Look, Miss Snyder, don't you give me any trouble. I just spent a very tough day at the breakfast table"

COLLIER'S — STANLEY BERENSTAIN

Look how this new

OPEN-WEAVE SHIRT FABRIC

keeps you cool . . .

You wouldn't wear a winter overcoat in July . . . why swelter in winter weight shirts? Breezy, feather-light shirts made of Dan River's special open weave fabrics will keep you cool and comfortable even if your office *isn't* air conditioned.

They're Sanforized* and color fast, of course. You'll find them on sale *right now* in good stores everywhere. Dan River Mills, Inc.

*Fabric shrinkage no more than 1%

FUTURES BY FISHER

Continued from page 28

with a total value of $20,000. There are no strings on these scholarships; General Motors puts up the money, but the boy chooses his school and his subject. While most of the winners have followed their natural inclinations and become engineers and designers, many have embarked upon successful careers in medicine, law, music and dentistry. One is an F.B.I. investigator. Another is a publisher. A third is studying for the priesthood.

The competition, which closes at midnight on July 1st, is open to every boy in the United States between the ages of 12 and 19, inclusive. There are two divisions, senior and junior, with identical awards for each division. Sons of General Motors officials, employees and dealers are eligible, but if one of them wins, a duplicate prize is awarded to the boy next in line.

This happened last year, when Tom Goad, son of a General Motors vice-president, won one of the $4,000 scholarships. A duplicate award was given to Ronald Johnson of Portland, Oregon, who cast his car in aluminum, the first time in guild history that this metal has been used for the entire model. Sons of other automobile manufacturers get in on the good thing, too; one of the junior scholarship winners two years ago was Vergil M. Exner, Jr., son of the chief designer for Studebaker.

Seven Sons of a Blacksmith

Since the competition was established in 1930 by the seven Fisher brothers, all of whom learned craftsmanship in their father's blacksmith shop in a little Ohio town, more than 2,000,000 boys have enrolled in the guild, and a surprisingly large percentage of them have submitted completed models. More than half a million dollars has been awarded in scholarships and other prizes.

The work of the guild has been endorsed by leading educators throughout the country. These men say that any boy who sticks to the job until he has completed a model, whether or not it wins a prize, has learned two of the most important factors of success—patience and persistence.

Patience and persistence, dogged and unremitting, are what it takes. Many long, tedious steps precede the completion of a scale model suitable for competition—numerous drawings to perfect the design, long hours of molding the clay model from which the final casting or carving is made, several coats of filler, each painstakingly sanded, and at least a dozen coats of paint, applied with great care.

A large proportion of guild competitors are poor boys who must make the best of whatever is available, and they show amazing ingenuity. A red toothbrush handle is sliced to make taillights. Buttons are carved to simulate headlights. A tin can yields snappy metal trimmings. Often tools must be improvised.

Out of all this toil and trouble have come many success stories in the genuine Horatio Alger tradition; the files of the guild contain hundreds of them.

Joseph Olafson, the son of immigrants from Iceland who came to the wilderness of western Canada to homestead, is an example. Joseph was eighteen, had been out of school for four years, and was working as a farm hand when he heard of the guild and enrolled. This was in the early days of the competition, when residents of Canada were eligible, and when the contestants were required to build instead of an automobile, a Napoleonic coach, the trade-mark of Fisher Brothers.

A Napoleonic coach is a strikingly handsome vehicle, but a scale model has 2,000 tiny parts and is extraordinarily difficult to build. Nevertheless young Olafson set to work, laboring nights under the light of a kerosene lamp. To get chisels, he ground down old files. He made a crude lathe with wooden bearings, and a nail for a spindle, which he turned with one hand while manipulating a cutting tool with the other. He broke up an old storage battery to get lead for metal trimmings.

His first coach won a regional prize and a trip to Detroit, the first time he had ever visited a large city. The following year, when he was barely under the age limit, he won a scholarship. But he couldn't pass the college entrance examinations, so he returned to high school, riding horseback five miles each day. Then he went to the University of Saskatchewan, from which he graduated in 1939 with a degree in mechanical engineering.

During the war he and another guild scholarship winner, Lawrence Drebert, designed and built a horizontal milling machine which vastly increased Canada's production of machine tools. Today he is staff engineer in the Plant Engineering Division for the John A. Roebling's Sons Company at Trenton, New Jersey.

Don Burnham, whose prize-winning model, encased in glass, stands high on a shelf out of reach of his five small children, received one of the scholarships at the guild's first annual convention in 1931. His award put him through Purdue University, where he got his degree in mechanical engineering. Now, at the age of thirty-four, he is manufacturing manager of the Oldsmobile plant at Lansing, Michigan. Still interested in handmade scale models, he uses tiny replicas of machinery, automobiles and men in planning new and more efficient factory layouts.

"It's a lot simpler," he says, "to move these little models around than it would be to move the massive machinery itself, to find the best arrangement. And it's much easier to visualize a new setup by seeing it in miniature than by studying a blueprint."

One of the most spectacularly successful guild winners is Robert W. Henderson, head of the Engineer Group of the atomic bomb project, whose scholarship put him through the University of California. In 1942, while employed as an engineer for Paramount Pictures, Henderson developed photographic equipment for which he received the award of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences for the outstanding mechanical achievement of the year.

Watched Atomic Bomb Tested

During the war he worked on the atomic bomb project at Berkeley, Oak Ridge and Los Alamos. He had a front-row observation post at the momentous test firing of the bomb in New Mexico, and the lessons he learned as he toiled over his model, in the kitchen of his home at Riverside, California, had a great deal to do with his success.

"I worked for three years and built three models before I won a prize," he says. "The experience gained from these years of intensive effort has since paid off manifold."

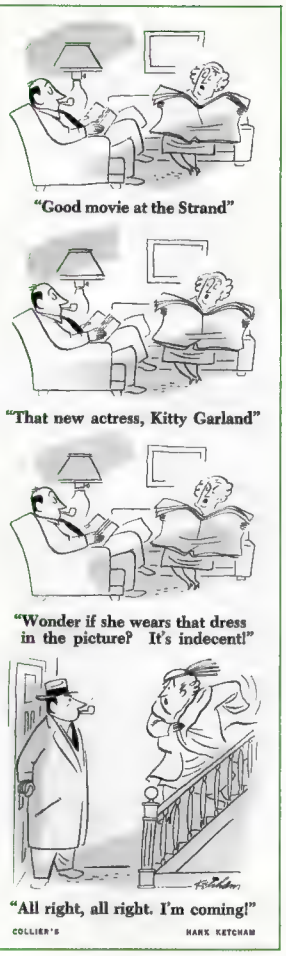
Not the least of the fine things the guild has done is to foster better relations between father and son. George Jasdike, Jr., of Toledo, Ohio, wrote to the guild that when his son John showed him the plans for his model he hesitated to permit the boy to enter the contest.

"He had no tools," Mr. Jasdike said, "and no workbench, and no place to work except the kitchen. Worst of all, I did not know my own boy. I must confess that I intended to discourage him. I laid out a work cabinet for him to make before he could start on his model. But when I saw him work on the cabinet I soon realized why the boys in the neighborhood came to John to have their bicycles, skates and many other things repaired, although John himself never owned any of these things. I was surprised at his knowledge of working drawings. . . . John and I have become real buddies in the last six months, and we understand each other much better than we did before he joined the guild."

Many contestants who failed to win scholarships have been given good jobs in General Motors' designing departments. "We study all models carefully," says William Mitchell, chief of the styling section of Cadillac and one of the judges last year. "When we see one that shows signs of originality and imagination, we check up on the boy and find out all we can about him. We look for his model next year. Sometimes we watch a boy develop for four or five years, and then we grab him for our styling sections."

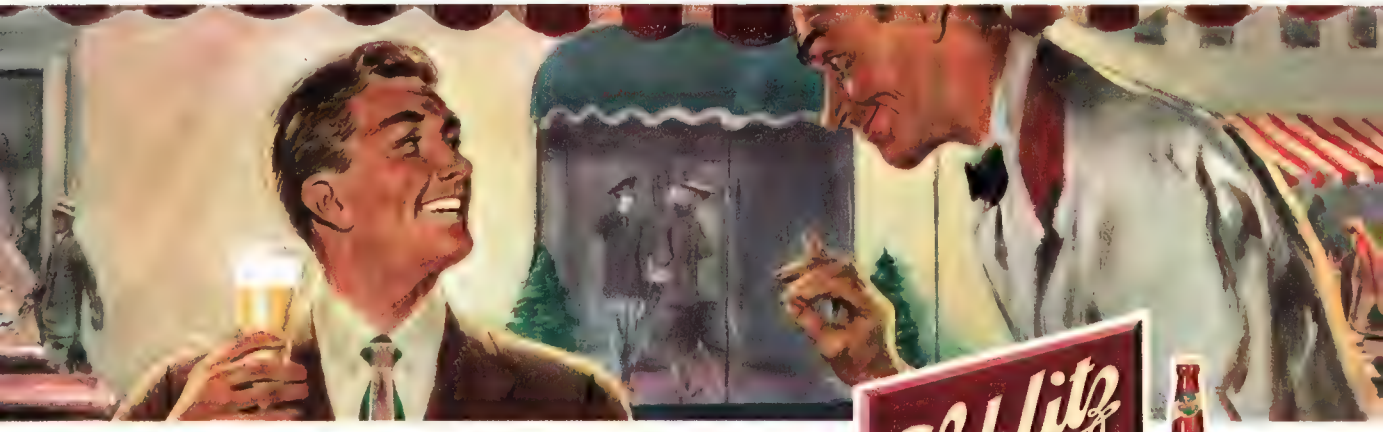
One of the surprising things is that the designs submitted as a rule parallel the present trend of the industry. But in one respect the boys may be ahead. After many years of study and millions of dollars spent in research, the top brains of the automobile industry have concluded that, for the present at least, rear-engined cars are not feasible. But thousands of boys have blithely ignored these findings. About one third of the entries in last year's competition were of rear-engine design, and five of them won scholarships.

A General Motors official suggests that perhaps the boys are like the bumblebee. According to the laws of aerodynamics, the bumblebee cannot fly. But since the bumblebee doesn't know that, he goes ahead and flies anyway. Maybe these boys won't find out that they can't build a practicable rear-engine car until they've built one. THE END


"Good movie at the Strand"
"That new actress, Kitty Garland"
"Wonder if she wears that dress in the picture? It's indecent!"
"All right, all right. I'm coming!"
COLLIER'S
HANK KETCHAM

"I was curious...

I tasted it...



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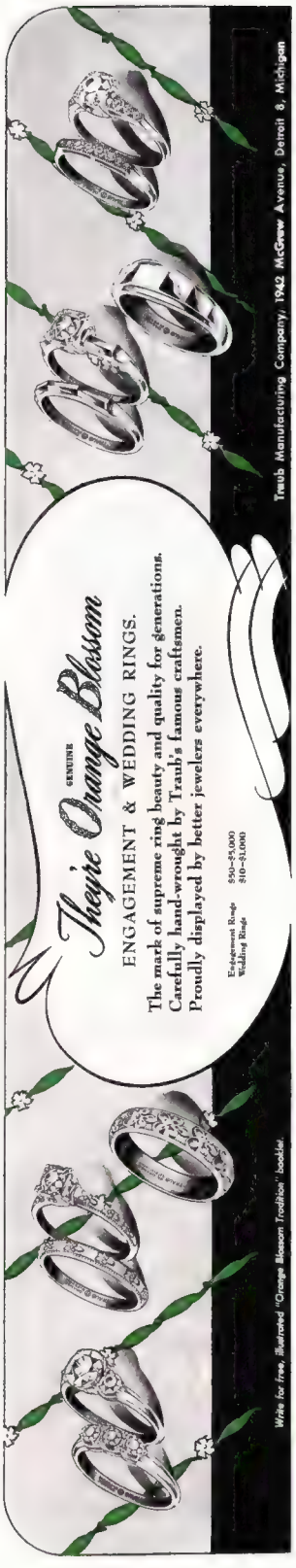
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I WAS KING OF THE SAFECRACKERS

Continued from page 13

for hardening copper; he also had worked out an improved formula for nitroglycerin. He used to say: "Herbie, someday you'll make money with my inventions."

I made money all right, but I think my father would have killed me on the spot if he could have foreseen the misery and destruction I would inflict with his formulas. The soup he perfected had tremendous power, and I never encountered a safe that could resist it. I remember one night in Detroit when we blew nine safes in one building in less than three hours, a world's record, you might say. Big Harry Woods, one of my boys, couldn't contain himself.

When the ninth safe door popped with just a soft little whoosh, he laid his huge paw on my shoulder and blurted out, "Chief, I never seen nuthin' like this. Why don'tcha proteck yourself and get a patent on this stuff?"

Boyhood Pleasant But Dull

Looking back on my boyhood, I search vainly for some clue that might intrigue the juvenile-delinquency experts. Nobody beat me, there wasn't a roughneck kid or a drunk in our block, and none of my eight sisters and brothers ever got into a jam at home. We never had tobacco or liquor in the house, comic books were unknown and I was not allowed to read anything but the Bible. Life was unbearably strict and dull. Perhaps that is the answer.

My parents wanted me to be a minister and they started early. Shortly after my father died, when I was thirteen, I was enrolled in a theological school. Subsequently I joined the Christian Workers organization in London, Ontario, and it was in that city that I first got into trouble.

Another boy and I stole some things from a hotel, and I was sent to the Central Prison for six months. I don't think I was a "bad" kid. I just made a mistake and I got caught, and that's all there was to it. I served my time and went back to church work.

It was a long, long time before I saw the inside of a jail cell again.

By the time I was twenty years old, I had somehow lost faith in the church as a lifework, so I opened a little furniture store. But I kept going to the Young People's supper meetings at our church, and the pastor encouraged me to resume my ministerial training. I sold my business, finished my studies and was assigned to a mission in an Ontario tenement district. I worked there for three years, and I've never forgotten it.

Years later, whenever I made a fat haul in some bank or store, I would stuff money into an envelope and send it anonymously to the impoverished little mission. Call it conscience or anything you like, but don't get me wrong—I was no Robin Hood. Yet I do know that of all the stolen millions squandered by the mob, this was the only money that paid any dividends, for the little mission is still there today, helping the poor.

I never had enough money in Canada—any small-town minister can tell you how it is. I finally decided to go on my own, so I hit the road as an evangelist. For years I held revival meetings in Michigan, Illinois, New York and other states. I had big audiences and I know I helped a lot of unhappy people. Still later, after I was officially ordained into the ministry by Dr. Myron Haynes of McMinnville College in Oregon, I tried to settle down with a little pastorate in Brownsville in the same state. Within a year I was called to a larger parish in California, and eventually found myself pastor of the church in East San Diego. I was happy. I believed in the doctrines I preached and my people had faith in me as a good Christian.

Then something strange happened.

One Sunday I stood in my pulpit preaching a fiery sermon about a certain red-light district in our town. As I talked, pounding the lectern with my fist, I looked around at the familiar faces of my parishioners.

There was one man who had asked me to "lay off" this subject because he owned profitable real estate in the slums. There was another who had asked me to "fix" things for a girl he had got into trouble. There was a woman who played bridge for high stakes, but couldn't afford a donation to the church. There was a man who prided himself on his sharp business deals, but who always complained when petty thieves got less than five years in the city courts.

Every word I said to them seemed a mockery, and I suddenly resented the fact that I was standing in that pulpit only because my parents had wanted it that way.

I went home that noon in a bitter and cynical mood. I was the Reverend Herbert Emerson Wilson, a respected minister with a fine congregation. But my heart said I was a phony, and there was no use kidding myself or the people in my church. I wanted money desperately. I was about thirty-five years old and I hadn't even started to live. I took off my long, black frock coat and my stiff collar and stuffed them out of sight on a closet shelf. I never wore them again. The next day I resigned and walked out.

Some weeks later, en route East, I was killing time in a secondhand bookstore in San Francisco when I came across a book written by a Kansas City policeman. It was called How To Be A Detective, and it described in great detail how criminals operate, the technical mistakes they make and how they are caught. "Be a detective," the author urged, "and you'll find adventure."

I read this amazing volume three times on the train to Detroit, and realized it was actually a textbook on how to commit crimes. They were all in there—burglary, forgery, bunko games, swindles of all kinds, the stick-up trade, arson, robbery, even murder. The author carefully listed, for example, the common mistakes made by burglars and added, with some smugness, that the police were always too smart for these dumb crooks.

But suppose there's a burglar who doesn't make a mistake? I asked myself. And suppose there is one who knows more about it than the cops? Then what? I gave the book an affectionate pat, and slipped it back into my suitcase. I knew now what I wanted.

Pickup in a Hotel Lobby

Several nights later I was sitting in the Pontchartrain Hotel in Detroit, watching the little dramas you see in any hotel lobby almost any time of day. Finally the man in the leather chair next to me swiveled around and nailed me with his cold blue eyes. "Stranger in town?" he asked. He was big, ruddy and well dressed, and for a moment I thought he was the house dick, a mistake I wouldn't make now.

"Yes," I said, "I'm just a tourist."

"My name is Herb Cox," he said. "I'm in the wire business."

We shook hands; I liked him at once.

"You look like a guy who lives by his wits," he said.

I laughed out loud, remembering the clerical clothes I had ditched a few weeks before. "Thanks for the compliment. I've got the wits, but I don't know where to start."

Bet he goes for Baked Beans with-

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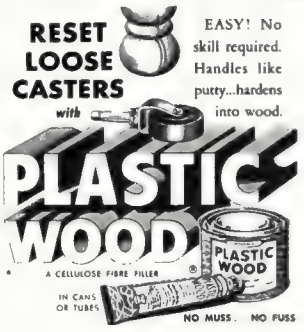

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Dr. Scholl's BROMIDROSIS POWDER

We had dinner together and talked some more. I didn't tell him I was just out of a pulpit; I said I was an industrial chemist and talked convincingly about nitroglycerin, dynamite, alloys and laboratory processes. Cox then confided that he was an expert on burglar alarms, time clocks, vaults and safe-wiring devices. A week later, when he was more sure of me, he admitted he'd pulled a few jobs, and suggested I probably had a larcenous mind myself. I admitted as much and proposed a partnership.

"That's a deal," he said.

There are nights now when I curse Herb Cox, and curse myself, and curse the night we met. I can still see him flopping on the stone floor in the jail, clawing at the hole in his chest. He was trying to say something and his hands were all sticky.

What is crime? Yes, I suppose the answer is obvious. But to me, at that time, it wasn't a definition in a dictionary—it was adventure. I saw it as a thrilling kind of war, the whole weight and power of society against a daring minority. But most criminals failed. Why? Because they were impatient and careless. Because they wouldn't learn their trade and because most of them were ordinary thugs without imagination.

I told Herb Cox the night we made our agreement that if I organized a gang it would be the best gang of its kind. I told him I would never tackle a big job unless it was thoroughly planned and organized, with no possibility of failure. I told him I wouldn't have a man who drank, took drugs, or whose nerves couldn't handle an emergency. I didn't want any stumblebums putting me in jail before I got started.

"As you know, Herb," I said, "the trouble with most criminals is that they act like criminals, hang around in underworld joints, get tangled up with stool pigeons, throw their money away and underestimate the intelligence of the cops. We're going to be different." And we were, if I may say so.

I picked safecracking as my criminal specialty for several reasons. First, every strike would be at night; I would be a shadow, and shadows have no faces. Indeed, in all the years I operated, no night watchman ever got a good look at me, and the others in the mob were usually so disguised with false whiskers and theatrical make-up that accurate descriptions were impossible. Secondly, I was sure there would be big dividends for a man who would consider burglary as an exact science and who would study it as other men train themselves for medicine, law, engineering, music or other professions.

I had always loved good tools, I certainly knew something about explosives, and I had a flair for organization. The rest I could learn. Safes, after all, were made by man. They were guarded by devices also made by man. Policemen, detectives and night watchmen were not supermen—they were ordinary guys like the rest of us. And in every assault I would have the advantage of surprise, thorough preparation and speed. I couldn't lose.

A Mecca for Mobsters

But first I had to line up some talent. Cox and I jumped aboard a train and went to Toledo. At that time Toledo was a sort of national headquarters for safecrackers—perhaps it still is—and any mobster could always hole up there when the heat was on in other cities.

By mutual agreement no smart safecracker ever did a job in Toledo, in return for which he was never bothered by the cops. You could also buy equipment in Toledo—fuses, rods, black-velvet swag bags, ammunition, torches, almost anything. There were half a dozen machinists and blacksmiths who would make any special tool for a price—and no questions asked.

In Toledo I found the second member of my organization—my own brother, Louis. He was eight years younger than I, a hotheaded, rebellious kid, who had also been destined for the ministry but who ran away from home before they could get him into the church school. Lou was handsome and dapper, and was doing well as a con man, but had recently gone out on a couple of safe jobs just for the excitement.

Despite his temperament, in a tight spot Lou could be as cool as a morgue slab, and I needed guys like that. I remember one night in Chicago, when Lou stepped into a dimlighted store window to check an alarm circuit, a cop suddenly showed up on the sidewalk outside. The window was full of clothes dummies in various poses, and Lou froze into a similar position. The cop stared at him

"I can see it's going to be one of those days I'll be chasing from one to the other before I can get what I want"

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for a couple of minutes, then walked on.

Poor Lou. Maybe I should have left him alone. He believed in me right up to the big smashup. But when I told him to lay off that tough job, he just laughed. "I can handle a rod as fast as the next guy," he said.

Lou and Herb Cox soon rounded up three other candidates, none of whom had any police record at that time. One was Dr. George Redding, a gentleman who was primarily interested in sick safes, and one of the greatest casers I ever knew. When Doc Redding reconnoitered a place we were going to crack, sometimes for weeks, he could almost tell us how many termites there were in the basement.

Tony Masino, another pal of Lou's, was a New York Italian and a dead ringer for Rudolph Valentino. Tony would come in handy for soft-soaping women who had information we might want. The third recruit was Dr. David de la Pena, a graduate chemist and a nitroglycerin expert. Doc came from a fine American family, and he was such a sensitive soul and so refined that he could never bear to be insjde when we blasted a box. But we used him in conference and his advice was never wrong.

Poor Dave. I got an awful shock when I heard what he did the day I was grabbed.

So now I had five handpicked accomplices, the nucleus of an organization that would soon write a new and unique chapter in the history of crime. We all went back to Detroit together and I rented a house on Cadillac Avenue.

I bought a secondhand safe for $50 and had it hauled to my garage. With a little coaching from the boys—remember, I was still a rank beginner—I began experimenting with my father's nitroglycerin formula. This was dangerous business because I had no idea how much soup to use; in fact, I learned in time that each make of safe required a different amount, even when they were the same size and weight.

I fooled around that garage for a couple of months until the practice safe was so battered we had to haul it to the city dump. I've often wondered whether the cops ever came across it and if they did, what they thought.

I was itching with impatience, of course, to try my hand on a real job. One night, just for the hell of it, Lou, Cox and I took a crack at a small dairy not far from our neighborhood. The safe was not very big, and I misjudged the amount of soup, with the result that all the glass partitions in the place went down with a crash. We scrammed out of there without even trying for the dough, and hours later I could still hear tinkling noises in my ears. I felt pretty sheepish, and Lou said sarcastically that I should have stuck to my sermons.

Many months later, when we were scooping up big bales of currency in the Wayne Bank in Michigan—a job I handled without a hitch and of which I will tell more later—Lou nudged me in the darkness.

"Herb," he whispered, "remember my wisecrack about the sermons in Detroit? Well, I take it back."

During these first few weeks I had laid out a steady program for myself, because I felt I wouldn't graduate to the big time until I knew every phase of this racket.

I planned to work in a safe factory and a burglar-alarm office. I wanted to know something about banking, criminal law, heavy vault construction, the use of oxyacetylene torches and similar subjects. I had already sketched designs for a lot of special tools. But Herb Cox and I were both running short on funds, and when he urged me to join him on an easy practice job, I said okay.

The place we picked was a big store we will call Dunn & Fraser; it was on Cadillac Square in downtown Detroit.

The problem seemed fairly simple. Herb Cox got a job as an electrician in the store and in two days discovered that the place was rigged with 25 burglar-alarm bells. Doc Redding and Lou went to the store every other day, making little purchases, changing money, making inquiries for fictitious employees in the cashier's office, and keeping their eyes open. It's surprising how careless some officeworkers are. They leave safe doors open so you can see the cash inside and they will give complete strangers the most amazing information. Herb got the name of the night watchman, and Lou went out to his home late one afternoon.

"My name's Grady," Lou said. "I'm gathering information for the city directory."

"Howdy, Mr. Grady."

"I have a few questions—won't take a minute. Where do you work, sir?"

"At Dunn & Fraser," the man said. "I'm a night watchman down there."

"You don't say." Lou beamed. "What a coincidence! My old man was a night man at Wanamaker's in New York for years. I remember when I was a kid going the rounds with him while he punched the time clocks."

"Time clocks? Oh, boy! They're sure out of date now."

"Yeah, I know." Lou nodded. "Now you got a fancy wire system."

And so they talked. The interview stretched into half an hour, and before long Lou and the old man were buddies. The watchman confided that he had to ring in his boxes every hour on the half hour and that the beat cop dropped in every hour on the hour. The technique Lou used was elemental psychology, of course, but it rarely failed, simply because night watchmen lead lonely lives, and when caught off duty at home, they respond to a kindred soul.

Why do banks, stores and offices invariably hire elderly men to guard their valuables? I don't know. But I think many a cracksman would think twice before tackling a place where the guard was young, strong and tough. In any case, the mere presence of a watchman proves there's something valuable in a place; if there wasn't he wouldn't be there. I never did like places without any protection because you don't know who might show up—the owner, late workers or even a couple of snooping cops. They're poison.

We cased the store thoroughly for two weeks after Lou's talk with the night watchman, taking turns watching it day and night. The third week, on a Wednesday night, we had a dress rehearsal, timing our movements with a stop watch and testing the getaway route we had already mapped out.

The next night, exactly 55 minutes after midnight, Lou was crouched in a doorway near the building when the cop came clumping along the sidewalk. There was a knifing cold wind blowing off the Detroit River, and the cop had both hands jammed into his heavy coat when Lou braced him.

"Stick 'em up!" Lou snapped.

There was no backing out now. Just one slip, and the future, for which Wilson had sacrificed respectability and a free conscience, would come crashing down upon him. But capturing a policeman and a night watchman, cracking a safe without detection and making a getaway were nerve-racking—not like the easy practice explosions in the garage. Find out how Wilson's first attempt to blow a safe—a department store "pete"—turned out, in Part 2 of I Was King of the Safecrackers, in Collier's next week.

Birthday Party

To obtain a reprint of this cover send 15 cents to Collier's Birthday Party Reprint Department, Springfield, Ohio

The day before collaborators Stanley and Janice Berenstain lugged this week's cover drawing up from Philadelphia, Margaret Fishback, who works across the street from our office, mailed us a verse called Birthday Party. It was a pleasant coincidence, because all we have to point out is that the happy birthday party is being given for the unhappy little girl in the lower right-hand corner. Miss Fishback can do the rest, as follows:

Organdy dresses, all sweetness and light,
Navy-blue Etons with shirts snowy white,
Hair plastered down or excessively curly,
And all of the cherubs on hand bright and early.
Invite them to come at 3:30 but be
Prepared for the deluge along about three.
Tails-on-the-donkey! An obstacle race!
A lollipop hunt—and now look at the place!
Heaven defend us—they're cherubs no more,
But panthers rampaging all over the floor.
Pigtails are pulled with a vigor ecstatic,
Arguments flare with a vengeance emphatic.
Now to the table the savages scurry,
Like jet-propelled planes in one heck of a hurry.
At last they are called for by Mama or Pop,
Just as the hostess is ready to flop.

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The Chinese gentleman on your immediate right has a pretty sound idea. According to an ancient practice in China, he pays his doctor to keep him well.

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HEUBLEIN'S *Club* COCKTAILS®

THE KILLARNEY COLLIE

Continued from page 17

one. Tony Pellini wants the stand for his brother-in-law.—M."

Judge Baranca's well-padded face paled with anger under its hot-weather flush. This was the third communication from the machine this morning telling him how to dispose of his cases. His eyes flashed. "Who do they think's administering justice in this court?" he muttered. "The party machine or the judge?"

But his anger passed quickly, becoming bitter resentment. He knew perfectly well who was administering what passed for justice in that court, and in an election year there was little he could do about it. It was more than he could do to support his wife and the two children now, with the prices of everything where they were. He was already running into debt—but in November, if the election went the right way and he hadn't offended the right people, or the wrong people—well, he'd be out of this stifling magistrates court and he wouldn't be in debt any more.

He became aware of the assistant district attorney's voice. "—Regan Mulroy and dog. Said Mulroy charged with—"

The complaint followed. Judge Baranca listened with almost full attention, but went back to drawing fish on ice. Said Mulroy's dog, known by the name of Mike, had, it seemed, in the course of the past month deliberately attacked and bitten a character by the name of Pedro Gomez, another called Joe Varina, and a third, Harry Mendero, all of whom had been peaceably passing said Mulroy's newsstand when attacked. The older Mulroy was in hospital. The stand was operated by his nephew, also named Regan Mulroy.

He scowled at his fish pictures, trying to place the names of the complainants. Then he got it and his scowl deepened. Gomez, Varina and Mendero were three of the boss's "boys." They were useful in getting out the right votes and even more useful at physically discouraging the wrong votes.

"I guess," Judge Baranca murmured, "Tony Pellini's brother-in-law is going to get that newsstand if the license commissioner okays him—and he will. He's going to get it because I've been ordered to give it to him—because I haven't got the guts of a worm!"

The D.A.'s voice reached him now; mellow, suave. "Your Honor, in stating the substance of the complaint, I would like to point out that this vicious mongrel—"

A clear, high voice interrupted him. "I object!"

The judge lifted his head in surprise.

BEFORE the bench now, white-faced, tense, obviously having a hard time holding back tears, stood a boy of twelve or thirteen—Mulroy's nephew. Beside him on the floor, wearing a heavy muzzle and held on a leash by a policeman, was a large black-and-white long-haired dog.

"Take that thing off that dog's face," said the judge, "and get him a drink of water. The animal's suffering." A bailiff hurried to get water. The boy quickly bent and ripped off the muzzle and the dog licked his face.

"Good old Mike!" said the boy. "Poor old Mike!"

Judge Baranca blinked. Said Mulroy's nephew was the age of his own boy, Fiorello, and the dog was not unlike the Baranca dog, Walter. He found himself wishing this dog had not proved himself at least technically dangerous and so given him no real choice but to order him destroyed.

"Are you the elder Regan Mulroy's nephew? And do you own this dog?" the judge asked.

"Yes, sorr," young Regan answered. And just then the judge realized that the boy was standing alone, without benefit of counsel.

The judge shook his head. "The situation," he said, "is somewhat irregular. As I understand it, the newsstand is your uncle's property, but the dog belongs to you. Complicated. A legal adviser is strongly indicated. Don't you and—er—Mike have a lawyer, Regan?"

Mulroy tossed his chin proudly. "A lawyer?" he said. "A mouthpiece? Mike needs no mouthpiece. He's not a criminal and he's not vicious so why would we need a lawyer in a court of justice?"

"You have great faith in justice, don't you, Regan?" he said.

"And why not, Your Honor?" said Mulroy. "This is America."

"Yes," said Judge Baranca and he sighed. "This is—a part of America anyway. But I'm very much afraid that even here you do need a lawyer."

"I'll be Mike's lawyer," said Mulroy. "He trusts me and I've studied some law nights. It was my father's wish that I not always run my poor sick uncle's newsstand but become a professional man like my great grandfather was in Dublin. He was a hangman—and very respected by all."

"Your father's dead?" the judge asked.

"He died last Election Day," the boy said. "On his way to vote."

The district attorney coughed, politely, spoke quickly. "Your Honor," he said. "If I may proceed with the case?"

"Just a minute," said the judge. "How old are you, Regan?"

"Thirteen, sorr."

"Then you—er—Mike—both of you—must have legal protection."

"I won't trust Mike's life to any lawyer," said Mulroy.

"All right," said the judge. "In that event the prosecution is advised that I make this boy—*and* the dog—wards of the court. I'll protect them myself. The vicious-dog charge can be disposed of and that will determine the disposition of the nuisance charge. Well, Regan, you voiced an objection to something the prosecutor said a moment ago. What is it you object to?"

The boy straightened his shoulders but kept one hand on his dog's head, his fingers stroking the fur. "I object to *him*"—he glared at the prosecutor—"calling Mike a vicious mongrel."

A titter, like wind stirring dead leaves, rose from the spectators and officers. The cub reporter from the Clarion began to scribble furiously and his face took on the exalted look of a man who has stumbled unexpectedly upon a well-filled wallet lying on the sidewalk. Judge Baranca noted this and frowned. This was, then, going to turn into one of those human-interest stories.

"What kind of a dog *is* Mike and is he vicious?" he asked.

"He's a Killarney collie, and he is not vicious," said Mulroy.

The D.A. snorted. The swishing titter rose again.

THE judge looked at the dog and blinked again—in surprise. "You're sure of that, Regan?" he asked.

"Certain I'm sure, sorr," said Mulroy in an accent thick with Irish flavoring. "My own father told me so when he gave me him. 'A Killarney collie he is, Regan' he said to me. 'And let no man tell you different.' And he never was vicious."

"Objection sustained," said Judge Baranca. He turned to the D.A. "In future, Counselor, you will refer to this dog as a Killarney collie." It seemed to him little enough to do for the boy considering what legal justice—and the machine—demanded he do to the dog.

The D.A. smiled. He was thinking: The old man's pretty slick, at that! Not only figures how to obey the boss's orders but make a little personal capital out of it at the same time. He said, "So accepted, Your Honor."

He cleared his throat and hurriedly, as though there were no particular need for care, stated the prosecution's case. He then one by one placed Gomez, Varina and Mendero on the witness stand, followed by a doctor who had examined them.

The cub reporter thought it was a little thick, even for this district, that Mendero testified he had seen the dog attack Varina, and Varina had just happened to be around when Mendero was bitten,

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and Mendero had been passing down the street at the precise moment when Gomez was injured. It was thick, but it was sworn testimony.

A thin trickle of oily breeze from the sluggish river three blocks away curled through the open window, ruffled the papers on the bench, lifted one of them unnoticed by the court, blew it down the aisle. Idly, the reporter reached out his foot, swept it within reach of his hand and picked it up. When he read the twenty scribbled words on it and saw the initialed signature his hand began to tremble and he slipped it quickly into his pocket.

THIS was dynamite. This was good for a twenty-five-buck raise and a by-line. With intense interest now, he watched the judge and the prosecutor and the boy and the dog.

The judge was still looking tormented. The boy, his cockiness gone, looked frightened and his fingers on the dog's head had curled through the long hair and were clinging to it as though just by the strength of their grip they could hold him back from the death that was so surely opening for him. The reporter, seeing the fingers, felt a little sick. The judge saw them too and understood.

"Regan," he said, leaning over the bench, "I must tell you that unless you can prove that these sworn statements about your dog are untrue, I will feel that I must order him destroyed."

"But Mike's not dangerous!" The boy cried, tears spurting now from his eyes. "He's not dangerous at all—look at him—look at his fine head and his sweet eyes." He dropped to his knees. He buried his nose in the deep silky hair. Presently he lifted a tear-streaked face.

"Could you not blame me instead of him?" he said. "He's just a dog. He doesn't understand about laws and things. Let him go. Send me to prison, but let him go—let him go, Your Honor, I pray you. Whatever you want to do to me I can bear up to, with God's help, but let Mikey go!"

Judge Baranca sat looking down at the boy and the dog. In his heart he knew quite well that Mike had been provoked into these attacks—anyone could see what kind of dog he was—any lawyer would have had a string of character witnesses for him. It simply was not justice to order him destroyed on the testimony of hoodlums. In his mind he heard Mulroy saying again that of course he had faith in justice because this was America. He thought about what true justice instead of technical justice meant to Mulroy's future.

Judge Baranca scowled so that he looked vengeful and harsh, as though he were about to pronounce sentence of death on a man as well as a dog. But he was not getting ready for this. He was thinking. He had been a criminal lawyer before he rose to the bench. It meant, of course, a break with the party machine. Then he thought of Mulroy pleading with him to let him stand punishment for his dog. He leaned far over the bench.

"Regan," he said very gently. "Of course if you were to tell me that it was you who had ordered—er sicked Mike on these men—told him to bite them, it would become your fault and not his and I could declare him an obedient dog instead of a dangerous dog and let him go free. Do you understand?"

Growing up alone in a tough neighborhood, living by wits, gaining pavement knowledge the hard way, had its compensations. Regan Mulroy understood completely before the words were fully past Judge Baranca's lips.

"And how did I come *not* to tell you that, sorr?" young Mulroy said, looking up at the bench out of guileless innocent eyes. "I must have figured 'twould make no difference, for that's most certainly just how it was. I said 'Sick 'em, Mikey—they're trying to push me and me porr sick uncle out of business, these hoodlums, hangin' around the stand and jostlin' customers all the time!' So, I says, 'Sick 'em, Mikey.' "

Another wave of sound swept over the courtroom now, a multiple sigh. Then the district attorney stepped forward, flushed, angry.

"If that had really happened when Mulroy said, 'Sick 'em' twice in a row just now," he shouted, "the dog would have jumped. He hardly flicked an ear. I ask the court to have Mulroy explain that."

"Explain it you want, Mister?" Mulroy cried. "That I will and I'll show you, too, no less. Here, Mikey!" He stepped a few paces away, snapped his fingers and whistled shrilly through his teeth. The big dog leaped to his side. "Now Mikey," he said, "that man there—" he looked up at the prosecutor. "It's done with a hand signal," he said. He turned back to the dog who was standing alert now and tense, glaring out of eyes no longer soft at the district attorney. "Now when I give you the sign, Mikey—" Again he broke off. "You won't be sayin' he's dangerous now, will you, Mister, when he obeys my signal that you've asked for and he tears the calf o' your leg clear in two?" He drew his right hand back, the dog bared his fangs, yellowed with age, and tensed for a spring.

"Stop!" shouted the D.A. "For God's sake, somebody, stop him! I'm satisfied, thank you!"

"Case dismissed," said Judge Baranca. "Court adjourned."

A WAVE of applause rocked the still air of the courtroom. The district attorney picked up his brief case and left. The crowd, laughing and joking, spilled through the doorway to the corridors and the street. The cub reporter pushed through them, got into a taxi. He was thinking that Baranca, with the proper publicity about this, might not look so tormented next time he sat in command of a courtroom—that it might, in fact, even be a much nicer courtroom.

But the judge remained at the bench in meditation. Regan Mulroy walked back to the bench. He stood there for a moment or two until he and the judge were alone in the big, stale room. Then in a shaky voice he spoke.

"I'm ready to take my medicine, now, Your Honor—whatever you say. But so I can make my plans about Mikey and the stand, I'd like to know a little what you plan to do with me now."

The judge stepped down from the bench, put an arm around the slim straight shoulders. "Why, Regan," he said, "I plan, if you're able to get away, of course, to take you and Mike up to my camp at Lake Marble for the week end. You can swim and fish and," he spoke almost shyly now, "I've got a son there just your age. I'd like him to know you— but you're perfectly free. There is no charge against you at all—nor, actually, has there been. You would be my guest."

Tears spilled out of the boy's eyes again—tears of gratitude and faith. It was not until he was actually on the train, sitting beside the great man with Mike sleeping beneath the seat that he became himself again and that was when the judge said, "By the way—it doesn't matter, but *did* you sick that dog on those hoodlums? You absolutely convinced me that you were telling the truth. As I say, it doesn't matter, but I'm curious."

A slow, shy and engaging grin, wise, far beyond his years, spread over Regan Mulroy's Irish face. "Sure, sorr," he said. "You're my great, good friend. Could you be having any doubts about it at all?"

It was the nearest the judge ever came to getting an answer. THE END

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Continued from page 19

meeting that too often got broken up by the police, with uproar and arrests.

Mr. Colley had been mild in his remonstrances, hoping that this was just a phase Roy was going through, due to his experiences overseas. He'd settle down, Mr. Colley had hoped—and there was a girl at the hotel, Mary Mercer, on whose influence he had counted.

Mary was studying medicine. She was a clean-cut, cool girl with amber hair and hazel, humorous eyes. She called Mr. Colley "Uncle," was the only one of the boarders who wasn't slightly awed by his dignity, and the only one who could make him frown and stroke his beard at chess. She was just the kind of levelheaded girl to keep Roy on the rails, and to Mr. Colley's gratification they had seemed for a time greatly attracted to each other. Lately, though, there had been a cooling off. Roy's habits had become more irregular than ever. For weeks, Mr. Colley seemed hardly to have set eyes on him.

Now this. He obviously was in trouble of some kind.

The bus was slowing. Glancing around again, Mr. Colley saw Roy jump off, start walking in the same direction. The bus left him behind.

AT THE next stop, Mr. Colley himself got off. He waited uneasily for Roy, who came like a shadow. Mr. Colley started at the sound of his voice.

"All right," Roy said, "let's walk on. Sorry about these melodramatics. I had to be certain you weren't watched."

"*I?*" said Mr. Colley. "Why should *I* be watched?"

"The relatives of wanted men are apt to be," Roy said.

Mr. Colley's heart sank. "Well," he said heavily, "what is it?"

"You've a paper under your arm," Roy said. "It's on the front page."

The words hit Mr. Colley like a kick in the chest. He stopped dead. "Not that—that fire-escape murder!" His bearded lips felt stiff.

Roy said, "Keep walking." His hands were thrust deep in the pockets of his trench coat; a muscle flickered in his jaw. "It wasn't murder," he said. "They call it that, but it was a fight, and he took a nose dive off the fire escape. Oh, I struck the blow, all right, and there were witnesses. The police call it murder, and they're after me—or soon will be."

For Mr. Colley, the terse voice, the lights everywhere in the straight, long street, the hum of passing cars, had a nightmare sharpness.

Roy said, "The place was a top-floor apartment we had the use of, for political conferences. Call 'em that. The man who rents it was away, as it happens. The rest of us, half a dozen of us, lit out quick. The police have a shrewd idea who uses the place, who to look for. The first one rounded up and questioned will paint it black for me—may have done so already, for all I know. That's why I haven't dared go home, and why I had to be so careful in contacting you."

Mr. Colley felt stunned; he couldn't think.

Roy said bitterly, "You warned me and you were right. I've always been a crackpot. But I got wise to myself, and to the rest of them, last night. That's what the scrap was about, and why they'll make the worst they can of it for me. It wasn't murder, but it'll be called murder—if they get me."

Mr. Colley sighed deeply. "What are you going to do?"

"That depends on you, Father."

"What do you mean?" said Mr. Colley blankly.

"Isn't it obvious?" Roy said. "My only chance is to get out of the country by the first possible plane. I daren't try it on my own passport. The only person who could provide me with a forged one, with a forged visa for a place where I'd be safe—is *you*."

The enormity of the proposal struck Mr. Colley like a thunderbolt. He was a superforger. But it wasn't his skill alone that had made his strange career possible; he could have had no such career without deep patriotism and unimpeachable moral integrity. He was a human paradox—a forger with honor.

But he was also a father.

Mortally shocked, he stared at his son. And the haggard, handsome face, the gray, desperate eyes, pierced him. He couldn't face them. He strode on, abysses seemed to be cracking open around him.

"How did you know what my work was?" he said thickly.

"I've known for a long time," Roy said. "What does it matter?" There was a repressed violence in his tone as he added, "D'you think I'd ask you what I'm asking if it weren't life and death? I ask it because I must."

"You don't understand," Mr. Colley

"Why should I buy a new hose? This old one waters the whole yard all by itself"

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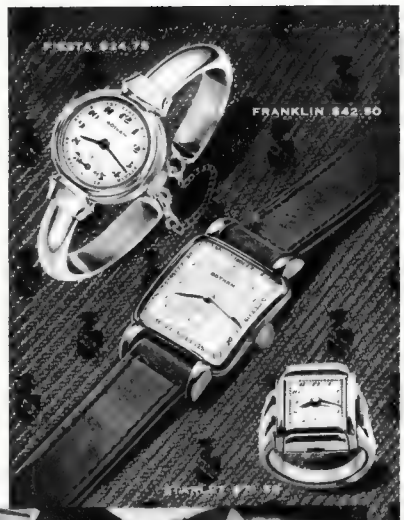

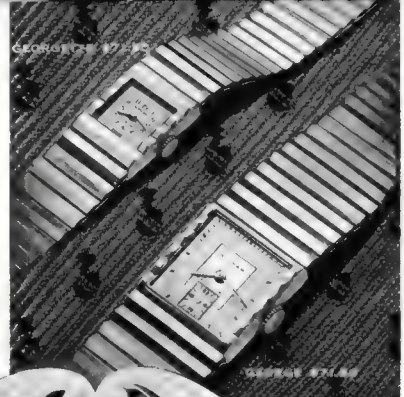

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said. "I'm trusted—implicitly. You don't know what it is you're asking."

"I'm asking for a chance to stay alive."

The brutal truth of the words nailed Mr. Colley implacably to his quandary. "I can't do it, Roy," he said hoarsely.

"I'll destroy the document the instant I reach my destination," Roy said. "Once there, I'll get hold of other papers somehow. But right now, I *must* get out of the country. I've figured out an identity, a description, all details. Here—"

Mr. Colley felt a folded paper thrust into his hand.

"I can transfer the photograph from my own passport," Roy said. "It near enough fits my description, yet is so little like me that it'll get by."

"I can't do it," Mr. Colley repeated mechanically.

"You're my only chance," Roy said. "I've *got* to count on you. I'll be here, on this corner, tomorrow night, at seven—unless I'm picked up."

"No," said Mr. Colley urgently. "Wait—"

BUT Roy was gone, cutting out obliquely across the street. A bus slid by and masked him. And Mr. Colley, after a minute, walked on. He walked blindly, his hand clenched on the slip of paper in his pocket, his beard sunk on his chest. Master forger! He writhed under the irony of his situation. During the war alone, literally hundreds of agents had owed their lives to his mastery of his craft. At this actual minute, in perilous corners of a tortured world men were risking their necks on the strength of bits of paper of his fabrication. Could he deny such a bit of paper to his own son?

Mr. Colley walked on and on. He walked for miles, but he could neither walk away from his quandary nor resolve it. In his fingers was the cunning of a master criminal; in his character was the principle of a man of honor.

Mr. Colley came in from the darkness, blinking, to the lighted hall of the hotel, with the feeling of a man who had been contending with devils. They were still with him. He was late for dinner; the boarders were having coffee in the lounge. Through an arch with red drapes hitched up with bobbles—it was an old-fashioned hotel—he could see Miss Rosa Palfrey, spinster daughter of a defunct consular official, protruding her lower lip as she knitted.

Mr. Colley hung up his overcoat and hat. He made an effort to present his usual imperturbable appearance, adjusting his watch chain and fluffing up his beard. But he was thinking of detectives seeking Roy, and there was a sultry thumping in his chest as he asked, "Any callers or messages, Mrs. Rooke?"

The manageress shook a sculptured, brassy coiffure. "Nothing, Mr. Colley," she said. "A very dull day. Oh, Miss Mercer's gone away for a while. A friend of hers brought a note and took some of her things for her. Such a pretty girl, in a hat with a blue feather. Nurses and girl medical students always seem easy on the eye, don't they? I expect the doctors choose them. Will you have dinner now, Mr. Colley? Your son hasn't been in since yesterday. I don't know if you're expecting him?"

"I expect him when I see him, these days," Mr. Colley said grimly, and went upstairs.

In his big, comfortable room there, he unfolded the slip of paper Roy had given him. He glanced over the scribbled, untrue details, and said harshly, "No! *No!*"

Taking out his lighter, he crossed to a bookcase. He held the paper over an ash tray there, clicked the lighter to flame. But he didn't immediately touch the flame to the paper. He stood looking at a silver-framed photograph on the bookcase. It was a photograph of a slight, dark-haired, gray-eyed woman and of a sturdy, dark-haired, ten-year-old boy with an arm proudly, protectively about her shoulders.

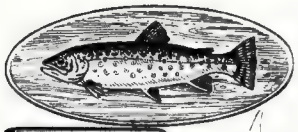
Mr. Colley stood looking at the photograph for a long time. At last, he pursed his bearded lips, blew out the flame, and returned the paper to his pocket. . . .

It was a masterpiece of the forger's art which Mr. Colley produced next day; he had never done a better. It was a bitter thought that Roy's passport to freedom should be his own professional death warrant, but so it was. If Roy were caught with it, Mr. Colley would be criminally involved at once. If Roy got away, Mr. Colley still couldn't continue in his position here; he couldn't go on sitting at this desk in the knowledge that he had abused a trust. He'd resign on the grounds of ill health, and he'd accept neither award nor pension. He couldn't do it.

It crossed his mind fleetingly to wonder whether Roy fully understood what

"I promise he won't bite you tonight, Mrs. Merrill. The last sitter knocked out two of his front teeth"

COLLIER'S HANK KETCHAM



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he had asked of his father; but the question answered itself. Roy didn't. He couldn't be expected to.

He gave his work a final scrutiny. It was to be hoped Roy would, in fact, be able sufficiently to alter his appearance as to fit these details, and that he knew what he was doing in transferring the photograph from his own old passport. It seemed risky. But that was Roy's affair. Mr. Colley had done his part.

He put the document away in his pocket. But there was another worry which all day had been growing and growing in the back of his mind—a natural worry to a man who for many years had thought in terms of secrecy, security: Just where and from whom had Roy learned the nature of his father's profession?

Mr. Colley leaned back in his chair, looking at the men in green eyeshades, stooped in absorption over their desks.

The measure of his own sense of guilt was the fact that he would have staked his life on the integrity of these underforgers of his. Several of them he had been in the habit of taking home with him occasionally to dine and spend an evening. Could one of them have made some revealing, chance remark to Roy? It was possible. Yet he himself had so ingrained in them the sense of caution that he found it hard to believe.

It was easier to believe that Roy might have heard it from the people with whom he had been associating. They were the sort who might make it their business to ferret out the precise occupation of enigmatic, bearded, dignified gentlemen in the capital—

A chill prickling swept over Mr. Colley. His beard sank on his chest. The document seemed to glow in his pocket.

"Can I clear your basket, sir?"

"Eh?" Mr. Colley looked up with a start at the lugubrious Peters, with his sack. "Is it that late?" said Mr. Colley. He pinched on his ribboned eyeglasses. The desks had been vacated; the church clock was striking. The measured chimes had for him the irrevocable solemnity of a passing bell. He was shocked to feel his legs unsteady under him as he stood up. "All right, I'm finished, Peters," he said.

AS HE traveled down in the elevator, the thing he feared shaped itself huge and shadowy and evil, impending over him—a shadow blacker than murder. He braced himself to meet it.

He didn't go directly to the corner where he was to meet Roy. He took a back street and came out on the opposite side from the corner. He was ahead of time. He stood waiting in a dark doorway partly hidden by a sidewalk tree. There was something he had to know, of which he had to be quite certain, before he handed the forged passport to his son.

On the opposite side of the street, near the corner, was a lighted sandwich bar. Presently a man in a trench coat and soft felt hat emerged from the bar, and, hands in pockets, walked to the corner. It was Roy. Distantly, the clock struck seven.

Mr. Colley stayed where he was.

Across the street, Roy prowled up and down. A bus halted, dropped a couple of passengers, moved on again. Mr. Colley saw Roy glance at his wrist watch, then resume his pacing.

Time dragged for Mr. Colley. He was waiting for Roy to abandon his vigil. He intended to follow Roy to wherever he was hiding out. Before he gave Roy the passport, Mr. Colley had to be certain that Roy was on his own in this business—that when he had said he was through with his associates, he had told the truth.

Half an hour passed. Watching that restless figure, on the opposite corner, Mr. Colley knew instinctively the exact moment when it dawned upon Roy that his father wasn't coming. Something in the way Roy paused and stared up the long, lighted street betrayed him.

After a minute, Roy turned, walking fast. Mr. Colley stepped out from the doorway, to follow; but Roy went only as far as the sandwich bar. He turned in there, and almost at once reappeared. There was a woman with him. She wore a fur coat, and that was about all Mr. Colley could see of her. The two walked away together. Mr. Colley cut obliquely across the street and followed.

He was grim. Here was corroboration of his doubt, his suspicion. Roy hadn't told him the whole truth. Mr. Colley desperately feared what that truth might prove to be, but he was determined to get it.

Not once did either of the couple look back. Mr. Colley had no difficulty in following them. In ten minutes, they came to a gaunt, shabby apartment house. They went in.

MR. COLLEY mounted the steps cautiously, peered in through the half-glassed, swing doors. He could see Roy and his companion going up the stairs. There seemed to be nobody in the lobby. He pushed open the swing doors and crossed quickly to the stairs himself.

As he climbed, he could hear their footsteps mounting the flight above. Four flights they went up, then he heard them stop, heard the faint buzz of a bell.

He stole on upward. Now, peering between the banister rails, he could see the two standing outside a door with the number 48 on it. The door opened a crack, then opened wider. Mr. Colley glimpsed a man in shirt sleeves. He was about Roy's age and build, with black, close-curling hair, a blue-shaven jaw, and a wide, loose, orator's mouth. He peered at the couple through thick-lensed spectacles.

"You've been long enough," he said harshly. "You get it for me?"

Roy shook his head.

The spectacles flashed to the girl. "What's this, Cora?"

She shrugged. The man drew the door wider, motioned them to enter. The door slammed shut.

Mr. Colley moved quietly along the landing, put his ear to the door. The thumping was heavy in his chest. Inside, the murmur of voices was indistinguishable. After a moment, he gave it up. He started back down the stairs.

He knew all he needed to know, anyway. He should have guessed from the first that Roy couldn't really change his appearance so considerably as to fit the details he had furnished. Neither, if he were on the run, would he risk his own photograph on the faked passport.

The truth was glaring to Mr. Colley now. Roy didn't have to leave the country. The fire-escape murder had nothing whatever to do with this business—except that reading of it in the paper, Roy had seen how he could use it to force out of his father the faked documents needed by one of his political friends.

It wasn't Roy's photograph that was to have gone on the passport; it was a photograph on which that spectacled man could get by. A man probably wanted for subversive political activity—

Rage and contempt burned in Mr. Colley. It was plain enough, now, where Roy had learned his father's profession. He had learned it from his shady associates. They probably had recruited Roy, flattered and made much of him, simply on the chance that one day they might, through him, be able to command the services of a master forger.

Mr. Colley walked out of the building. For his son as a murderer trying to escape, he had been prepared to sacrifice everything that mattered to him. But for what his son was now revealed—

Mr. Colley paused on the opposite sidewalk, looked back at the building. He was shaking with rage. He fumbled for his ribboned eyeglasses, pinched them

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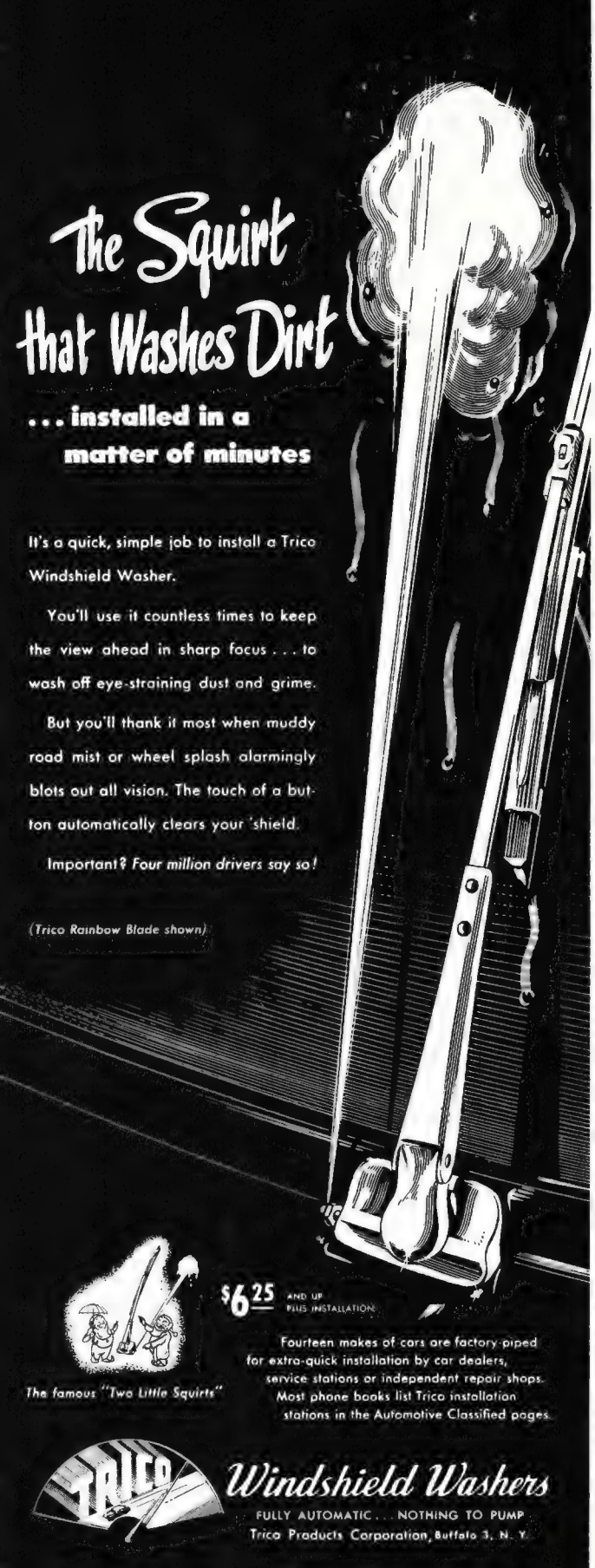
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onto his nose to look for the number of the house. He knew what he had to do, and that was send the police here.

But as he looked across the street, the girl in the fur coat, the girl called Cora, pushed open the swing doors and ran down the steps. It was the first time Mr. Colley had seen her while he had his glasses on. And something about her awoke an odd echo in his mind—something familiar, something he had heard.

AS SHE turned up the street, walking fast, he remembered suddenly. He knew what he was groping for. It was for something Mrs. Rooke, the hotel manageress, had said. "Miss Mercer's gone away for a while. A friend of hers brought a note. Such a pretty girl, in a hat with a blue feather—"

The girl walking there along the opposite sidewalk—Cora—wore a rakish little navy-blue hat *with a bright blue feather.*

Coincidence? Mr. Colley didn't believe it for a second. He followed Cora. The idea which had flashed on him *must* be right!

Suddenly he began to run. At the corner of the street, Cora was getting into a taxi. He was too late to stop her. The door slammed and the taxi started. He ran on to the corner, looked helplessly after the receding rear light.

He heard another car coming up. He didn't wait to see if it was a taxi. He ran in front of it, throwing up his hands, and the car stopped with a squeal of brakes. There were two men in it, uniformed, one of them holding a microphone. His spirits soared. It was a police car.

"What's the trouble?" the driver said curtly.

Mr. Colley produced the pass card to the building in which he worked. The official stamp on it was impressive.

"Follow that taxi ahead," he said. "I think I can put you onto a wanted man."

"Get in," said the driver curtly. The police car shot away up the long, straight street.

"Don't overtake," Mr. Colley said. "Just follow."

"Who *is* this man?" the driver demanded.

"I don't know his name," said Mr. Colley. "All I know is that he's conspiring to obtain a forged passport and visa, and that I've reason to think he's wanted for some political offense. He isn't in the taxi there—a woman is a part of the conspiracy, and we've got to follow her. The man himself is at an apartment house back there"—he gave the address—"in room 48. I advise you to call in on your radio and have him picked up."

The man next to the driver already was talking into his microphone.

"I think you'll find two men in room 48 there," said Mr. Colley. "One is the fugitive. The other is my son—Roy Colley. Unless I'm badly mistaken, he's been acting only under threats—coercion. We shall know when this taxi reaches its destination."

"It's pulling up now," said the driver, and he swung the police car up to the curb and stopped.

It was a quiet, residential street. A hundred yards ahead, Cora was paying off the taxi. As it moved away, she turned in at the gate of a house. The police car purred forward slowly and stopped again, outside the house.

"If I may make a suggestion," Mr. Colley said, "I think it would be well if one of you slipped around to keep an eye on the back of the house, while the other came to the front door with me."

The house lay back from the road, behind lawns and trees.

That thumping was in Mr. Colley's chest again, measured and sultry, as he put a finger on the bell push of the front door and kept it there. Seconds passed, with the bell sounding insistently in the depths of the house. At last, footsteps sounded. The door opened and a man's figure stood shadowy on the threshold.

"Who is it?" he said. "What—"

Mr. Colley thrust past him into a hall dimly illumined by the glow from the open door of a room.

Mr. Colley raised his voice. He shouted, "Mary! Mary Mercer!"

A figure appeared suddenly in the lighted doorway across the hall. It was Cora. She saw Mr. Colley, saw the uniformed man behind him, and darted back into the room from which she had come.

From somewhere upstairs came the faint sound of a voice shouting, of someone beating on a locked door.

"You hear?" said Mr. Colley. "You hear that? I was right!"

The man who had answered the bell made a sudden dash for the open front door. The policeman's foot shot out. The man tripped and fell sprawling.

Mr. Colley pounded up the stairs. "Mary!" he shouted. "Mary!"

"Here," she called.

He found the door. The key was on the outside. He turned it and thrust the door open. The girl stood in a small, windowless, electrically lighted room—a clean-cut girl with an amber shine in her hair and hazel eyes fixed incredulously upon him.

"Uncle *Colley!*" She held out her hands to him. "How did you find me?"

"I followed a blue feather," said Mr. Colley.

"But, Roy?" she said. "Is he all right? They wanted him to get something for them. They were holding me—threatening to kill me—unless he got it—"

"He did his best," said Mr. Colley grimly. Holding both her hands, he looked at her for a moment. Then he added gently, "In his shoes, Mary, I'd have done as he did."

BUT Mr. Colley wasn't in Roy's shoes. He was in his own. The knowledge sat like a great weight upon his shoulders as, in his chief's office an hour later, he explained what had happened.

The colonel nodded. His sleek, narrow head gleamed like black lacquer. He said, "You've put a dangerous man behind bars, Colley, where he belongs." He chuckled. "If they'd known you as well as I do, they'd have known there was no inducement—not even a son's safety—that could command the services of our old master forger. Eh, Colley?"

Mr. Colley looked at his hands—broad, strong, well-kept, like a pianist's. He had been vain about those hands, proud of their skill. He felt suddenly very old. He felt in his pocket, drew out the forged passport and laid it on the desk.

The colonel's jet-black, shrewd eyes hardened. He picked up the passport, riffled through it, and with no change in his tone said, "A good bit of work, Colley. A masterpiece."

"My last, of course," Mr. Colley said, and he stood up.

The colonel rose, too. His lean face looked a little more haggard and yellow.

"I wish you hadn't shown it to me," he said.

"What else could I do?"

The colonel sighed. "We're in a hard, inhuman service," he said, and he offered his hand. "I'm sorry, Colley."

Going down for the last time in the elevator, Mr. Colley tried not to think about the closure he had put to the career of a master forger. He had done what he had to do. It was over. Outside, in a taxi, Mary and Roy would be waiting. They thought he had scored a triumph. They didn't understand. They never would, if he could help it. He'd tell them he'd retired because he was getting old and wanted to grow roses.

The elevator sighed to a standstill. Mr. Colley squared his shoulders. He drew a deep breath, fluffed up his beard, and with dignity clashed back the iron gates. THE END

CONFUCIUS IN LOUISVILLE

Continued from page 25

Although he stopped wearing most of his Confederate clothes around 1942, when he left politics to go back to college, nothing could make him give up his black string tie. Always his trade-mark, it is now his badge of office and is being copied widely and sold in Louisville stores as the "Farnsley." When the mayor and his committee welcome visiting dignitaries, they present them first with a key to the city and then with a black string tie.

Alexander, Farnsley's older son, is probably the only six-year-old in the nation who wears a black string tie day in and day out.

"He won't wear anythin' else," Farnsley once said proudly.

Farnsley has not abandoned Confederate traditions altogether. He is commander of Andrew Broaddus Camp No. 361, Sons of Confederate Veterans. He lives on a street called Confederate Place, and his telephone number is in the Calhoun exchange. When the city proposed to move the monument to the Confederate dead, that stands at one end of the street, Farnsley took up a musket and went out and stood guard. The monument is still there, and he likes to salute it every morning on the way to work. Occasionally, when traveling North, he carries a carpetbag, in defiance of the Yankees who carried carpetbags through the South during Reconstruction days.

His Own Brand of Bourbon

In the thirties, Farnsley manufactured a blended 86-proof bourbon for himself and his friends. He called it Rebel Yell. But when he tried to make a whisky especially for his Northern friends, he ran into trouble. A federal board rejected his proposed brand name, Damnyankee, with the comment "bad taste." Farnsley named the whisky Bad Taste.

Farnsley's Confederate phase ultimately was replaced by his current, or Chinese, period. Confucius reputedly was a strong man for public-opinion polls. So is Farnsley. Soon after becoming mayor, he called in his friend Elmo Roper to find out what the people wanted most. In his first poll, Roper learned that the citizens' main desires were improved streets, more and better playgrounds and parks, better public-health services, increased salaries for city employees, more policemen, a better pension system for policemen and firemen, better traffic conditions, and more and better schools and educational facilities.

The mayor was willing to have a crack at all these things. Just one thing stood in his way—money. Accordingly, he put through an Occupational License Tax, which meant that every person earning an income from work in the city would contribute one per cent to the municipal government. Today, the tax is bringing in an additional $3,000,000 a year, expanding the city budget to $10,591,054. People are accepting it because it has enabled Farnsley to carry out their wishes.

Repaved Only Driving Lanes

Appointing William Meyers as the new Director of Finance, Farnsley happily began to spend the money. He first got to work on the streets, many of which hadn't been fixed for fifteen years. The new budget, however, wasn't enough to include a complete resurfacing program. So Farnsley told the engineers to repave only on the driving lanes, leaving parking spaces as they were. His critics called the new streets "band-aids."

"Maybe they are," Farnsley commented, "but those streets sure needed first aid."

To date, the city has resurfaced, restored or repaired more than 43 miles of streets. At this writing, engineers are working on 20 miles more.

Public Works Director Herman T. Meiners says that the mayor's system has saved about $1.60 per running foot, thereby enabling his department to build nearly 50 per cent more streets than was possible under old methods.

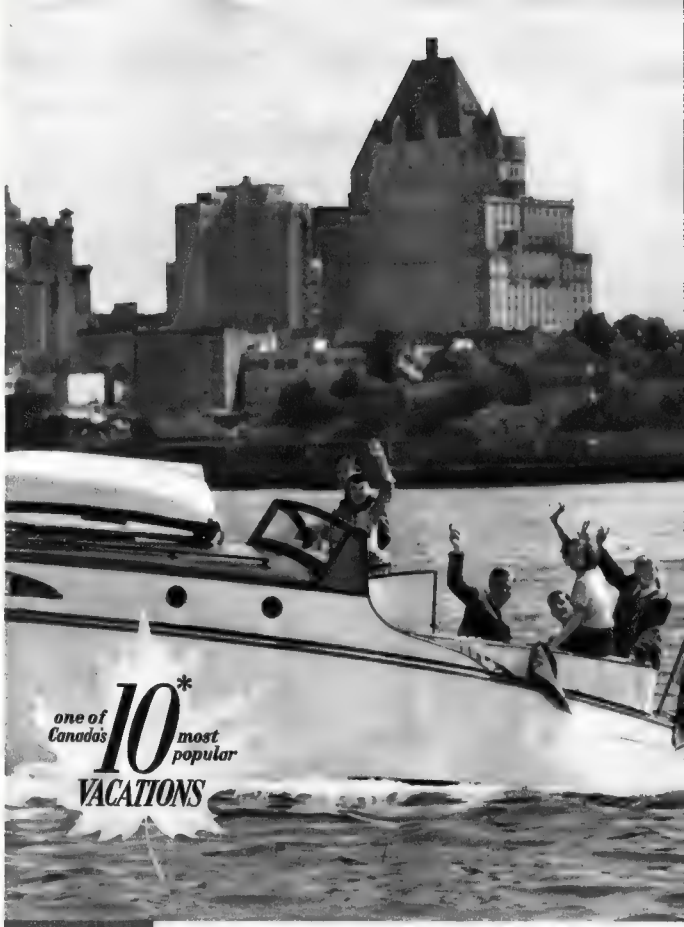
Farnsley next turned his attention to traffic. Experts had agreed that Louisville's problem was one of the worst in the nation. Undaunted, Farnsley sat down at a table in the Wynn Stay, a men's luncheon club that serves as one of his offices away from city hall, and marked up maps of the city with red, green and black pencils. Simply by making the best use of all available streets and reorganizing traffic regulations, he came up with a workable solution to the problem, synchronizing traffic lights, designating more one-way streets and establishing a belt highway encircling the city.

Farnsley next raised police salaries an average of $25 a month and started work on a new pension plan which will go into effect this year. To release male patrolmen for more active duty, he put 25 lady cops on the force to handle traffic at in-

"I don't care about the salary just so long as I can get a crack at an expense account"

COLLIER'S — IRWIN CAPLAN

Collier's for May 21, 1949



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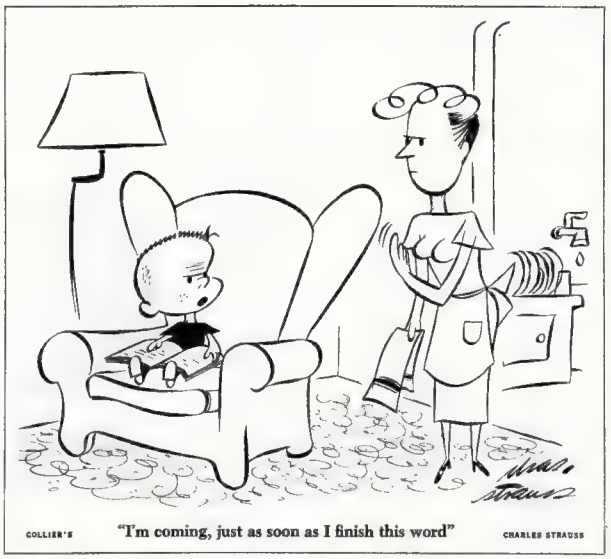

COLLIER'S "I'm coming, just as soon as I finish this word" CHARLES STRAUSS

tersections near schools. (He had asked for 100 but settled for 25.)

The more active duty for which the mayor released the men was crime prevention. Louisville had long been considered, by many critics, one of the shadier cities in the nation. At one time its red-light district was ten blocks square. In 1948 bookmakers reportedly were doing an estimated annual gross business of around $20,000,000.

Late last year Farnsley authorized Safety Director David McCandless to organize a vice squad. Today, McCandless estimates that handbooks have been cut down by at least a third. He also says that there are no houses of prostitution in the city.

Made Mayor by the Aldermen

Farnsley did all these things because the people wanted them done—but, ironically enough, he was not elected by the people in the first place. He was put in by the aldermen, after the death of the former mayor, Leland Taylor.

The contest was a bitter battle between two camps of the local Democratic party—one headed by Mrs. Lennie McLaughlin, successor to old-time political boss Mike Brennan, and the other composed of Taylor's former allies. They had reached an impasse, when someone suggested Farnsley's name.

The McLaughlinites did not want Farnsley and fought his election bitterly, but the Taylor clan threw their weight behind Farnsley and picked up new strength from labor. In a stormy, drawn-out public session on March 1, 1948, the aldermen elected Farnsley by one vote. But a state law provides that when the aldermen elect a mayor, he must run again in the next general election for a term which will extend to the next mayoralty election.

Farnsley ran again last November and proved that his whirlwind administration has been a success. Nevertheless, he must run once more next fall. This will make, counting primaries, the fifth time he has run for mayor. If he is elected and completes his term, he will have been mayor longer than any previous holder of the office.

Farnsley was born in 1907, the son of one of the city's oldest families. His father is Burrel H. Farnsley, a judge in Jefferson Circuit Court, Common Pleas Branch. His childhood was spent in a pleasant agrarian way of life at Saint Helens, just outside of Louisville. But as Farnsley grew older, he gradually broke away from his sheltered home.

At the University of Louisville, he organized his fraternity into a political machine from which all campus offices were filled. He also became intensely interested in Jefferson and formed the Jacobin Society of America to promote Jeffersonian thought. He ate well, drank heavily, and caroused around town in a 1921-model Rolls Royce.

Because of his notoriety from these college-boy activities, there was some question of how much he was dedicated to the public interest when he began his political career. While in the state legislature he passed out a good deal of whisky to thirsty colleagues. He was known as a steadfast machine politician. "I'm here to do just what Mike Brennan tells me," he told a friend in the legislature.

In 1942, when Farnsley found that he was ineligible for service in the armed forces, he went back to the University of Louisville to get his A.B. Inevitably he began to study Jefferson, his old idol, and finally arrived at the conclusion that Jefferson's democratic ideas did not come from Plato and the Greeks, but from the 18th-century French physiocrats. Then he went to Columbia to do some graduate work and learned, from a Chinese student, that the physiocrats had taken most of their ideas from China. Farnsley soon had a new thesis—which maintained that all true Western democratic thought had its roots in the East—and in the teachings of Confucius.

The Man Knew What He Liked

He is still busy trying to prove and document his ideas. He reads translations of Chinese philosophy constantly. Once, while speaking to some laborers at a political rally, he allowed some of his philosophy to creep into his speech. "I didn't understand much of what he said at the rally," a man said later, "but I liked it."

In order to put his Confucian principles of a people's government into practice, Farnsley sometimes has to fight the board of aldermen who, although they elected him originally, are not all ardent Farnsleyites. When he proposed that the city buy the Louisville Railway Company, which operates the streetcars, to provide a source of revenue, the aldermen turned him down cold. He asked for an additional 12-cent tax to improve and repair city schools; again they said

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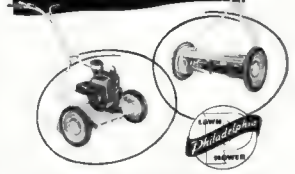

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no. "But I'm gonna fight for the tax again next year," he promises.

Since Confucius and Jefferson both believed in cultural activity and mass education, Farnsley has made Louisville a cultural fanatic's dream. The Main Library broadcasts adult-education classes to its 10 branches. All 11 libraries are equipped with television receivers. People can borrow record players, records, motion-picture projectors and educational films from them. The Louisville Symphony this year has commissioned six composers to write original compositions and to conduct them in world *premières*. "Farnsley's idea," says Conductor Robert Whitney, happily.

Farnsley helped abolish segregation in the Main Library and on the 36 streets he has marked off to fill the people's demand for more children's play facilities. The city is now building a $250,000 public swimming pool. This year, he will supplement city-budget recreation money with a drive to be called The Louisville Fund, which will raise $100,000 to be distributed among the city's artistic groups.

Typical of Farnsley's frequent bursts of candor, which are the despair of his public-relations men, was a conference in which he was discussing Louisville's new city flag. Farnsley discussed one design and then went extensively into the designs of flags carried by the French kings. Suddenly he interrupted his lecture. "I don't just *know* this stuff," he confessed. "I went out yesterday and looked it up."

His humanitarianism often causes pain to the more practical politicians on the staff. An alderman once came in and said that a minor city employee wasn't doing his job and should be discharged. "Fine," said Farnsley. "Go ahead and fire him." Then he scratched his head. "Wait a minute—what'll we do to keep him from starvin' to death? Let's don't fire him until we figure out somethin' else he can do."

Farnsley is known to some of his associates as The Man Who Never Sleeps. He goes to bed, officially, only between 2 and 5 A.M., and catches catnaps in the daytime on a leather couch in his office. He works so avidly that his wife, an attractive blonde whom he calls Miss Nancy, once bought an old-fashioned motto and placed it on the mantel in his study. It read, WHAT IS HOME WITHOUT A FATHER? Farnsley met Miss Nancy in 1936 while serving in the legislature. They were married in February, 1937, and they now have four children—Sally (eleven), Ann (nine), Alexander (six), and Burrel (three).

Farnsley prefers to work at home, close to his books on city planning, architecture, Jefferson and Chinese philosophy. When he uses his study as his office, his children swarm all over him. But Farnsley is never nettled by his family; possibly because Confucius believed in the institution, he does too.

No Yen for Higher Office

Ambition is the big question mark in Farnsley's career. When he took office he gave up a law practice that brought him $15,000 more per year than his salary as mayor. He already has filed his papers to run again next fall. Some Louisville observers are convinced that this means that he does have ambition—that he intends to use the office as a springboard to higher things. Farnsley denies this emphatically.

"I may sound like I'm puttin' on an act," he stated, "but honest, all I want to do is be mayor o' Louisville. I think the gov'ment ought to help people in cities the way it helps farm people. We got county agents—why don't we have city agents? If we can make this city work and show that the people're happy and prosperous, then maybe other cities'll follow suit—and the day'll come when all men'll be brothers." Farnsley paused. "I prepared that statement, but it's true."

Although his critics still are skeptical, people who have known Farnsley for years are convinced that he means it. Adele Brandeis, niece of the late Supreme Court Justice and an editorial writer on the Courier-Journal, has known Farnsley since he was a child. "I think Charlie's telling the truth," she said, after hearing of his statement. "I don't think he wants to be anything but mayor." Then she reconsidered. "Unless maybe," she added, "he wants to go back and be Confucius." THE END

Viewpoint

"Just because they're working for the city they think they can throw their dirt any place! I told Fred to get tough about it!"

"Digging a hole?"

COLLIER'S DAVE GERARD

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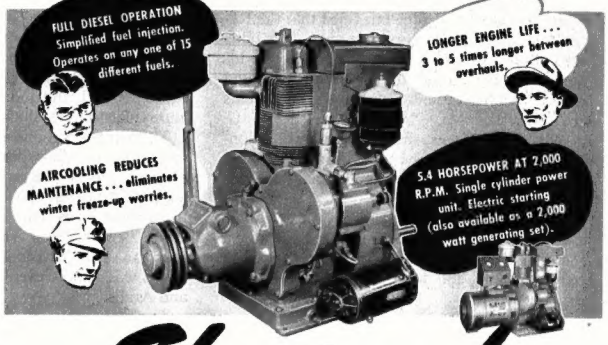
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Israel Will Be A Tower Of Strength

VERY few people in this world imagined that the Republic of Israel would be celebrating its first birthday this May. You might say that few people imagined that the Republic of Israel could survive a year. The odds were all against Israel. Well, once more the little fellow has won and the old drama of David and Goliath has been enacted on the battlefields of Zion.

When Palestine was first talked of by the Zionists as a homeland for the Jews, nearly everybody miscalculated the military strength that the Zionists could muster.

The error was natural. Certainly the neighboring Arab states greatly outnumbered the actual and the potential population of Israel. Yet when war broke out, the Jews actually defeated the Arab armies.

When the United Nations worked out a truce, the Arabs and not the Jews were on the defensive. In battle the armies of Israel proved able to cope with their Arab neighbors.

This has been a remarkable demonstration of power and of courage. It has created a new situation in the world. If present trends continue Israel will be a nation fairly comparable in fighting power with Eire and some other redoubtable smaller nations.

All this has been accomplished in an incredibly short time. Recall the record:

Palestine was a small unit, a vilayet in the Turkish province of Syria until the British under General Allenby captured it during the first World War. When Jerusalem was surrendered to the British on December 9, 1917, it had been ruled by the Moslems since 1244 and had been a part of Turkey since 1517.

The British governed Palestine until midnight May 14, 1948, under a mandate originally granted by the League of Nations. When British troops were withdrawn the Republic of Israel was proclaimed. Instantly the United States recognized Israel, and soon after, the Russians acknowledged the legal existence of the new state.

The United Nations voted to partition Palestine into two independent states, Arab and Jewish, and to set up the enclave of Jerusalem under a United Nations trusteeship.

Jerusalem was made separate because it is a Holy City for Jews, Arabs and Christians. At the time of the division the population of Jerusalem was almost evenly divided between Jews and Arabs.

The Arab State of Palestine had an area of about 4,500 square miles and a population of about 800,000. The Jewish State had an area of about 5,500 square miles and a population of 538,000 Jews and nearly 400,000 Arabs. Much of this has been changed as a result of the fighting. Jews have gained and Arabs have been displaced. (Many wise Jewish leaders have urged that help be given the displaced Arabs whose plight is very serious.)

The pressure on Israel to receive refugees from Europe has, of course, been enormous. Millions of Jews were driven out of their homes as a result of the hates and furies let loose by the Germans under Hitler. Until by devices, legal and illegal, these displaced Jews got to Palestine, the homes of many of them were the concentration camps. Nothing worse has existed in modern times.

The Jews won in their battle for Palestine, in part certainly, because they were better educated, better equipped, better trained, and possessed of much better arms.

Money and brains contributed from the United States helped, but no one can fairly underrate the reckless courage that the armies of Israel brought into the conflict. To stand off the armies of Syria, Lebanon, Saudi Arabia, Iraq, Trans-Jordan and Egypt is no mean performance in anybody's book of military exploits. That is what Israel has accomplished.

The chances are good for Israel's permanent survival as an independent nation. If Russia chose, Russia might take over Israel as well as many other of the smaller nations in the Near East. But there is no reason now to think that Russia has any such present purpose.

Given peace and the opportunity to work, the Republic of Israel could be an immensely stimulating force throughout the Near East. Already schools and universities are being developed. Technical skills, capital for investment, all of the paraphernalia of a modern technical civilization has been focused upon this relatively minute state.

Israel could be a center whence flows mighty civilizing forces into areas that have been unstirred during the last thousand years. Collier's hopes that, as the bitterness of conflict fades, the Republic of Israel will be a benign and healing influence in a region that too long has needed good will.

We asked thousands of people, from coast to coast, and found out just what you'd expect:

People stick to pre-war quality when they find it!

All over America... 9 out of 10 Imperial buyers have bought Imperial before... and they're buying it again!

It's good to know... IMPERIAL

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91 years at fine whiskey-making makes this whiskey good. 86 proof. Blended Whiskey. The straight whiskies in this product are 4 years or more old. 30% straight whiskey. 70% grain neutral spirits. Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Ill.

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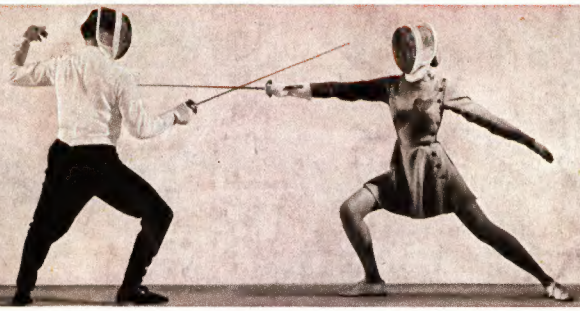
Camels for Mildness!

FAMOUS FENCER AND COACH

Hugo Castello



COLLEGIATE STAR

Jane Gilbert

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THE **30-DAY TEST** CONVINCED ME—CAMELS ARE THE **MILDEST CIGARETTE** I EVER SMOKED!

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Test Camels in your "T-Zone" (T for taste, T for throat). Let YOUR OWN TASTE tell you about the rich, full flavor of Camel's choice tobaccos, properly aged and expertly blended. Let YOUR OWN THROAT report on Camel's cool, cool *mildness*.

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